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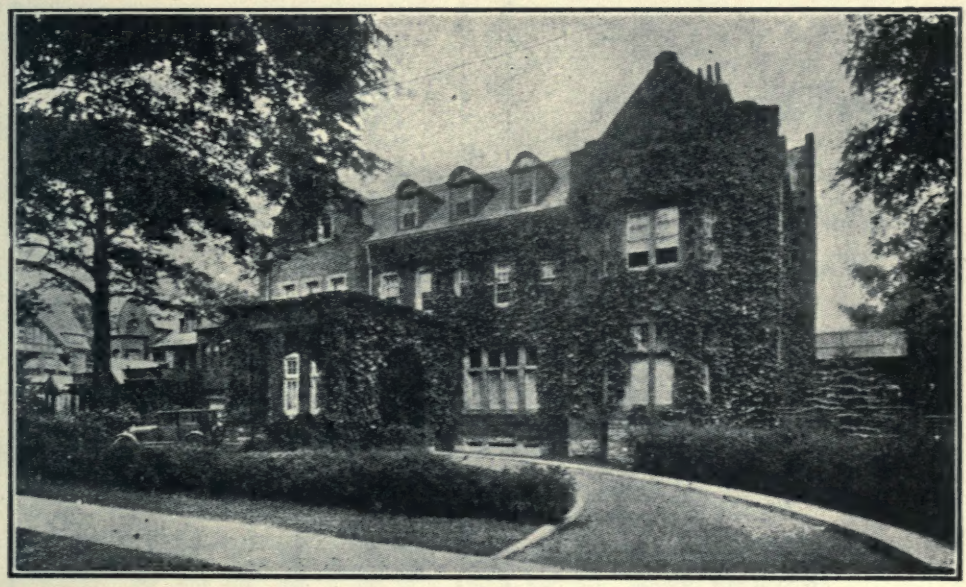
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March, 1941



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EDITORIAL

LOOKING UP

THERE are special times when we must look up; when we must take, as we say the vertical rather than the horizontal view, we must look to God rather than to men around us.

The tendency is to look over the world in making a forecast for example of this present devastating war, to calculate the resources of nations rather than expect the fulfilment of God's Providence. The forecasts of men are so varied and contradictory that when great events happen we often say they are products of chance. These events are indeed of chance if we compare them with human plans and endeavours, for they occur outside of all our calculations.

And yet not the least thing in the world happens by chance. There is not a chink in the structure of the world that could give harbour for any chance, for all things, great and small, without any crumbs of chance are under an exact determination of a Supreme Mind, and not that of a man but of God. There is a Divine Providence looking over the world that foreordains all things, both the immense and the minute.

Providence is the original blue-print of the architecture of the world, hidden in the mind of God, which no object nor event escapes and there is no chance nor accident, as the Lord taught, when he said that the sparrows on the housetop and the hairs of our head are numbered.

We can admit fate in the true sense, but never chance, for fate should mean not a blind fixity of world affairs but

a true law of Divine Providence imposed upon them. Even infidels, when sore pressed in a national crisis, at last look up and ask what is coming when world affairs get beyond human control. Men then become like beasts in a storm: they look up. It is easier to start a war than to conclude it and the alternatives now proposed in every day language are: will the final peace be a dictator's peace of a victor to the vanquished, or a negotiated peace of exhausted combatants?

The Church prays for peace from the hand of God and she prays especially for nations that were unjustly invaded and crushed; she prays for liberty in religion and politics, for these are the gifts of God that Providence will give unless men are unworthy. Oftentimes men need to be crushed before they will look up, as a godless peace is worse in itself and before God than even a devastating war and this is the doctrine of Christianity no matter how disrelished by infidels.

The Church knows this in her own history, and what frightful suffering she has undergone to correct the evils of long periods of false peace among her own children!!

PROVIDENCE AND THE CHURCH.

There is a special Providence over the Church as her Founder promised to be "with her all days even to the consummation of the world". In fact the Providence of God in the Church is one of the prime reasons why we have faith at all. The early Church was, in its history, a continuous miracle; and the miraculous spread of the Church in the early days of Christianity is associated with the miracles of the Master Himself and His disciples to determine why men should believe in Christianity.

Christianity spread over Europe and Asia and a great part of Africa, like, as we may say, a prairie fire. There was a sweeping divine afflatus behind it coming from heaven that never died out until paganism was wholly consumed and idols were no more; it was the Providence of God over the Church.

Since the conversion of the Gentiles when the world settled down to Christianity and Christianity came to mean the

world the same divine Providence is less spectacular but just as real. Heresies rise and disappear, great national heresies that dislocated Christianity and tore the East from the West and even in the West a swarm of heresies arose more or less ephemeral and still the old Church, the old Mother Church, alone remains intact, still young, still vigorous, still confident of ultimate survival and victory. This is not the work of man for all that men within the Church gave were their scandals; it was the work of Divine Providence.

PROVIDENCE AND LATIN NATIONS.

The Providence of God over Latin Nations, that are all, at least nominally, Catholic is at present most startling; for within a short period a counter revolution has set in for Spain, Portugal, Italy, and now for France in Europe; and the twenty republics of Central and South America with Mexico the belated prodigal have recovered from the allurements of Communism and have returned to their old place in the Church. Their cathedrals, churches, and chapels are lighted up and their heroic padres are heading their procession back to Christ and to Mary. The Philippines came out in full brilliance a few years ago at the Eucharistic Congress.

Our Lady of Guadalupe has triumphed in Mexico and her shrine remained bright like a beacon of hope during the dark night of persecution.

We contribute a special review of present conditions in Mexico in this number of "The Lilies".

But what of France? Now that the nightmare of Church persecution has ceased and the functions of government seem to centre again in the Catholic Church? What a sudden transformation: infidels and communists are now stigmatised as the false leaders of fallen France and the old atmosphere of Catholicism has returned; the Catholic majority of the people and the government are again one, with expressed reprobation of the infidel minority that ruled so long in the past.

It looks as miraculous as the Concordat of Napoleon after

the horrors of the French Revolution. What a strong hold the hand of God has on the French people in spite of all the wicked deeds of infidel governments. But who shall make a forecast for the future government of France as all forms of government seem to be discredited? Bourbon, Napoleon, dictator and democracy are all apparently in eclipse.

How little the Church cares now that she is free from the horrors of government interference of the past. Men perhaps are still living that used to hear it said that one third of the bishops of France were Freemasons, the appointees of Napoleon the Third. The bishops of France are true saintly Catholics now;—thanks to the Providence of God. Pastors and people are meeting again and the mitred wolves are no more.

The troubles of the Church have always come from the government and not from the people. In future the Church and not the government will appoint the bishops and that too is the bone of contention in Spain: who should appoint the bishops, for it is a most vital affair. Since the state church in France has disappeared and the Catholic Church is now free and safe should it remain so and not as in Italy and Spain where the Catholic Church is the state church?

It is a doctrine of our religion that the State should support the Church and that there should be a State Church and yet we say that in France it is a blessing that this doctrine is not realized. Here is a problem where contradictions seem true: that there should be a state church and that there should not be a state church. The answer is easy, for when the State uses its power to persecute the Church a divorce of the two is to be preferred. States now have become so dictatorial that this doctrine of the Church becomes practically reversed and we often say that the State and the Church should be separated.

PROVIDENCE AND PROPHECY.

Providence alone can utter prophecy on the future for prophecy implies seeing future events in themselves and not merely in their causes. We all may foretell the weather of

tomorrow by the weather of today, but that is merely a forecast; whereas God sees future events in themselves and He shares His Vision with His prophets as they too see things afar as if they were present.

There is a consensus of prophecy both of saints and near-saints of modern times, that the Church will flash out again in splendour before the dark decline of faith that is the immediate forerunner of the end. One more brilliant period for the Church, then the darkness of infidelity then Antichrist, then the end, is the order of events.

Will there be another period for the Church before the final darkness that condenses into Antichrist Himself as foretold by the Lord Himself and His inspired Apostles. Present events in catholic countries give us reason for such a favourable forecast if not a real prophecy, for the hand of Providence is strong over the Church in the old strongholds of Catholic Countries.

Hope seems to scintillate even for non-Catholic countries, for in them many are turning to the Church as the only refuge of Christianity. Let us hope that the prophecy of Saint Paul of the Cross will be fulfilled and that England will return to her old faith.

ANGLICAN PAPALISTS.

The Anglican clergy who call themselves Papalists arrest our attention and at times cause us to wonder if Divine Providence is not behind the movement that they push forward with such earnestness. Their name of Papalist tells us that they are in full doctrinal agreement with the Holy See. Their movement is the old Oxford movement of Newman of a hundred years ago brought to a practical climax.

The late Lord Halifax and Cardinal Mercier are fresh in our memory as leaders of these Anglican Catholics or Anglican Papalists and Roman Catholics in the earnest purpose of final Corporate Union with the Catholic Church. Yet how strange to state that great catholic prelates such as Wiseman, Manning, Vaughan, and even Newman, did not favour this movement as one towards Corporate Union. These great

leaders believe that our Anglican brethren calling themselves Catholic and Papalists should come over to us individually as their convictions and conscience move them, and not wait for a mass migration.

They seem to suspect that a schism would take the place of the old heresy and that Corporate Union instead of individual conversion would amount to a schism; that they would be Catholics in all doctrine and still not Roman Catholics.

And yet other great names can be listed of the Catholic clergy standing for Corporate Union. Hopes ran high when the Malines Conferences were in progress under Cardinal Mercier and Lord Halifax a few years ago. The Anglicans of this movement maintain that they are under special inspiration of the Holy Ghost that is driving them on; but this is a statement that Catholics shy at for the Holy Spirit that operates in the Catholic Church would not move them to stand apart from full unity with the Christian Church.

They tell us that perhaps one third of the Anglican clergy in England and about three hundred in the United States are full Papalists, and what is more that they hold every year a Unity Octave of prayer for the realization of their great objective. We are assured that last year over a thousand Anglican clergy and forty religious communities were conducting this Unity Octave to storm Heaven for Corporate Union.

Where, we ask, will this movement end, and what has Divine Providence in store as the movement is not declining but increasing? Will both heresy and schism finally be dissolved into the old full union of St. Augustine's Church of England with Rome, for it came from Rome and belongs to Rome.



THE DEATH OF KING CONHOR MACNESSA

By MONSIGNOR JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

WITH regard to events in Ancient Pagan Ireland, what we know of history, anterior to the keeping of written records, is derived, as Mr. A. M. Sullivan tells us, from the traditions handed down "by word of mouth" from generation to generation.

We may safely assume that the commemoration of important events by this means, was, at first, unguarded and unregulated by any public authority, and accordingly led to much confusion and exaggeration; but we have positive and certain information that at length steps were taken to regulate these oral communications, and to guard them as far as possible from garblings and from errors. The method most generally adopted for perpetuating them was to compose them into historical chants or verse-histories, which were committed to memory and were recited by the bards and *seanachies* on all public and festive occasions. When written records began to be used, the events thus commemorated were set down in the regular national chronicles. From these we obtain our knowledge of the ancient history of Erin.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the most remarkable of these Bardic Chronicles is the story of the death of the great King Conhor MacNessa, king of Ulidia or Ulster. This king was a contemporary of Christ, the Son of God. He was a monarch of outstanding gifts and of kingly port and bearing. A great warrior himself, he brought the institution of the "*Creev-Ruad,*" or "Red Branch Knights," to a high degree of military perfection. His rule was kindly and just, and he was beloved by all his subjects. It was to be expected that this great monarch would be singled out by Providence as the recipient of many favours from on high; and the last grace vouchsafed him in death,—

the grace of *baptism* of *desire and of blood,*—was the greatest ever given to a pagan monarch of Ireland!

The Bardic version of the events surrounding the death of King Conhor MacNessa, goes as follows:

One day the King, hearing of the depredations committed in his realm by invaders from Connaught, set out to take vengeance on his foes. During the battle that followed he led his army superbly and put the Connacians to flight. Unfortunately, a bullet cast from a sling, by the retreating foe, entered and lodged in his skull, so that the missile was half-in and half-out of the king's head, and was held firmly fixed in the bony structure of the forehead. The chief-physician was sent for. He was a very wise doctor, and his verdict was that the bullet must not be touched or loosened in any way, but must be left in its place, adhering in the king's head; "for," he said, *"in the day when that missile is loosed from his forehead, he dies!"*

* * * * * * * *

"Yet," continued the great physician, Fingen, "the king may reign a long time among his people who love and cherish him. There are conditions, however, which he must carefully comply with: His place is no more at the head of the hunting, or chasing the wild boar along the slopes of Slieve Donard; and armies, and battles, and banquets are all alike — *tabu.* Excitement of any kind whatever, will assuredly produce a bad effect, and cause the bullet to start forth from his forehead, and then, in that hour, *he dies!*"

It was a hard sentence upon the impatient and war-like monarch. Shut out from his work and his duties; no longer able to help his friends or to conquer his foes! At the council-board, how different now was the scene. If his councillors talked of war or combat they spoke in low voices and in whispers. The bards stilled the crashing chords of their harps, and the passing of the wine-cup was banned and barred! The king, sore-grieving, became moody and morose. He sat at the door of his palace, in the sunlight, and mourned over

his cruel deprivations. The song-birds sang out in the copse; the golden bees passed by on musical wings, but the heart of King Conhor was weighed down with inexpressible woe!

* * * * * * * * *

So in distressful monotony the heavy days, and the months, and the years, passed over the unfortunate king. Seated at his palace gate, at Emania, one day, he shuddered, and a strange terror crept over him as suddenly the light of the sun was blackened into gloom! Strong flashes of lightning crashed from the heavens, illumining the whole landscape around! One continuous thunder-peal roared through the mountains, and rumbled and crashed under his very feet! The rocks in the firm earth were bursting asunder, the trees of the forest were being torn up by the roots! Screamings of terror and pain came to him from the interior of his shaking palace, and around him in the gloom he saw *the gibbering ghosts of all the men he had slain in battle!*

When this fearful commotion had ceased, the king called for his chief-Druid, whose name was Barach, and thus addressed him: "Tell me, oh wise priest, what is the cause of this terrible turmoil? What awful crime has been committed? Has this crime been committed in Erin, and how may the angry gods be propitiated? What rites may avail to appease them, what sacrifices should smoke upon their altars?"

* * * * * * * * *

As in Holy Writ we read that the Pagan prophet Balaam, who had come to curse the True God, and to condemn Israel, was forced by Divine power to pour forth from his mouth prayer and blessing, so in this critical moment the Druid was enlightened by Heaven, and spoke and showed forth the beautiful story of Man's Redemption, and of the Death of the loving Saviour of the world. "Oh, King," he cried, "there is but one True God, and His Throne is in the high heavens. Having compassion on men, He sent His Son in the shape of a mortal, to teach them and to guide them in His law.

"The Son of God has toiled, and taught, and preached, in a kingdom to the eastward. To-day, wicked men seized Him, nailed Him to a cross, and pierced His Heart with a lance! That moment of confusion and gloom, of which you enquire, was Earth's cry of dread when He died! Oh, King, He was gracious and gentle, His heart was full of pity for the woes and the sins of men! He helped them, He healed them, He taught them His law and His gospel. He wished that all would attain to God's high kingdom of glory and happiness in Heaven! But instead of hearing Him and loving Him, their hearts became full of merciless rage. They thirsted for His life-blood, and crucified Him! Yet even on the Cross uplifted, His body all racked and tortured and riven, He prayed for them to His Eternal Father and cried aloud, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'" Bowing deeply, the wise Druid ceased speaking, and withdrew.

* * * * * * * * *

The sequel is given in this last stanza of the magnificent ballad written by the gifted Timothy Daniel Sullivan:

With a bound from his seat rose King Conhor,
The red flush of rage on his face;
Fast he ran through the hall for his weapon,
And, snatching his sword from its place,
He rushed to the woods, striking wildly
At boughs that dropped down with each blow.
And he cried, "Were I midst the vile rabble,
"I'd cleave them to earth even so,
"With the strokes of a High King of Erin,
"The whirls of my keen-tempered sword,
"I would save from their horrible fury
"That mild and that merciful Lord!"
His frame shook and heaved with emotion,
The brain-ball leaped forth from his head,
And commending his soul to that Saviour,
King Conhor MacNessa fell dead!

WHEN CONHOR IN EMANIA REIGNED

(THE ROYAL BARD SINGS)

Time, Anno Domini, 37.

WHEN Conhor in Emania reigned,
Fair was the Land to view;
The pictured sheen of Ulla's green
Flashed from her lakes of blue.
Ne'er shall the Bard, contemned, ill-starred,
Such splendors view again;
The cold winds rave o'er Conhor's grave,
And joy is turned to pain!

When Conhor in Emania reigned,
Vast armies of the Shee,
Rode on the wind his hosts behind,
His dread allies to be!
A thousand bards in rapture sang
The wonders of his fame;
A thousand vibrant harps out-rang,
To laud his deathless name!

When Conhor in Emania reigned,
Rich gifts of faerie store,
As tokens from the friendly sprites,
To Conhor's camp they bore;
And, too, a shimmering Sword of Light,
All foemen to defy!
When Conhor reigned, the world was bright,
Alas, the King could die!

James B. Dollard, Litt.D.

FATHER OF MODERN HUMANISM

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)

BY REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE

PROLOGUE.

THREE men seem to have been selected by the powers of evil to leave their impress on the modern world. The persons of this unholy trinity are Luther, Descartes and Rousseau. Some scholars label them as the modern leaders in the revolt against the Christian traditional teaching in religion, philosophy and morality. Other writers may prefer to associate Rousseau's dominance with the realm of politics and sociology rather than that of morality. But for three different reasons does each of this triumvirate dominate our day. They have formed the modern conscience.

The three disturbers of the christian peace and order are in some way associated and interdependent. The univocal characteristic common to all is the philosophy of *Individualism.* Descartes gave Luther's doctrine its philosophy and Rousseau its politics. Kant in giving an academic structure to modern thought is the intellectual heir of the three.

There is some tragic romance and coincidence in the way the three unfortunates got launched on their ruinous tangents. The dramatic inaugural of their wild careers is quite worth remarking. Early in his day Luther verbally fought the devil in the monk's cell. Descartes had a queer but critical dream by a German stove; and Rousseau solved his problem by an epochal decision at the corner of the Bois Vincennes. Our present concern is with Rousseau. He alone could be considered the author of much that is wrong today.

EARLY HISTORY.

The early life of Jean-Jacques Rousseau was not happy and much of it may deserve our pity. The best biographer

of Rousseau is himself. And for the most part we depend on his autobiographical *Confessions*, especially for his first half-lifetime. There are many similar case histories like Rousseau's where early circumstances may have greatly influenced the man's philosophy. Spinoza is an example. So perhaps is Charles Dickens. Many authors of sinister views early lived in some unwholesome social, economic or political surroundings. Add to this the physical handicaps which burdened some. Jean-Jacques so suffered.

His place of origin was the well-known Swiss city of many famous and infamous men before and after him. He first saw the light in Geneva though of French extraction. His early life as hinted, did not run as quietly in Calvin's city as any brook near which he sported. His family had established themselves in Switzerland at the time of the religious wars. His father was a watchmaker. His mother died while the boy was young and he was accorded a makeshift rearing. When he was ten his father went to gaol and later sought refuge in Lyons. The boy moved in with relatives which is not, in every case, the most perfect arrangement. He was apprenticed to a notary but was soon dismissed, probably through no fault of his own, and went to learn engraving. Rousseau did not dislike work but was , or thought he was, ill-treated, and he ran away. According to himself he experienced a long series of wanderings and adventure. He later fell in with a Madame de Warens, at Annecy, a convert to the Catholic Church. She was a widow, young and pretty, but had no immediate influence on the young man, but later on, in Turin, he joined the Church. He tried out one or two jobs, such as footman, but later returned to Madame de Warens at Annecy.

This strange but well-known woman seems quite prominent and influential in the career of Jean-Jacques. She evidently was of queer makeup. One writer hails her as a nominally converted protestant who was in reality a kind of deist, with a theory of noble sentiment and a practice of libertinism tempered by good nature. All this, plus the fact that Rousseau was her lover, would make her or anyone like

her a mysterious if unnamed mixture. It is purposeless to pause too long on the early misfortunes, real or imagined, of the young man's life. It is perhaps unfair to overstress the influence of his association with Mme de Warens. It is true, however, that to some extent she guided his education, and her mental and moral influence may have been considerable. Rousseau had other distractions besides the friendship of the Madame and the pursuit of education. An illiterate laundress bore him five children. To provide them with a home and family life, he had them consigned to a foundling asylum. Perhaps this was his first contribution to the world as a reformer of society. It may indicate he was thinking along our modern ways of social welfare.

HIS WRITINGS.

Equipped with some learning of the schools and the fruits of Madame's tuition Jean-Jacques took over the world. His fateful resolve at the Bois Vincennes had mapped his course. Like many a reformer, true or pseudo, he gave way to the age-old weakness of writing books. It was time others should think as he did. Of course he could not but pen and print a deal of truth. That is the sad matter about Rousseau and all others of similar aberrations. The truths, full, near and half that mix with all else furnishes mankind with a hopeless and hapless jumble bent on harm.

It was inevitable that his writings should be popular. The paradox may be true that the more false and vicious a writing is, the more fascinating it is in style and interest. Men of Rousseau's mind and mission often think and write with passion, fanaticism and almost insane conviction. Thoughts of such men thrill along their words. Besides this their readers or hearers are of most receptive mood. Man is prone to welcome novelty and innovation, or what appeals to his least resistance, or what scoffs against the present order and promises something different. Certainly these things help prophets like Rousseau. The present age has found it all too soon to react against the humanism that his writings taught

the world. They exalt the primacy of feeling too much to insure their premature passing.

THE CONFESSIONS.

His confessions are autobiography. They reveal much about the man and his makeup. While critics point out some obscure and even challenged passages, yet for the most part they will be accepted for what they state. As related in this work, surrounded by moral deformity he set out to break the encirclement. He lashes the vices of the age. His *Confessions* says Will Durant, "reveal an unreconciled complex of the most refined sentimentality with an obtuse sense of decency and honor; and through it all an unsullied conviction of his moral superiority". Up against the scepticism of Voltaire and the rationalism of the Enlightenment, Rousseau in His *Confessions* strove to show that feeling was in favor of God and immortality in cases where reason was not.

LA NOUVELLE HELOISE.

Heloïse appeared in 1761. Rousseau was now 49. He wrote this book as a novel. His trump thesis is the primacy or priority of feeling. Natural feeling has been termed Rousseau's *State of Grace.* This novel mirrors a great deal of the tear-dewed sentimentality of the age. It reflects to great extent his way of life. La Nouvelle Heloïse was a novel and Jean-Jacques made it ring with what many a novel, notably of the present day, is noted for. The spirit of this man pervades the 'best seller' filth that disgraces the modern bookstall. He still lives in the lengthy stories that are daily read by silly girls and sentimental men and women. His shadow hovers near the record-smashing box office when such questionable fiction finds it way into what Alan Dale has termed the 'canned drama'. This book says M. Maritain "discharges into men's hearts all the infections of voluptuousness, and makes Julie, when it is too late, calmly uphold the maxims of the most sensible and rational ethics".

EMILE.

Emile must be a very fascinating book when it caused Immanuel Kant to omit his daily walk under the linden trees. Rousseau, all along, by means fair or foul, had been fighting his way out of the atheistic fog of the Enlightenment. This man, exalting the primacy of feeling to prove his point, was dear to the heart of the Sage of Koenigsberg. Kant himself had been fighting the sceptics and scoffers. No wonder he quit the shadows of the lindens for Rousseau. The people of the neighbourhood must needs adjust their timepieces by other than Kant, now that Emile was on the market. Kant had formulated one answer to irreligion and Jean-Jacques with admirable teamplay had brought along a second one.

Emile of course was a book on Education. It was an epochal essay that appeared in 1762. Kant now saw that his own theories (which of course were the idea of Berkeley and Hume) coupled with Rousseau's doctrine of feeling would provide a double-edged sword to smite the Philistines. The Father of modern humanism graphically describes the Evolution of the model child from one to twenty years. He would take him from his parents, isolate him from the artificial structure of society and place him under ideal tutors. What contradictions in such nonsense! Rousseau, it will be recalled, had done a service like this to his own offspring when he moved them in on an orphanage.

In Emile the writer argues that everything is good as coming from the hands of the author of nature. But society and civilization are on hand to warp and waste what is naturally good and hence the causes of all human misery. The great remedy for all the ills our nature is heir to is the return to nature herself.

This spoonfed glove-handled child of Rousseau's Emile must be reared according to the following blueprints. There are four periods of development.

(a) In early childhood he must be given everything except what proves his hurt. Help him in all physical matters to supply deficiencies in knowledge and strength. Assist him

only in what is necessary and study well his speech and signs.

(b) From childhood to twelve years of age Rousseau's brainchild must learn to suffer. But while he must imitate his Spartan brethren of yore he must learn by suffering the limits of his nature. During these years the education must be purely negative and the preceptor no more than a passive spectator in a ringside seat. And up to the age of twelve the senses are the only faculties to be cultivated. Here one cannot help but visualize mountains of sugar candy, currant cake and story books.

(c) Rousseau claims that from twelve to fifteen years the dream child's memory is not as good as his judgment. It is now time to improve the intellect. At this age the youth must have the effects of passion diverted to intellectual activities.

(d) From fifteen to twenty years of age is the time for the finishing touches on the assembly line. Passions now strong must be controlled. The youth must be taught relations with others and sympathy for them. Let him understand that the sufferings of the poor may someday be his. Teach him to love thy neighbor, to love others. At twenty teach him religion. Teach him to adore the God of nature.

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT.

So much for Emile. The Social Contract appeared in Amsterdam in 1762. This is Rousseau's contribution to the field of political science. It created new thinking along social and political lines, had something to do with the French Revolution and has misguided many nations and individuals to our day. Rousseau's main thesis is that no one is bound by any law except that which he agrees to accept by free contract. At the very start there is not much room here for the play of divine natural or positive laws not to speak of lawful civil authority.

The so-called philosopher and reformer argued that everything was originally common property. By a social contract men set up a legislator whose mission it should be to appor-

tion the wealth of the earth. In this way was ownership established. Its foundation is therefore in the social contract and in the laws established for its execution.

According to this theory civil society owes its rights to a contract, either expressed or tacit, that has been freely entered into by its members. It has been explained in many different senses. Some interpret it in favour of an absolute monarchy, others in favour of an absolute democracy, others in favour of individualism which sounds like anarchy. Hobbes devoted himself to the development of the first interpretation. The other two flow from Rousseau's writings. Owing to the great fog of thought that clouds his works, Jean-Jacques is at once the originator of the individualistic ideas of the liberal school and also of the absolute tendencies of certain democratic theories of that time.

CRITICISM.

As regards Emile, Rousseau had many good ideas on education but they were vitiated by an erroneous premise of the natural goodness of man. His educational system utterly outlaws all principles of authority and instruction. There is the preposterous scheme of no religious instruction till twenty. Make way for religious indifferentism and no religion!

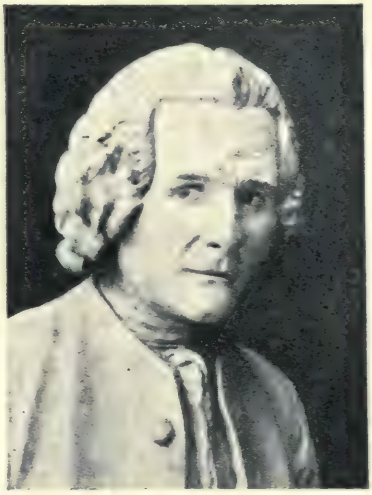
By hiring a tutor he begs the principle. He wants his darling Emile to be in the position of an isolated savage and yet provides him a tutor trained in the knowledge of the schools and the ages.

In his Social Contract, which tries to hook up natural liberty with state authority, Rousseau fails in two points. First, he misconceives the social nature of man and makes all his rights dependent on the body politic. If man is not naturally social, the relations arising from the mutual rights which bind citizen to citizen have no foundation in nature but in human conventions formulated by civil laws. As a result there is no such thing as natural right. Civil law is supreme.

Secondly, another line of argument in the *Social Contract* logically leads to anarchy. He makes the sovereignity of law

rest on the free will of the individual. This is pure nonsense. Many present day people, even public officers, do not grasp this error. The source of law cannot be in your goodwill or my goodwill. St. Paul says something about all authority coming from God. And Rousseau, if he were any kind of philosopher, should know that a transcendent principle must oblige you or me to any law or contract. Poor Rousseau quite failed to see that no obligation is possible where he who binds is but binding himself.

This is far from an adequate criticism of Rousseau's writings. A few features only are mentioned.



Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

HIS CHARACTER.

A man's character must reveal itself in his writings. Jean-Jacques is no honorable exception. From what has been said about his early history and his works, one has learned something about his exclusion from canonization. It is true that Maritain refers to him as Nature's Saint, but this does not mean he made a place in the Lives of the Christian Saints. Anyone who has seen the photo-likeness of Rousseau as taken from the sculptural likeness by Houdon, will see from the eyes that there is something wrong with Jean-Jacques. He did make his way into the Catholic Church, but after a time, he made his way out of it.

Physically, mentally and morally he was quite an oddity. The poor fellow was more or less of a sick man. He was quite unwell, at least at times, in body, mind and soul. He was quite sickly in his youth and was given to brooding and introspection. He felt he suffered from the neglect of parents and

tutors but this did not prevent his turning the tables on his own children when he abandoned them to the care of an institution.

He was a neurotic and an irresponsible. His death is not beyond suspicion of having been a suicide. He had a weak soul and he knew it and gave it the lines of least resistance. He was indolent, resisted no allurement and capitulated to pleasure. He not only theorised on feeling. He lived to the fullest the primacy of feeling.

Rousseau is one of those strange characters in history who is a veritable Jekyll and Hyde. There *is* something true, noble and good about him, his motives and the movement he visioned. But there is more in the man, his character, ideas and works that is sinister and destructively false. There is some truth and goodness in almost every error and wrong the world has ever known, at the same time it is horribly true what Cicero said that "there is nothing so absurd that it may be found in the books of the philosophers". This fits Rousseau, as many others, real well.

This man who was Nature's prophet and saint isolated man's nature in the laboratory of his speculative aberrations. He did this even in his practice and way of life. He separated man's nature from his humanity, as St. Thomas might say, man as an individual from man as a personality. He did insist on human personality, but lost himself in his exalted mysticism of the natural man. Rousseau left out original sin and of course the Redemptive grace of the Incarnate God. Rousseau gazed so keenly and disinterestedly at Man's nature that he completely forgot him as a child of Adam or an adopted one of Christ. He blinded himself to the synthetic character of the human being in the world of nature and grace. He so engrossed himself with the bigoted one-sided phase of mortal man that he poisoned posterity in its approach to the social question and fashioned a modern humanism that many modern ills fall heir to. Rousseau's, as many another's, tragedy is that naught else but the good was interred with his bones. The evil of some men definitely survives. Our

chaotic present day world well witnesses to this. To Jean-Jacques Rousseau can be applied the Epithet: Father of the Modern World.

"Cardinal Manning once said to me—I was then in my twentieth year—'All human conflict is ultimately theological.' This saying (which I carried away with me somewhat bewildered), that all human conflict was ultimately theological, that is that all wars and revolutions and all decisive struggles between parties of men arise from a difference in moral and transcendental doctrine, was utterly novel to me. To a young man the saying was without meaning, I would have almost said nonsensical, save that I could not attach the idea of folly to Manning. But as I grew older it became a *searchlight*. With the observation of the world, and with the continuous reading of history, it came to possess for me a universal meaning so profound that it reached to the very roots of political action, so extended that it covered the whole."—Hilaire Belloc.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

A Second Spring?

BY REVEREND T. J. MANLEY.

IN these days when the defence of the Western Hemisphere is a matter of grave concern, the spotlight of interest is definitely focused on Mexico. A glance at the map will suffice to show its strategical importance. The Mexican Border is the threshold of Spanish America. A Nazi-controlled Mexico would be a serious threat to the liberty and safety of the United States, and, of course, of Canada as well. Axis Propaganda is already making its influence felt in South American Republics. A Totalitarian or Fascist State in Mexico might well swing the whole of South America into the orbit of the Rome Berlin Axis. The presence of thousands of Nazis in Mexico, organized in Bunds, armed and uniformed in many cases, has given the United States no little concern. As for Communist strength, the fact that ill-starred Trotsky, co-founder of Russian Communism, found refuge in Mexico is some indication of Communist sympathy, at least in the Government. Practically all other countries barred their doors to him. American Democracy has ample reason for nervousness regarding Mexico.

THE MEXICAN LOVE OF LIBERTY.

However, there are two factors that might upset any Totalitarian schemes. First, there is that inherent love of liberty in the Mexican people, which, of course, would have to be sacrificed, if they meekly submitted to the yoke of totalitarian tyranny. Proofs of this love of liberty abound throughout Mexico's troubled history, especially in her struggle for independence. But, I have no intention of discussing this subject in this paper. However, it is well to remember that the first attempt to win independence for Mexico was led by the Parish Priest of Delores, Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla.

The rising was suppressed, and Father Hidalgo paid for his patriotism with his life. Another Parish Priest, Father Jose Maria Morelos led the second effort to throw off the yoke of Spain. He, too, faced the firing squad. And, before we leave this subject we would like to point out that Benito Juarez, afterwards a persecutor of the Church, and recently glorified by Hollywood, was educated for the Church by a charitable merchant of Oaxaca.

THE OTHER FACTOR.

It is with the other anti-totalitarian factor in the National life of Mexico that we are mainly concerned—namely, the Catholic Church. It was particularly consoling, therefore, to learn that the new President of Mexico, Manuel Avila Comacho, is a Catholic. Archbishop Martinez of Mexico City, speaking for the Mexican Episcopate, describes President Comacho as "the only President of Mexico throughout many years who has publicly and categorically declared that he is a Catholic, and has recognized in the same manner that the people of Mexico have spiritual needs which only religious liberty can assure". These are words of hope and comfort, not only for Mexicans but for Catholics everywhere, as members of the Mystical Body of Christ. To us, Canadian and American Catholics, it is like a healing salve applied to some injured and suffering member of our body. Totalitarianism, we must remark, makes the whole man—body and soul, completely subject to the State. The Catholic Church teaches that there are limits to state authority; that the State exists to serve the people, families and individuals. Totalitarianism can not tolerate the Church, which teaches the people that their first duty is to God, and that urges them to refuse to worship a feuhrer or a dictator. In other words, the Church sees man as a child of God.

A CONTRAST.

This hopeful statement of the Mexican Episcopate, concerning the new President of Mexico, calls to mind another

statement in the form of a sermon of surpassing beauty, delivered at St. Mary's College, Oscott, England. The preacher was the great Cardinal Newman; the occasion, the first Provincial Synod of Westminster, the first gathering of its kind since the Reformation. Many of my readers, no doubt, have read this masterpiece of English Literature, this vivid panorama of history, depicting the Church as she stood in pride of place in England, the blotting out of the majesty that was the English Church, and, finally, the event they were then celebrating, the re-birth of the English Church, the coming of the Second Spring. After stating the firm conviction of men, that only progress is good, Newman continues: "The past never returns, it is never good. The past is out of date, the past is dead. As well may the dead live to us, as well may the dead profit us, as the past return". "But," cried Newman, "the past has returned, the dead lives . . . . The English Church was, the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a Second Spring; it is a restoration in the moral world, such as that which yearly takes place in the physical". Are we too optimistic in seeing a similarity between England of Newman's day and Mexico of 1941?

CAUSES OF ATTACK ON CHURCH.

In Mexico, as in England, the attack on the Church stemmed from cupidity. The wealth of gold and silver, of spacious lands and imposing buildings, was rich booty indeed. The Church, of course, had no armed force to defend her possessions. The same pattern of persecution was followed here as in England—seizure of land and possessions, expulsion of Bishops, priests and religious of both sex—martyrdom for those who conducted Divine Service, as well as for those who assisted. Mexico had its Father Pros even as England has its Campions. Then, there was the same campaign of calumny and vilification, the same oft-repeated falsehoods, crystalizing into distorted "history". For injustice had to be justified before a civilized world, that in our day still professes to be-

lieve in religious liberty—with such reservations, of course, as the ruling power deems expedient. Thus, the clamor of indignation at the persecution of the Jews in Germany died to an inaudible murmur when the persecution of Catholics in Mexico was mentioned. Now comes a president who openly declares that he is a Member of the Church that for decades has been denounced as the principal enemy of the state of the church, whose sacred edifices have been sacked and defiled and secularized, or razed to the ground as in Tobasco. Surely, there are some indications of a Second Spring. And yet, it may be like the English Spring that Newman described: "an uncertain anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering, of bright promises and budding hopes, yet withal of keen blasts and cold showers and sudden storms".

SO CALLED REFORM LAWS.

Many of the Laws still on the Statute Books and so mercilessly enforced by Calles and ex-President Cardenes, were first promulgated about eighty years ago. They are called the Reform Laws, and were first enacted by Juarez, "the Champion of Liberty"—although these Laws denied the inalienable right of Liberty of worship to Catholics. Porfirio Diaz did not enforce these Laws, but neither would he repeal them. An interesting light is thrown on that inevitable and perennial question: "How could this happen in a Catholic Country?" by Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma. The Catholic Church Extension Society in the United States, of which Bishop Kelly was the head, was interesting itself in the Mexican situation, and Bishop Kelly was discussing their plight with a number of refugees from the Carranza-Villa revolution. He traced their trouble to Juarez and the Reform Laws, strongly advising them to raise the banner of liberty of conscience. To his utter amazement, several members disagreed with him and defended both Juarez and the Reform Laws. A lawyer-spokesman admitted that: "Everything we have came from the Church—religion, education, social service, prosperity. But Mexico wanted a complete government by the laity". He

also admitted that certain laws were unjust to the people, and that others oppressed the Church. To pay for the Revolution, they had to seize the property of the Church. He protested that he was a fervent Catholic, and that he did not want the Church persecuted, but he believed with Diaz, that the Reform Laws should be kept in existence, although not enforced. "To be absolutely sure that the clergy who are the best-educated group cannot enter public life, we must have laws, which may be invoked at any time as a club to beat them down". The Bishop then asked him this question: "Without admitting that there was no persecution under Diaz, suppose that, instead of Diaz, you had had a Villa?" To which he made this astounding reply: "I am suffering because we have had a Villa; nevertheless, I firmly believe that the Laws of Reform should be retained". It appears, then, that many Catholics in Mexico had either helped fashion this Reform-Law club, or had stood idly by, tacitly approving or indifferent. This club was placed in the hands of the State, to be used at its own discretion, "to beat down the Clergy". The Mexican people apparently wanted the spiritual consolations of the Church for themselves and their children. But many had come to regard the Church as a sort of servant to be kept in her place with a club. Perhaps, they could not have foreseen that a Villa, a Carranza, a Calles, or a Cardennas would arise who would use this Club so savagely, not only on the Church, but also on these "fervent Catholics". Surely, some other means could have been employed to achieve their legitimate ambitions to govern themselves.

THE CHURCH'S PLACE IN GOVERNMENT.

As a matter of fact, the participation of the Church in the Government of Mexico was not out of proportion to her important place in the life of the nation. As a lawyer-refugee admitted, the people of Mexico were indebted to the Church for education, social welfare, and what general prosperity they enjoyed. It was but right, therefore, that she should have representation in the Government. There was always

the Supreme Court of Christendom open to them—the Holy See. A Concordat with the Vatican would have defined very exactly the province and jurisdiction of Church and State, and thus have saved Mexico from the sea of trouble into which she has been plunged for a century or more. In the time of Maximilian, the papal nuncio, Monsignor Meglia, visited Mexico, and endeavoured to reach some settlement regarding the Reform Laws. But Maximilian apparently took the some position as the refugees to whom Bishop Kelly spoke, for he refused to repeal these Reform Laws, in fact, declared that they would be upheld.

A SINISTER INFLUENCE.

We cannot ignore the evidence of the existence in Mexico of a sinister influence with international ramifications. This influence would bitterly oppose any attempt at settlement with the Holy See. It is more than a coincidence that anti-clericalism—so often a smoke-screen for insidious attempts to undermine Christianity—makes its appearance and develops in strength and virulence side by side with this international organization. Thus, it was in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal —thus it was in Mexico. Sometimes, it is cloaked as a fraternal society, sometimes as a Labor Movement, but always its ultimate goal is the extermination of Christianity. This Organization skilfully employs propaganda to alienate the sympathy and to mislead the people of neighboring countries. It can reach and influence men in high places. How otherwise explain the callousness of President Wilson, as described in Bishop Kelly's book, referred to above? Furnished with facts, supported by affidavits of atrocities committed in Mexico, the then President of the United States calmly admitted that terrible things had happened in the Mexican Revolution, but added that terrible things also happened in the French Revolution, out of which had come liberal ideas, which have since dominated in so many countries. He expressed the pious hope, that out of the blood-letting in Mexico some such good may yet come. It is a pity that Wilson was not spared to witness

the harvest of death and destruction in Europe to-day, largely the fruit of these liberal ideas, which Wilson sowed at Versailles. An echo of his words to Bishop Kelly was heard in his Indianapolis speech, when he declared that Mexicans could shed all the blood they wished in an attempt to gain their liberties, and he would see to it that they were protected in so doing. Evidently, liberty of worship according to one's conscience was not included in these liberties. In marked contrast, we have the reaction of President Theodore Roosevelt, when presented with the same set of facts, establishing the existence of atrocities in Mexico. "The whole thing is damnable, and I intend that the American Public know it". He did—in a syndicated article based on information supplied him by Bishop Kelly.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

In Mexico, as in so many other countries, where the forces of anti-Christ and the Church are engaged in a life and death struggle, the issue is joined on the education of youth. Even in the Spring of 1938, when Graham Greene visited Mexico to investigate the persecution of the Church, particularly in the State of Tobasco, the Catholic Leaders in Mexico City were more concerned about education than the closed churches and the priestless people of the godless State. During the worst days of the persecution, about fourteen years ago, six girls composed a training college, designed to train laymen and laywomen so they could instruct others. Fifty-six thousand had been trained up to the time of Greene's visit.

THE SINARCHISTS.

Scarcely had the smoke of the political battle cleared, and Avila Comacho was recognized as the victor and new President of Mexico, when the Sinarchists presented a petition requesting the radical amendment of Article 3 of the Constitution, as it relates to education. The following extract is being fiercely attacked not only by Sinarchists, but by other bodies as well: "the education imparted by the State shall be

a Socialistic one, and in addition to excluding all religious doctrine shall combat fanaticism and prejudices by organizing its instruction and activities in a way that shall permit the creation in youth of an exact and rational conception of the Universe and of social life". The Sinarchists declare in their petition that the working man hates socialism because they know it is only a mask for Communism. Therefore, in the name of national unity (a very strong expression in these days!) they urge President Comacho to have the word 'Socialistic' struck out of the article. And who are the Sinarchists, you may ask? The National Sinarchist Movement is an entirely lay organization of soldiers, workingmen and farmers. They boast a membership of about five hundred thousand, and they interest themselves in education and the protection of the civil liberties of the Mexican people. They are definitely anti-Communistic and in favor of granting the right to the clergy to help direct education. Other organizations and certain sections of the press are supporting the Sinarchists in their effort to amend Article 3. The press pokes fun at the pomposity of the wording: "in a way that shall permit the creation in youth of an exact and rational conception of the universe." But the new Minister of Education, Sanchez Ponton, continues to vigorously defend the Socialistic School.

FAITH AND HEROISM.

It is with reluctance that I write finis to this article. There is so much I would like to record of the Faith and heroism, that earned the Martyr's Crown for so many; of the splendid leadership given by members of the Episcopate, like Archbishop Orozco, of whom Calles said: "He is not an Archbishop, but a General," of the loyalty, and devotion even unto death of the laity, especially the members of the League for the Defense of Religious Liberty. Concerning the Mexican people, one who knew and loved them, writes: "They rose to notable accomplishments in religion, philosophy, architecture, painting, ceramics, science, and literature; everything that marks the upward climb of a race. Theirs were the first schools in

the Americas; theirs the first philosophers; theirs the first saints. They dotted the land with architectural triumphs, which to this day have not been equaled in the Americas; changed arid plains from dust to verdure by feats of engineering not yet surpassed in the most modern aqueducts; cared for their sick in perfect hospitals; and built for themselves cities of beauty". People of such capabilities, purged of "patriots," with its religious life directed by a Church, from which the dross has been burned by the fire of persecution, working in peace and harmony with the Great Democracy to the North of it—such a people, and such a nation can make a valuable contribution to the defense and the culture of the western hemisphere.

SECOND SPRING.

NOW has the sombre winter of long pain
Lifted at last; skies have put off their hood
Of gray unwrinkled heaviness; the wood
Is bending from her fetters that enchain
Leafage and flower, and a scented rain
Sings to the brook-bed and is understood;
The giant stirs, proclaiming it is good
To be alive; the world is spring again.

Now have rust, shackles, doubt and dumb despair,
Fallen away, and through the melting snow
Of disillusion comes a lovely thing:
In shining raiment Faith is moving there.
First innocence is sweet; sweeter to know
The glorious haven of a second spring!

B. F. Musser.

MAN PROPOSES

By REV. LOUIS P. KIRCHNER

ICE tinkled joyfully as Paul swished the remainder of a Coca-Cola in his glass. With head thrown back and eyes closed he drained the meager contents. Smacking his lips with the air of a tippler who had just tossed off a heavy drink, he swayed in his chair, nonchalantly innocent.

"I've always maintained, Tom, that the man who wants to get ahead in this world has to be his own boss. There is no chance for the fellow who dances to someone else's tune. Be the captain of your own soul."

His last statement pleased him, so he repeated, "Be the captain of your soul." He shook his head as if in acknowledgement of his own cleverness.

His companion punctuated the conversation with a question mark look. "But, Paul, no one ever became a great man without someone to tell him what to do. A fellow needs a boss, at least to pay his salary."

Paul looked at Tom as a fond father looks at his offspring when it starts crying at 3 a.m. "Listen," he said, "I'm starting off by being my own boss, I'll finish by being my own boss."

Tom very kindly avoided the obvious remark. Instead he queried, "Just what will you do?"

"Lots," Paul replied immediately. Then, as if he wished to be more definite, he continued, "Lots and lots."

"What, for example?" asked Tom with the persistence of a tight shoe.

Paul masked his face with disgust. "What'll I do?" he repeated. "Why, I'll be a writer. Write stories and stuff. Those guys have to answer to nobody. "I'll write." He said this as if he were graciously bestowing a gift on a world which was demanding his "stuff."

Tom remembered that Paul had flunked three courses in

English literature. English teachers grew pale when Paul handed in his compositions. Tom gave up. "O.K., be your own boss. As for me, someone else can have the boss's job; I'll let them boss me for a little folding money each week."

They pushed back their chairs and stretched luxuriously. Sauntering from the ice-cream parlor like two efficiency experts, they bade each other a short "S'long."

Two days before, they had been graduated at St. Joseph's High School. The world lay before them. Tom was to let others rule him; Paul would take orders from no one.

* * * * *

Father Time stretches the bonds of youthful friendships to a very thin cord. Often even this last strand snaps without anyone's knowing it. So with Tom and Paul. Each went his own way.

* * * * *

The feast of St. Joseph dawned in an orgy of golden splendor. Heaps of the precious morn fell generously round the big Carmelite monastery on the hill. The gray walls said thank you with a dull sparkle.

The peaceful pursuits of the brown hooded monks were interrupted by the crowd of pilgrims waiting to visit the shrine of St. Joseph. The clerics, old and young, put on their Sunday habits and prepared to let the world intrude.

Father Clement led a merry hearted group of clerics to the cloister yard. He gave them their assignments, flashed a warning look and was off. The pilgrims rolled in, a mass of curiosity. Each visitor always had a stock of questions.

* * * * *

Paul Henning wandered listlessly through the flower-showered cloister yard. He had separated himself from the disquieting group of pilgrims with their foolish questions. He just wanted to look around, size up this place. He was not a devout pilgrim, but he did like Saint Joseph. After all, he had gone through St. Joseph's High twelve or thirteen years ago.

"I beg your pardon," broke in a voice tuned with authority. "Are you loking for someone?"

Paul turned round, apologetically. "Er, no Father, I just want to look around, sort of get the feel of the place, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know," rejoined Father Clement, for it was he. Exclamation marks dimpled the sides of his face.

"I know you," he continued definitely.

Paul smiled doubtfully. "I don't think so, father."

Father Clement consulted the files of his memory. Then, "Why, you're Henning, Paul Henning."

To say that Paul was surprised would be wasting words. Then the breath of friendship blew away the cobwebs of time, and he remembered. "You, you're Tom Walters."

Father Clement nodded. "Have you conquered the world yet, Paul? Still captain of your soul and your own boss, I suppose."

Paul ignored the reference. He said instead. "You were always ready to take orders from others, Tom. I guess you get plenty of them here."

"I'm the superior, Paul," rejoined the priest. "But you, I guess you still take orders from no one."

"Oh, me?" exclaimed Paul. "I had to ask four sergeants, two lieutenants, and one captain to get here today. I'm in the army. Private Henning, at your service."

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer
When we stoop than when we soar.

THE PASSING OF SHAKERISM

By TIMOTHY B. DAILEY.
St. Augustine's Seminary.

IN 1706 a group of refugees arrived in London. They were the Camisards, an emotional "new-light" sect which had been driven from France seventeen years before (after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes). Since then they had wandered through Europe, and now they found a haven in England.

These were the "French Prophets," preparing the way for another small band which was to be the "matrix for a new influx of Diety." For the descendants of the original Christians had proved unworthy of the religion they professed, and after these many centuries (said the proponents of the Millenium) God had placed the deposit of truth into new hands.

In some way or other the French Prophets must have influenced a small band of Quakers in Bolton, England, who were under the leadership of James and Jane Wardley. Or rather, according to the testimony of the later Shakers, the Spirit having left the Prophets (for they had faithfully done their work of "warning a sinful world") now breathed upon these simple Quakers near Manchester.

Wardley's group subscribed to no definite creed. They were the counterpart of John the Baptist, as it were, receiving their personal revelations from the Holy Spirit, and under His influence being suddenly roused from meditation to a "mighty trembling" in expression of "the indignation of God against sin"; "they were exercised with singing, shouting and leaping for joy at the near prospect for salvation." So writes a Shaker in 1823. In this particularly were they like John the Baptist: they said that the second appearance of Christ was near. And His second appearance was to be most unusual, as we soon shall see.

In Manchester lived a blacksmith, John Lee. His daughter Ann, who even as a child thought of religious matters more

than was good for her (as the village elders testified), later came under the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Wardley. Even before she joined their sect, her scrupulous inclinations were developing into firm convictions, the chief of which was the conception of all marriage as a carnal sin. Though she is said to have been bright, she never went to school, for she was born with the rise of the Industrial Revolution, and she was obliged to work in its cotton factories, as well as to work as a cutter for hatters and as cook for the Manchester infirmary. In all of these places and in her leisure hours, she meditated and brooded. When her family arranged for her to marry Abraham Stanley, a kindly man (although "he loved his beef and beer" and his corner in the village tavern), she vigorously opposed them to no avail. She lived in peace with him, however, a good many years after the death of their five children, but constantly she was oppressed by the idea that she was living in sin with him.

In 1758, when she was 23, she became a member of Wardley's sect. There she played the part of disciple, but not for long. It soon became evident that, in spite of her illiteracy, she was more intelligent than the rest of the Bolton Quakers.

She was at first docile to her teachers, being agitated like the others and meriting with them the name of "Shaking Quakers," which was shortened finally by deriders to "Shakers." She was tormented by scrupulosity, like Bunyan, and often worked entire nights putting "her hands to work and her heart to God"; sometimes "a bloody sweat pressed through the pores of her skin." Within a year she experienced her spiritual birth. Eleven years later (1770), like Bunyan again, she was put in gaol, as many of her co-religionists had also been. There she said she saw Christ Himself and apparently received from Him the deposit of Shaker dogma. She emerged from prison as Ann the Word and soon assumed the leadership of this "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Coming." She, in fact, was Christ in the second form.

The Shaker Theology has the idea of male and female as its centrifugal point. God, for the Shakers, is dual, yet one in essence: God the Father and God the Mother. "God

created man to his own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them" (Douay Version). Male and female man sinned: their sin was "the premature and self-indulgent use of sexual union." Because of this abuse, "the hidden cause of man's fall from uprightness," Ann Lee "received in clear light the command to refrain from such indulgence." Hence the Shaker's strict observance of the virgin life.

Male and female man had sinned; by male and female man must be redeemed. Here, in the words of two Shaker sisters, * the position of Ann Lee in this plan of redemption is stated (the stressing of words is our own):

"Ann, by her obedience to the voice of God in her soul, through faith and suffering had become fitted, as a pure temple, to receive the spirit of Christ. The Christ Spirit, emanation from, manifestation of the invisible God, Father-Mother, had descended upon the *man,* Jesus of Nazareth, who in a *similar* way had prepared himself to receive the indwelling Spirit. This anointing by the External Spirit of Christ occurred at the baptism by John and Jesus became, henceforth, Jesus the Anointed. He became *the second Adam.* It was necessary that the Christ Spirit should come again and in a woman complete the spiritual, as Eve had completed the natural, human creation, the image of the Divine." [Hence Ann Lee was called the second Eve, in a different sense, however, from that in which the title has been given to the Blessed Virgin Mary.] "This baptism, received not at the hands of man but from the person of the risen and divine Jesus, gave to Ann Lee the authority as well as the spirit of the Maternal Presence—the Mother in Diety. Henceforth, Anne Lee was recognized among the humble band of 'poor in spirit,' 'pure in heart,' who in England's hidden by-ways were waiting 'for the consolation of Israel' as the living visible Head, the one in whom dwelt the Divine Mother." [This does not imply a deification either of Jesus or of Ann Lee. The Shakers

* "Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message," Anna White and Leila S. Taylor, Columbus, Ohio, 1905, pp. 20-21.

deny that they worship either. They speak of Ann as the Daughter of God; elsewhere they say: "We believe that all in whom this Christ Spirit awakens to consciousness are *sons and daughters of God.*" In this sense the words "son" and "daughter" are applied to Christ and to Ann Lee].

Mother Ann remained only four years in England's hidden byways. She left them for America in 1774, taking with her eight companions and the Theology so long awaited by England's poor in spirit. The sect which was soon to flourish in America very soon died out in its mother land. In Niskeyuna, N.Y. (now Watervliet), Mother Ann established the first Shaker community in America, which in 1940 (after 160 years' existence) was sold to the Government as an airport site. Here was sown the seed of communism, which flowered in 1796, when the written Shaker covenant was finally adopted.

From 1776 until her death in 1784, Mother Ann and her followers travelled through many of the Colonies which soon became the United States, establishing new communities. They suffered persecution and imprisonment, often because they were suspected of being Tories. (Zadock Wright, a Tory of Hartland, Vermont, had in fact fled from his town, to return soon after, claiming membership in the Shaker sect and consequent immunity from military service in the Rebel army, travelling thither to Enfield, N.H., where in the 1790's he helped in the promotion of a Shaker settlement.) They, like the Quakers, were pacifists and they also refused to vote, although all of the Revolutionary soldiers who later became Shakers refused to draw their pensions and the Shakers always paid their taxes: they were thereby faithful to their country in a manner very profitable to the United States Treasury, as Elder Frederick Evans later remarked to President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton.

In all these years of trial, Mother Ann and her followers seemed to be protected in the most marvellous manner by Divine Providence. They seemed also to enjoy Divine favour, for in 1779 a great religious revival occurred in the vicinity

of New Lebanon, N.Y., which became the seat of the Mother Colony (still existing to-day with some 40 women and two feeble old men). This revival had a definite spiritist character, as did a later revival of 1848. On these two revivals the Shakers base their claim that they were America's original



Below—*Front Door. Angels placed by Mission Fathers.*



Above—*Present Shaker Meeting House, Mount Lebanon, N. Y.*



Below—*Former Main House of Shaker Community.*

Scenes from the former Shaker Village of Enfield, New Hampshire. The buildings are now in possession of the Missionary Fathers of La Salette.

Spiritists. On such revivals as this, Shakerism throve. "They were the hot-beds of Shakerism," said Elder Frederick Evans in 1874: another revival had been prophesied, he said, but it apparently is still to come.

In 1784 Mother Ann left her newly-increased Millenial Church to communicate to it in the future from the spirit realms. Three years before she had been visited by Lafayette, who watched the Shaker dance of worship with a serious, respectful scrutiny. Because he did not deride the Shakers,

he won their lasting admiration. He even asked to share in the Shaker work, according to the authors previously quoted; but Mother Ann refused him admittance, telling him that he was called to a more important task in the world. When Lafayette died in 1834, the Shakers claimed to have received the news through a spirit message fifteen days before it reached America.

Within 90 years the Millenial Church had attained a total membership of nearly 2,500 brethren, living in eighteen scattered colonies from Maine to Kentucky, whose accumulated acreage of land amounted to over 49,000. Charles Nordhoff ** complains that these several villages were self-centred. This lack of external unity, perhaps, contributed to Shakerism's decline.

From these villages came Shaker wagons from spring to fall, carrying the driver and a brother in the front seat and two sisters in the back. They brought their products with them: maple syrup and sugar in the spring, dairy products throughout the year, and finally, in the fall, that which is still remembered with delight by all who knew the Shakers, boiled cider applesauce. The Shaker Sisters had made it from pound-sweets and boiled cider. They pared and sliced the apples and hung them up to dry, as they had all their various herbs and vegetables; ipecac, thoroughwort, peppermint, wintergreen, catnip, and gold thread for sore mouth. All these, too, were for sale, as well as "Shaker Extract of Valerian," a cure for everything from headache to a fit. But it was the applesauce in two-gallon wooden buckets that sold readily in every Yankee household.

So they went from house to house, the brothers in their long blue flannel dusters and flat-brimmed hats, the sisters in their Shaker blue dresses and their sunbonnets of finely woven straw, trimmed in the back with a ruffled, fan-shaped, web-covered strip of satin. They asked young girls who came to the door to join their sect. The sisters wore travelling cloaks

**"The Communistic Societies of the United States." Harper & Bros, New York, 1875.

as well. These also they sold and nothing was so desirable, nor anywhere else obtainable. A Shaker cloak sold for $50. The Shaker-knit sweaters were equally desirable; they can still be bought to-day, from the Shakers in Canterbury, N.H.

These were some of the products made by the inhabitants of Zion for the people of the world. Their flawless quality gave them a ready sale. The Believers made their own necessities with a like care and craftsmanship. They produced everything according to a utilitarian norm. However one may criticize this, he cannot explain away the marvellous results achieved by obedience to it. Only that which is useful is beautiful, said the Shakers, and that which has the highest use has the greatest beauty. In the simplest peg on their dining-room wall there was perfect grace; in the threads which secured it in the wall was surprising perfection. In the maple trestle-top table at which the two elderesses dined was superior beauty and admirable simplicity; indeed many a piece of 19th century Shaker furniture looks exactly like a worthy modern creation.

The two elderesses who dined at the trestle table were important members of the Shaker organization. They and two elders governed a Shaker village. To the elders, the brethren, to the elderesses, the Sisters, confessed their sins. No letter could be read by its recipient, no book could be read by the community, nothing bought in town by the trustees could be accepted for use, until it had been approved by an elder or elderess. No sister could speak to a brother without their permission.

There were meetings three times a week, however, at which four brothers and four sisters seated opposite each other, could visit. The rest of the week they worked in separate buildings, sorting and packing garden seeds, or in ironing in the laundry house. When they worshipped, they carried out the ritual of their dance separated from each other, the flat-brimmed hats hanging on the pegs of one wall and the satin trimmed bonnets on the pegs of the other.

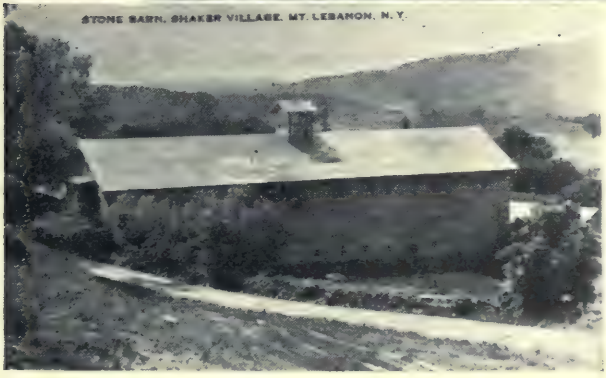
Now when the Shakers worship, only bonnets hang on



Shaker Chair Factory Mt. Lebanon, New York.

Main Dwelling Shaker Village. Mt. Lebanon New York.





Stone Barn Shaker Village, Mt. Lebanon. No trace of mortar can be seen holding the stones.

Views of Shaker Village at Mount Lebanon, New York.

their walls. In New Lebanon, N.Y., alone one might find the hats of two surviving brothers. At the end of this article the reader will find a list of the Shaker villages which once flourished. Of these the writer knows only three which are in existence to-day: the colony at Canterbury, N.H., where Shaker-knit sweaters still are made; that at West Pittsfield, Mass., four miles from New Lebanon, N.Y., and the mother colony at New Lebanon, N.Y. Two feeble old brothers and some 80 sisters remain in this "true religion," which (they are confident) will be perpetuated by its dual God till the end of the world.

One might ask the cause of Shakerism's failure. The pertinent question, however, is: Why its remarkable success? For here is an experiment in Communism which has lived unbrokenly for nearly 150 years.

It would seem that their success has been obtained through their faith in their doctrines and their faithfulness to their laws. It is a marvelous thing that their religious teaching, in spite of its grave errors, has survived intact and unchanged throughout this century and a half. So the Shakers claim, although one wonders when he reads in a pamphlet published with their approval that, exercises in divine worship, "having served their purpose, . . . have to a large degree been discontinued." Actually that statement is hard to believe, for the church and chapel in New Lebanon have certainly not fallen out of use.

To their rules the Shakers have always been faithful, and one is surprised at the perfect harmony and peace in which they live as a result of some very sensible regulations forbidding malicious gossip. This kindliness of theirs extends with equal warmth to all visitors from outside their Zion—and truly it does seem like arriving at a peaceful haven apart from the world when one leaves highway route No. 7 for the New Lebanon Colony a half mile away.

A gentle sister there had "always said that good things last." And so they do. But perhaps Shakerism, in spite of its errors, was too good to last in modern times. No modern

children have remained with the Shakers. They have all been attracted either by the world itself or by another creed. Most of those who are left in the Millenial Church were children in Shaker Colonies in 1880, or even 30 years before. In 1880 the new mass production was beginning to make craftsmanship poor business, and consequently to make communism as the Shakers practised it impractical. The Shakers themselves were buying their cloth much cheaper than it would cost them to make it. The sect which had formerly made nearly everything it needed, was buying more and more from the world outside. Shakerism, not only as an evangelical religion, but also as a way of life, was not timeless but of an age—which happened to be the 19th Century: It sought a solution of the labour problems occasioned by the Industrial Era in which it was born; and long before the Suffragettes succeeded, it had asserted the equality of woman.

In spite of what might be said in regard to the Shaker creed, we must lay the blame for the failure of the sect to two other causes, one external and the other from within: the first, as we have seen, was the superior competition of machines. The other was the principle of celibacy, in spite of which Shakerism has flourished over a century and a half.

Some decades hence the last Shaker may die. "Good things last," said the Shaker sister. She was right. Shakerism will have lasted nearly 200 years, because it contained so much that was beneficent to humanity. It has been spoken of as an economic system with a religious frame. That religious frame was its support and foundation; the higher motive of mutual benevolence preserved in Shaker communism a harmony which was lacking in Robert Owen's endeavours and in the intellectual experiment at Brook Farm. When the last Shaker property will have passed into other hands, the reason will certainly be that Shakerism also is in serious error, but every enduring building and every artistic chair will remain a witness to the efficiency of its original owners.

SHAKER SETTLEMENTS AND THE DATES OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT.

Maine.
Alfred (1793).
New Gloucester (1794).

New Hampshire.
Enfield (1793).
East Canterbury (1792).

Massachusetts.
Hancock (1790).
Harvard (1791).
Shirley (1793).
Tyringham (1808).

New York.
Watervliet (1774).
New Lebanon (1780).

Connecticut.
Enfield (1790).

Ohio.
Union Village (1805).
North Union (1822).
Watervliet (1806).
White Water (1826).

Kentucky.
South Union (1810).
Pleasant Hill.
(About the same time).

Indiana.
Busro (1811-1826).

Florida.
Narcrossee (1894).

OF all the tests by which the good citizen and strong reformer can be distinguished from the vague faddist or the inhuman sceptic, I know no better test than this—that the unreal reformer sees in front of him one certain future, the future of his fad; while the real reformer sees before him ten or twenty futures among which his country must choose, and may in some dreadful hour choose the wrong one. The true patriot is always doubtful of victory; because he knows that he is dealing with a living thing; a thing with free will. To be certain of free will is to be uncertain of success.—G. K. Chesterton.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE IN SCOTLAND

BY ANGUS MacINNES.

A YOUNG man came to visit me in my school-room one afternoon. The pupil who ushered him in handed me a visiting card. "Dr. . . . ." I read. I studied the profile of the tall dark smiling figure as he approached with outstretched hand. In my mind I was visualising the faces of boys whom I had taught as infants years ago. Then I remembered. The gentleman before me had been one of my pupils as a child.

I have enjoyed many such pleasureable experiences in recent years. They bring back a flood of memories. What gives me a greater sense of satisfaction, apart from the obvious signs of their material welfare and progress is that when I think of the numerous Catholic Schools and colleges now flourishing all over Scotland I have conveyed to me a measure of realisation of the extent to which Catholic influence is for ever expanding and of the tremendous contrast between the excellent educational opportunities afforded Catholic children in Scotland to-day and the very inadequate schooling which was available for most of their parents.

I have been teaching infants and young children in Scotland for a long period of years, and I have witnessed in that time a most remarkable transformation. While conditions for both teachers and pupils have not yet attained the zenith of perfection they are Utopian in many aspects compared to the position when I commenced teaching—the days when Catholics paid their share of taxation for the maintenance of public non-Catholic schools, and at the same time met the cost of operating separate Catholic schools rather than sacrifice the principle of religious education in the school-room.

Presbyterianism was then, as it still is, if in a lesser degree, sinisterly suspicious of anything Catholic, and even if Catholic children could have been given a higher standard of education they would not have reaped a commensurate benefit in later

life. The professions were closed to Catholics, the vast majority of whom were Irish families whose parents had been forced to travel, poverty-stricken, and in dire straits, to Scotland. A few managed to open little businesses which prospered in time, but menial labour was the only thing open to the bulk of them in the hard grim struggle to exist.

In the lamp-lit, dull, dreary schools they were taught the elementary rudiments of the Three R's. Teaching cold, hungry, poorly-clad children in overcrowded draughty rooms was not likely to obtain the best results. The only times they appeared to forget their discomforts was when religion was the subject, for the unquenchable Irish Catholic spirit was always burning brightly in them from their earliest years—the spirit which has bequeathed as inspiring memorials so many of the beautiful Catholic Churches which can now be seen in Scotland.

These children were frequently taken from school even before they had reached the age of fourteen years. Economic difficulties in the life of the family made it imperative that the children should become wage earners at the earliest possible moment.

The Irish were seizing their chance in the industrial revolution which was sweeping Scotland. The monetary strain on the family purse was slowly easing for many of them. Parents vowed that their children would not have to go through life with a poor education. The Catholic conscience was gradually awakened. Persistent agitation finally completed the emancipation of Catholics when their schools and their children were put on a footing akin to that of non-Catholic schools by the passing of the Education (Scotland) Act, in 1918.

This piece of legislation brought many long overdue improvements. School buildings were modernized in some places, new schools built in others. The emoluments of teachers were raised to the general level. In time health services were introduced, and additional recreational facilities. Catholic pupils, with the others, could obtain bursary awards to help them on with advanced courses and to the universities. More religious

teaching orders established themselves up and down the country. While families grew in affluence so did their better education contribute to the extension of the influence of the Catholic community in Scotland. Many moved up the social scale, always proud in the practice of the Faith of their Fathers, and determined that they would hand it on undefiled to their children.

Before the doctor had taken his departure we were joined by a young solicitor, also an old pupil. He was going the next day to a Red Mass which is now held in Edinburgh for Catholic legal men for the re-opening of the Law Courts. They spoke of others who to-day hold important appointments in the professions and in public life, and as they left I was thinking of the ever increasing channels for Catholic Action in a country which is sorely in need of a deeper religious life.

SAY IT WITH SLEEP.

A dramatic author who was reading a new work before the company of the Comedie Francaise was disturbed at seeing that one of the members, Monsieur Got, had gone fast asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee in order, he said, to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion?

Monsieur Got rubbed his eyes and remarked, "Sleep is an opinion." That ended the discussion.

THE CHRIST BOY AT PRAYER

By REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S.T.D.



HONOR and glory are given to the Creator and graces and favors are obtained by man when use is made of the great privilege of addressing God in prayer. Who can estimate the glory to God and the blessings on mankind which resulted from the prayers of the Man-God Whose acts were infinite in effect? Who can count the numerous graces and favors showered on us through these prayers, graces and favors which otherwise we would not have received? Christ's praying was of course not because of any lack of efficiency in His Sacred Humanity, but because of the honour to God and the advantage to man accruing therefrom. The sublime dignity and the ineffable worth of the private prayers of Our Divine Lord cannot be measured by us in this vale of tears. We do know that the Savour in His Public Ministry was most conspicuous for devotion to prayers public as well as private. Thus it is recorded: "and He retired into the desert and prayed." (Lk. V.16); "He passed the whole night in the prayer of God" (Lk. VI.12). As a boy winning favor with God and man, Jesus was most assiduous in the recital of the ordinary prayers common to His time. How effective these prayers were on His Divine lips! What a significance they had when uttered by Him! Then what an inspiration for us all is the Child Christ at prayer! By His sacred example He blessed and sanctified the simple prayers of little children and

all prayers said within the sanctuary of the home. His use hallowed the ordinary prayers said by the Jewish children of the time. What were some of these prayers that came from the lips of the Divine Child so that we may be inspired and edified by them?

The first sentence which a Jewish father was to teach his child was this chief profession of Jewish faith in the unity of God: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord Our God is one Lord." How pleased and consoled were Mary and Joseph when they heard the Christ Child lisping these words which contain the keynote of Jewish doctrine. This verse along with a few extracts from the Pentateuch were called the Shema from the opening word in Hebrew. The youthful Saviour repeated them twice a day, at morning and at night. The following was said first:

Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt tell them to thy children, and thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house, and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising. And thou shalt bind them as a sign on thy hand, and they shall be and shall move between thy eyes. And thou shalt write them in the entry, and on the doors of thy house. (Deut. VI. 4-9).

This profession of faith was followed by another portion of the Sacred Scripture, (Deut. XI, 13-21), which told how people's welfare depended on their attitude towards Almighty God and which commanded that this Scripture be taught to the children and be placed on their arms, their foreheads and their doorposts. The third selection (Num. XV, 37-41) enjoined the Israelites to add fringes to their garments as a way of recalling to mind both the obligation of keeping the commandments and the exodus from Egypt.

These verses of Sacred Scripture were memorized by the Child Jesus. Also as He left or entered His home He touched reverently the parchment on which they were written, which was in a small box attached to the doorpost.

Besides to this morning and evening commemoration, which according to Josephus, was ordered by Moses in remembrance of God's favor in delivering the Jewish people out of the land of Egypt, there were added eighteen Benedictions consisting of 3 praises, 12 petitions, and 3 thanksgivings. These have been handed down in Jewish tradition without much change. As these were repeated twice a day by the Christ Boy, I shall quote the first three and the last three, which are said to be older than the other twelve:

1. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, our God and God of our fathers, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob, the great, the mighty, and the fearful God—God Most High—who bestowest goodly kindnesses, and art the Creator of all, and rememberest the love of the Fathers and bringest a redeemer for their children's children for the sake of Thy name in love. King, Helper, Saviour, and Shield; blessed be Thou, Shield of Abraham.

2. Thou art mighty forever, O Lord, Thou resurrectest the dead; art great to save. Sustaining the living in loving kindness, resurrecting the dead in abundant mercies, Thou supportest the falling, and healest the sick, and settest free the captives, and keepest Thy faith to them that sleep in the dust. Who is like Thee, master of mighty deeds, and who may be compared unto Thee? King sending death and reviving again and causing salvation to sprout forth, Thou art surely believed to resurrect the dead. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, who revivest the dead.

3. Thou art holy and Thy name is holy, and the holy ones praise Thee every day. Selah. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, the holy God.

16. Hear our voice, O Lord our God, spare and have mercy on us, and accept in mercy and favour our prayer. For a God that heareth prayers and supplications art Thou. From before Thee, O our King, do not turn us away empty-handed. For Thou hearest the prayer of thy people Israel in mercy. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, Who hearest prayer.

17. Be pleased, O Lord our God, with Thy people Israel and their prayer, and return the sacrificial service to the altar of Thy House, and the fire-offerings of Israel and their prayer in love accept Thou with favor, and may the sacrificial service of Israel Thy people be ever acceptable

to Thee. And may our eyes behold Thy merciful return to Zion. Blessed be Thou who restorest Thy Skekinah to Zion.

18. We acknowledge to Thee, O Lord, that Thou art our God as Thou wast the God of our fathers, forever and ever. Rock of our life, Shield of our help, Thou art immutable from age to age. We thank Thee and utter Thy praise, for our lives that are (delivered over) into Thy hands and for our souls that are entrusted to Thee; and for Thy miracles that are with us every day and for Thy marvelously kind deeds that are of every time; evening and morning and noontide. Thou are good, for Thy mercies are endless: Thou art merciful, for Thy kindnesses never are complete: from everlasting we have hoped in Thee. And for all these things may Thy name be blessed and exalted always and forever. And all the living will give thanks unto Thee and praise Thy great name in truth, God, our salvation and our help. Selah. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, Thy name is good, and to Thee it is meet to give thanks.

How effective were these prayers, which resemble the psalms, when lisped by the Divine Child! And what a meaning such psalms as the second and the one-hundred and ninth had on His lips! It was indeed a thrilling sight,—the Holy Family in their humble home of Nazareth, reciting the psalms together.

Exclamations of praise to God, or blessings as they were called were offered frequently during the day by pious Jews at the time of Christ. There was a blessing for each dish and each new pleasure at table. Even on seeing bread the following was spoken: "Blessed be the Lord Who created this bread." Personal benefits, phenomena of nature and consolations from reading or hearing the Sacred Scripture, these provoked blessings. Thus, "Blessed be He Who gave the Law." Before the recitation of the morning "Shema" two blessings were offered, "Blessed be He Who created the lights" and "Blessed be He Who loveth his people Israel," and at the end the following was said, "Blessed be He Who redeemeth Israel." Frequently during His Public Life do we hear Our Divine Lord pronounce blessings on food (v.g., Matt. XIV, 19; Mark VIII, 6; Luke XXII, 19; Jo. VI, 11; Cf. I. Cor.

XI, 24; Timothy IV, 4), thus sanctioning and hallowing this beautiful practice. It was a custom that prevailed in Christ's family circle during His hidden life to pause frequently during the daily routine for this most laudable purpose of invoking blessings on various occasions.

In St. Luke's Gospel (IV. 16), it is stated that it was the the custom of Our Divine Lord to attend the regular synagogue services on the Sabbath Day in His own home town of Nazareth. That day which was announced from the roof of the local synagogue by a thrice repeated blast of a trumpet on Friday afternoon and by the lighting of a lamp at home at nightfall, was, above all, a day of rest enjoined by the Scriptures. Although attendance at synagogue services was not required by Holy Writ, it became by custom to belong to the proper way of celebrating the day. Few indeed absented themselves.

We can join in Spirit with the Christ Boy, as with His Blessed Mother and His foster father He takes part in the regular Sabbath services at the local synagogue, and follow with Him some of the ceremonies that had grown up around the reading of the Sacred Scriptures there.

We notice in the court a laver in which the congregation washes their hands as they approach the synagogue, which is a simple hall whose roof is supported by pillars. Within, we see there is a platform on the side facing the temple of Jerusalem, and on it there is a chest or ark to contain the scrolls of Scripture, and a reading stand on which they are to rest. There are lamps and candelabra throughout the hall; also one can see trombones and trumpets.

The Christ Boy and St. Joseph are with the men on the side and the Virgin Mother is with the women on the other. The main body of the congregation are on benches facing the holy ark; however, the elders and scribes are sitting on the first bench facing the people. As the prayer begins the people stand; but those at the first bench have to turn around so that they too may be facing templewards. At first the "Shema" given above is recited by all in unison. Then the

precentor, whose head is veiled, goes before the ark to offer in the name of all not the eighteen benedictions of weekdays, but seven: the six quoted above and this special one for the Sabbath as the middle prayer:

Our God and God of our fathers! be pleased with our rest; sanctify us by the commandments, give us a share in Thy law, satiate us of Thy bounty, and gladden us in Thy salvation; and cleanse our hearts to serve Thee in truth; let us inherit, O Lord, our God, in love and favor, Thy holy Sabbath, and may Israel, who hallows Thy name, rest thereon. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, who sanctifiest the Sabbath.

After each benediction the congregation subjoins "Amen"; but before the last prayer, as there is a priest present, he goes to the platform and facing the people with uplifted hands raised shoulder high, pronounces the following Aaronitic blessing in the Hebrew language:

The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee. The Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace. Num. VI, 24-26).

Then comes the chief part of the service, the raising of the Sacred Scripture from a lectern in the forefront of the platform. This is done by a reader, who stands facing the people. Beside him stands a translator, who, without any book, gives a rendering in the case of the Law after every verse, but in regard to the Prophets at the end of every third verse. We notice that one person reads the portion of the Prophets and recites the prayer before and after; while the reading of the Law is divided into seven portions for seven persons, each of whom offers a benediction before and after the lesson. We notice, too, that the one who reads from the Prophets can select any passage he wishes to read; while with the readers of the Law there is a continuous reading with no choice, each taking up where the preceding leaves off. The readers are of different ages, some of them quite youthful. The Christ Boy, now about ten years of age, being one of

those requested to read, does so to the great satisfaction of all, especially His Blessed Mother. Finally a suitable person is selected who goes to the platform and sits while he delivers a fervent sermon in the vernacular. When that is finished the congregation is dismissed, and the youthful Jesus, with St. Joseph, rejoins the Blessed Mother to return to their blessed and happy home.

There were synagogue services not only on each Sabbath but also on Mondays, Thursdays, holy days and new moons. Doubtless the Christ Boy attended all these public services. Then there were the great festivals of the year during which special prayers were offered in the synagogue at Nazareth by those who did not make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. As Jesus' home town was a full three days' journey from the sacred city, the average citizen attended the temple celebrations only once or twice a year, but on the other occasions he was present there in spirit while he devoted himself to pious exercises and the reading of the Law in the local synagogue.

First, there was the oldest and greatest of the Jewish festivals, Pasch or Passover, which came in the Spring and lasted seven days. This feast of national redemption and freedom commemorated the deliverance of the Jewish people from Egypt. Only in the temple could the paschal lamb be slain, but the laws forbidding the eating of leavened bread and the presence of leaven in the house applied to every Jewish family.

Fifty days later came the festival of Weeks or Pentecost. This was a grain harvest commemoration that was celebrated only in the temple, where the first fruits of grain were offered to God.

In early Autumn, the Day of Atonement impressed young and old with the obligation of repentance, for on that day the scapegoat was sent into the desert to represent God's forgiveness of sin.

Shortly after, with the beginning of the Jewish new year, when the harvest had been gathered in and the rainy season

was at hand to bring future fruitfulness, was celebrated the most joyous of the feasts, that of Tabernacles. People lived in temporary booths for eight days to commemorate how their ancestors had to live when fleeing from Egypt. In the temple the courts were brilliantly illuminated on the night of the first day. Distinctive of this feast, there was the waving of festive branches with the recital of psalms. Besides in the morning service on each of the seven days there was a libation of water along with the usual one of wine.

Then there were three feasts of deliverance: the feast of Dedication lasting eight days to commemorate the victory of Judas Maccabaeus, that of Nicanor, which celebrated the defeat of Nicanor, and that of Purim, which recalled Esther's victory.

These great feasts and minor ones, and other religious observances such as fasts, intercalated throughout the year, were great incentives to piety and prayer for the Jews. Now the Christ Boy must have entered into their spirit giving edification and example to all around Him. He took part in the services in the local synogogue whenever He did not go to Jerusalem to atend at the temple celebrations. The law that required the presence of male Israelites at the temple for the feasts of Pasch, Pentecost, and Tabernacles would not apply to those as far from Jerusalem as the residents of Nazareth. They made the pilgrimage to the Holy City once a year; likely those engaged in agriculture repaired there for the feast of Booths, and artisans such as St. Joseph went there at the feast of Passover. In this connection the Gospel narrative merely states that "His parents went each year to Jerusalem at the solemn day of the Pasch." Thus St. Joseph may have attended at the temple on the other two occasions enjoined by law, but the Virgin Mary accompanied him at the Passover feast. From about His seventh year the Child Jesus was taken on the yearly pilgrimage. For the visit of the twelfth year is only mentioned on account of the episode that occurred. Indeed, it is implied that He had made previous visits, since otherwise the parents would make

sure that He was with them when they were starting out on their return trip to Nazareth. In this yearly pilgrimage that lasted in all thirteen days to celebrate the feast that had most significance religiously and nationally, a feast that was so replete with symbols and types of Himself, the Christ Boy has given us all a great example of corporate public service to Almighty God.

JOSEPH'S THOUGHTS

JESUS' words and Mary's
Oft the Gospel tell.
Glad we read them over,
Pondering them well.
Sweetnesses of Heaven
In the pages dwell.

Then we gently wonder:
"All the pages through
Never word from Joseph?"
Hark the answer due:
Jesus' thoughts, and Mary's,
They were Joseph's, too.

THE SABBATINE PRIVILEGE—WHAT IS IT?

By REV. FRANCIS DE SALES SNYDER, O.Carm.



SINCE her Assumption into heaven, Our Blessed Mother has returned to earth many times. Like a relative, visiting from distant parts, she never fails to bring with her some gift. To Saint Simon Stock she brought the Brown Scapular and to Pope John XXII she brought a privilege. The privilege depends upon the Brown Scapular, and so, of the two, the Brown Scapular is the more important gift. Now, since the wearers of the Scapular are the only ones eligible for this signal Privilege, let us who are favored try to understand what it really is. Pope John XXII, in the year 1322, wrote that he had seen our Blessed Mother in a vision. Among other things she told him that she would descend into Purgatory on the Saturday after their death, and free those who had complied with certain conditions. This is called a Privilege because it *is* a privilege—a concession made to those fulfilling certain conditions. It is called Sabbatine because it is on that last day of the week—Saturday—that this concession is to be granted. The explanation of the Sabbatine Privilege is just this: Our Blessed Mother, having conferred the Brown Scapular on St. Simon, gave assurance to the wearers of her Livery that eternal salvation would be theirs. Then by means of the Sabbatine Privilege she brings this eternal salvation one step closer. She cuts short the stay of her

clients in purgatory. It is all very logical. God wishes us to be saved, that is, He wishes us to one day enjoy the happiness of heaven. Mary assures the wearer of the Brown Scapular of this happiness, and then by means of the Sabbatine Privilege she brings closer our day of entrance into Heaven. In her own way, she takes care that the wishes of God are fulfilled with little or no delay. Pope John XXII first promulgated the Sabbatine Privilege. This promulgation and its subsequent approval by no less than sixteen of his successors on the Papal Throne established the authenticity of Privilege beyond a doubt.

HOW MAY IT BE GAINED?

The necessary conditions for gaining of the Sabbatine Privilege are three in number. As has been noted, this Privilege depends upon the Scapular, and so, quite naturally the first condition is that we wear the Brown Scapular. It is a custom to be enrolled at the time of First Holy Communion and thus countless Catholics are wearers of this Scapular. If, through neglect or any other reason, we have discontinued wearing the Scapular, we need only secure another one and start wearing it immediately. No re-enrollment is necessary. Those, however. who have never been enrolled can approach any Carmelite priest or a secular priest who has the necessary faculties for enrolling. The second condition is that we observe Chastity according to our state in life. This imposes upon us no added obligation. It is merely a restatement of the commandments of the Church regarding purity. With regard to these first two conditions we can join the young man in the Gospel in proclaiming that we have done these things from our youth. What else is required of us? The third condition is that we recite daily the Little Office of Our Lady. In most cases, that of religious and priests excepted, this condition cannot readily be fulfilled. Where it is impossible we are obliged to keep the fasts of the Church and abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays in its stead. Those who cannot observe this alternative may obtain a sub-

stitute from any confessor. Once more, the first conditions are simple with regard both to their understanding and fulfillment. The third condition is that we say the Little Office or, if that is impossible, keep the fasts of the Church and abstrain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If that is impossible we may ask our confessor to designate some other good work as a substitute.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

When we are in Purgatory, Heaven will be so near and yet so far. This thought, paradoxical as it is, will arouse in us conflicting emotions. We will be joyful because of the happiness to come, and we will be sorrowful because of the punishment we are suffering. This punishment, as explained by Theologians, is two-fold. It consists in the deprivation of God and in bodily suffering. The full extent of the first mentioned suffering cannot be realized. Just what it means to be deprived of God is something that must be experienced. It can faintly be compared to a man who cannot breathe. To a man, breath is everything. To a soul, the sight of God is everything. The bodily suffering in Purgatory we can all understand in a very slight degree. The full intensity of this suffering we cannot realize, but we do know that it far surpasses any imaginable earthly suffering. Just ask yourself what is the worst bodily suffering you could undergo. The answer to that question, multiplied innumerable times, gives you an idea of the bodily sufferings of Purgatory. Those who make use of the Sabbatine Privilege will be kept in Purgatory no longer than one week. What a great thing it will be for us to die with a title to that privilege! The Privilege is so astounding that its conditions seem as nothing. Who will refuse to fulfill three conditions to gain a Privilege beyond value?

DID SHE KNOW?

BY JANE MANNING.

SNIFFY was puzzled. Any self-respecting dog would be. He had tried all his wiles on the quiet figure lying in the warm grass without any results. It had been pleasant at first to be free to follow imaginary rabbits and fancied deer, but finally he scampered back to nuzzle the soft tweed of his mistress' suit and to bury his nose in her bright hair and finally to nip at the silken ankles without arousing her in the least from that strange, tiresome dream of hers. Sniffy could not understand it! There had been such promise of a perfect day when he and she had swung out over the fields to meet the pleasant man-creature whom she called Brian, and then they had talked so queerly together and had paid no attention to Sniffy even though he had growled his "rabbit-growl" several times and worried numberless daisies until their golden hearts stood desolate amid their scattered petals. And then the man had gone off so quickly and his laughing Maureen had stood still against the hill with the sun making a glory of her hair until, with a last quick wave at the bend in the road, Brian had disappeared and she had flung herself here to pull at the grass with her strong little hands until she finally lay still.

To Maureen Fitzpatrick the hours had passed unnoticed. She must, she felt, waken to the warm sun, the happy day to discover that that morning had been some queer distorted daydream, and yet she knew how true it was. Brian was really gone! The boy who had been her playmate, who had shared her dearest dreams was now only a memory. Like scenes from a well-loved play snatches of their lines came back to her.

"Some day, Maureen," it was the boy Brian, the dreamer, who was talking—"Someday I shall go away and then I'll come back again—wealthy and famous and I'll dream away

my days in this dear valley'' and again ''I don't think I'll marry—ever, Maureen—but if I do she'll be lovely—fair as a king's daughter and good, Maureen—sweet as a breath of May, and I'll never tell her I love her, but I'll send her white violets and a bit of the dear shamrock and she'll know—she will know, won't she, Maureen?"

The girl fought back the pain that tore at her throat and laughed as she scrambled to her feet—''Sniffy boy—poor lad —'tis a lonely day you've been having—I'm selfish. But your mistress will be lonely too, lad, and nobody must know—mind you don't tell them now—and," she continued as she started back up the hill—''Maureen Fitzpatrick will go home now and dress for lunch and laugh with her mother's guests and talk of Brian O'Rourke who'd rather seek fame in America than be a peaceful country gentleman in Tipperary and someday some girl will wear his white violets and shamrock, but always he'll remember his valley with the sun on the dew and Maureen on the hill".

Maureen Fitzpatrick stood on the moon-silvered terrace drinking in the freshness of the garden. From the house behind her came strains of music, gay bursts of laughter and the soft murmur of Irish voices. Somewhere, she knew, a harmlessly pleasant young man was searching in vain for his partner for that dance, but she didn't care. Somewhere on the ocean Brian was watching the same moon and wondering perhaps what sparkles of wit were enlivening Maureen's companions this evening. All day she had smiled and listened and been sweet to her mother's guests but her heart had been in Cobh, until in the late afternoon she knew that Brian's ship had pulled away from the shores of Ireland for its long voyage. A voice at her elbow made her start. It was the little maid, Nan, with a tiny square box and a letter.

''For you, Miss Maureen—they've come just this minute special delivery—I saw you come out here and slipped out to you.

With eager fingers Maureen unfolded the paper and slowly read, ''Maureen asthore, why didn't you say you were keeping

my heart? My ship has gone without me and I'm coming home".

As she raised the lid of the box there drifted up to her the fragrance of white violets in whose midst demurely nestled a tiny bunch of the sweet shamrocks of Erin.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE little yellow primrose
Snares the passerby
With breath of sweetest perfume
That's wafted to the sky.

Set within its green leaves,
A star upon the earth,
It does not fear the night-dews;
Anew they give it birth.

Nature is its gardener,
And cultivates with care
This little yellow primrose,
Rarest of the rare.

Maire Ledwith.

CAN SUPERNATURAL STIGMATA BE PRODUCED BY NATURE?

By BASIL KIRBY,
St. Augustine's Seminary.
China Mission.

AMONG the many and varied questions long discussed by scientists perhaps few are more interesting than that of the Stigmata.

This problem, even to-day, comes into prominence periodically. The phenomena are not altogether uncommon and hence it behooves us to know at least some of the basic facts and principles that are connected with, and that underlie such an occurrence.

This is not a treatise on Theresa Neumann—yet if we bring her into it quite often we do so merely by way of using a popular example.

THE PROBLEM.

The whole question revolves about the philosophical point of miracles and just what place the Stigmata have in regard to miracles.

We are not deciding whether this or that case of Stigmata is supernatural in character or merely natural—but presupposing truly supernatural stigmata, i.e., miraculous stigmata, we try to answer the question: "Are the results such that they could possibly be brought about by natural causes, such as disease, auto-suggestion or hypnotism?"

In other words, is the miracle of the stigmata a miracle of the first degree, i.e., *quoad substantiam facti,* or a miracle of the third degree, i.e., *quoad modum?*

METHOD OF ANSWERING THE PROBLEM.

In order to answer our question properly we must view stigmata in its purest aspects, i.e., we must study supernatural

stigmata to discover the qualities that must be found in natural occurrences if they are to be considered as true stigmata.

Let us approach the problem by making clear our terms.

We will give first a definition of the stigmata and then proceed to elucidate upon the general characteristics found both in the stigmatist and in the stigmatic wounds.

The stigmata consist of a kind of impression or repetition of Our Lord's wounds in the hands, feet, side, brow, back and shoulder of the subject. It is not necessary that any individual have all these wounds in order to be truly called a stigmatist. Historically it would seem that only the five wounds in the hands, feet and side are essential. Nor is it necessary that the stigmatist have all the traits, either in himself, or in his wounds, which we are about to enumerate as phenomena usually accompanying the stigmata.

QUALITIES OF THE STIGMATIST.

Most of the qualities found in the stigmatist are not exactly pertinent, but because of their general interest, we shall include them here.

1. KNOWLEDGE OF EUCHARISTIC PRESENCE. — Perhaps the most important trait seen in the stigmatist is the ability to become aware of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. This amazing ability has been manifested many times by Theresa Neumann. On one occasion, for instance, when she was passing through a strange town, she stopped before a house, because, as she said, "The Saviour is here." To all appearances the house was in no way distinct from the others on all sides—but her companions, including her Pastor, were utterly unable to convince her of a mistake. Later, upon investigation, it was discovered that the house, unpretentious and undistinguished as it was, had been taken over by a group of priests as a hospice. Theresa had been correct. This is but one example. There are many more—illustrating that no matter how cleverly concealed the Blessed Sacrament might be, Its presence is clearly known by the stigmatist.

2. Ecstasies.—The stigmatist is also favoured with many ecstasies. The wounds have their origin in ecstasy and they actively bleed only in ecstasy. This is not at all surprising when we realize that the grace of the stigmatist is usually given only to those practising the higher forms of Christian perfection.

3. Visions.—Hand in hand with the ecstasies go the visions —the insights into supernatural things for which the ordinary Christian must wait until after death. In visions Theresa Neumann was told about her approaching stigmata and about two miraculous cures which were to take place in her own body.

4. Fasting.—From the viewpoint of medical science, one of the main features in regard to such phenomena is the partial or complete lack of any need of food. Man can admittedly live a long time without food—but without drink he will soon die. And yet, medical science is faced with the peculiar situation of having in its midst a healthy woman, Theresa Neumann, who has had as food and drink since 1927 nothing more than her daily Host—her daily Communion.

5. Preparatory Suffering.—But more! The stigmatist is almost invariably prepared for his or her exceptional office by states of illness that are, to say the least, very trying. The soul is purged from all attachment to self-will and worldly things in the fire of keen suffering. Thus for years Theresa Neumann was bed-ridden—a hopeless case of one who was lame, paralysed, blind, partly deaf, having terrible open wounds all over her body, and during this seige she was afflicted with pneumonia and appendicitis. And yet, once the spiritual purpose of such physical sufferings has been accomplished, they are usually withdrawn—to be replaced by the stigmata and the sufferings that go with them.

OTHER QUALITIES OF STIGMATIST.

The stigmatist recovers from his or her purging illness and begins to live a new life—a life in which expiatory sufferings, visions, clairvoyance, the ability to speak unknown

languages, to keep long vigils unbroken by sleep, and external conflicts with diabolic powers all have their place.

QUALITIES OF WOUNDS.

The striking qualities of the wounds are here of more importance because they constitute the criteria according to which we shall judge the various occurrences which are treated in our investigation.

Primarily and of their very nature the stigmatic wounds are open wounds in the true and evident sense of the words. They are similar to, and representative of, the wounds of Our Blessed Saviour—yet they have many characteristics, which, as a group, are common to no other form of wounds.

The first three, i.e., the design, symmetry and regularity merit special attention.

1. Design.—With regard to the design, we will say, along with medical men who have examined the wounds closely, they are things of marvel. One eminent physician was frankly amazed when he studied those of Theresa Neumann under a magnifying glass. He said that the wound on the palm of the right hand is absolutely perfect. In its actual location and its relation to the extremities of the hand, in the relation of every part to every other part, in its size and shape, in all these things there is a pattern that unmistakeably shows the work of an artist. The wound on the back of the hand is not of the same pattern, yet it too has a perfect design, a perfect pattern of its own—again the work mirrors the Artist who formed it. And so with the other wounds—undeniably they are the work of a clever Artist, an ingenious Artist, a Divine Artist.

2. Symmetry and Regularity.—We shall treat the notes of symmetry and regularity together.

There is symmetry in origin—with a view to the Liturgical year and especially Lent. There is regularity in origin for in most cases the wounds do not come together but one after another at periodic intervals. Thus Theresa Neumann received hers on succeeding Thursday nights during Lent until on

Good Friday her body was filled with the wounds of Christ and her whole being was filled with the sufferings of body and soul that accompany such. There is symmetry and regularity in the process of bleeding. The wounds bleed at regular intervals and they bleed in the same way. There is no instance of unexpected bleeding—no instance where one wound, which regularly bleeds, fails to do so. Strangely enough, in Theresa Neumann, the wounds of her hands and feet do not bleed during the ordinary Friday ecstasy, but the wounds in her side and brow do bleed, and, moreover, blood pours from her eyes throughout the scene portrayed before her in vision —the scene of the Crucifixion.

OTHER QUALITIES OF WOUNDS.

Above and beyond these qualities, the stigmatic wounds are often foretold. They are permanent wounds. They defy any healing applications—as a matter of fact such things cause additional sufferings. They never fester—yet natural wounds in the same individual will fester very quickly. They are protected wounds—the protection to be found on them is admitted, even by unbelieving doctors, to be unique. They are power-producing wounds—despite the flow of blood which at times is a veritable hemorrhage resulting in a noticeable loss of weight, the stigmatist, without food or drink soon returns to normal. Finally, regarding the wounds, we note that they appear spontaneously and begin to bleed spontaneously.

These qualities, then, are the criteria that we shall apply in our investigation, in order to determine the value of stigmata as found outside supernatural circles, and the possibility of true natural stigmata.

STIGMATIC WOUNDS ARE GRACES.

These stigmatic wounds belong to that class of graces known technically as *gratiae gratis datae*. Like the other charismata, to which they are so intimately connected, as we have seen from a view of the stigmatist, they form no essential part of Christian perfection, i.e., they cannot be earned and

of themselves they do not sanctify an individual. This was evidently the notion of Theresa Neumann when she said, "I could be damned with them if I did not look to myself." They are graces given to some primarily for the sake of others—not only to prove that the charismata, so abundant in the early centuries, are still with the Church, but primarily to increase in the hearts of men the love of the Crucified Christ. And this effect has actually been accomplished. The stigmatic wounds are, not necessarily, but most frequently, accompanied by other gifts such as the graces of visions, languages, etc. Individually, the characteristics of the stigmatist and of the wounds are meaningless, but viewed as a whole they form a work of art, a work that can have as its source none other than God Himself. God chooses a suitable subject; prepares the one chosen by a period of intense suffering; and then, when the canvas is ready for the masterpiece, He marks the loved one with the signs of His own Crucifixion. Perhaps the wounds are not recognized for what they really are—perhaps an effort is made to cure them—but soon the stigmatist sees them in their true light and settles himself down with perfect resignation to show forth in his body the marvels of God. It is as if God had created a solar system with an intellect and once it realized God's designs upon it, it continued to revolve, according to God's plan, in order to manifest the magnificence of God before the rest of the universe.

BRIEF HISTORY.

The ideal of the Stigmatist is St. Francis of Assisi. He is the first one known to bear the Stigmata. During an ecstasy on Mt. Alvernia, in 1222, a seraph presented to him an image of Christ Crucified and imprinted upon him the Sacred Stigmata. The stigmatic wounds of St. Francis, although entirely unprecedented, were accepted and not at all contested. Those succeeding him, however, have come in for more and more doubt and question. It seems as though the world, with its increasing knowledge, is getting increasingly proud

and becoming capable of bowing only before itself and its material advancements. There have been as many as 341 cases since the time of St. Francis—of these only 41 were men, and of the total 62 have been canonized.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

And now we come again to the statement of the question and the answer that we propose. The question is whether or not the stigmatic wounds can be the result of merely natural forces, such as disease, auto-suggestion or hypnotism; or, on the other hand, must they always be regarded as supernatural.

In this matter we have no definitions of the Church to guide us, so that we must fall back on the true principles of the sciences of medicine, psychology and mysticism. Some Catholics do hold that the Stigmata can be produced by nature. However, we uphold and shall attempt to prove, that natural forces can never produce true Stigmata.

POSSIBLE CAUSES.

1. Neurosis.—By way of clearing the ground, we must dispose of two groups of phenomena which we might call artificial stigmata. Firstly, there have been cases where honest, respectable men and women have deluded even themselves. These, in an hysterical state have caused to be produced in their bodies what seemed to be stigmata, but which under scientific investigation, proved to be artifically caused. It simply happened, that under the hysterical stress of emotional contemplation, they opened wounds by scratching or by some similarly artificial agency. These people are ordinarily known by their intellectual and physical weakness, and these wounds are easily seen in their true light by medical examination.

2. Charlatanry.—Secondly, there is another group which must be rejected. In this category is contained simply those who, by deliberate fraud, produced so-called stigmata and this

supposedly by natural means. These are downright fakers who are similarly exposed by focusing upon them the illuminating rays of medical examination.

3. Disease.—The possibility of disease as a cause is nonexistent. The reason is simply that wounds, caused by disease, could have none of the many qualities that we mentioned as appearing in true stigmata, such as design, symmetry, regularity, perpetuity and spontaneity.

4. Suggestion.—Regarding auto-suggestion and hypnotism, however, the refutation is not so simple a procedure.

We must admit the tremendous influence of suggestion on the body, especially with regard to the flow of blood—which is here the pertinent point.

Yet in the influence of the mind, whether directly by auto-suggestion or indirectly by hypnotism, we can see three stages in the increasing and localizing of the flow of blood.

In the first stage, the natural stream of blood is increased, yet stays within its natural confines—as for example the flushing of the face in anger.

In the second stage the blood breaks through the first natural barrier, i.e., the cell walls, but still remains inside the skin. This is possible through suggestion and more easily produced through hypnotism. Thus far we have a definite similarity to stigmata because of the localizing of the flow of blood and the possibility of breaking through the skin with a resultant external effusion.

In the third stage, the blood, through suggestion, actually breaks through the skin. But note, we no longer have the similarity. The skin remains intact. The effusion is not the stigmata but a bloody sweat.

One objection is possible. Some say "The spirit builds the body." Perhaps if the suggestive powers were to act more forcefully—if the skin was exceptionally sound and the suggestion exceptionally potent—the blood might remain within until such a time as the equation was destroyed, the suggestion

took the upper hand, the skin could no longer stand the strain and would actually break. We would have an open wound and effusion of blood. We would have the stigmata from natural causes.

There is a powerful argument against such an objection. Despite a vast and untiring scientific investigation and experimentation, by those who would give their right arm to disprove the case of the supernatural in the stigmata, despite all their efforts—there has been utter and absolute failure to produce these results.

The blisters of hypnosis are not bloody wounds. Yet such red spots, blisters and localized bloody sweats are held to be stigmatic—these are the only forms of stigmata produced in scientific research. To say the very least, they constitute a mighty poor argument for natural stigmata in view of the characteristics which we have seen to be essential to true stigmatic wounds.

But to get back to the objection! Even if a break in the skin were actually possible, it is unimaginable that that wound, the result of such a grotesque abuse of the powers of the human mind, could have those necessary qualities—design, regularity and symmetry. Natural stigmata have not been produced because they cannot be produced.

Again, in view of the claims for hysterical auto-suggestion, we might ask, "Why were the stigmata not prominent in the early centuries? Why were they not common among people so close to the Passion of Our Lord—among people of whom so many died for love of the Crucified Saviour?" Certainly there were some who were emotionally unstable—whose minds brooded over and probed the depths of the Passion of Our Lord—who wanted to suffer with Him—the perfect type in the perfect setting for the proof of the theory of the hysterical auto-suggestion—yet that proof is lacking! The stigmatic wounds did not exist simply because true stigmatic wounds are first, last and always, supernatural in character. They depend on the will of God, and God did not will them at that time.

SUMMARY.

Finally, in brief retrospect, we see: a statement of the question—then from a study of the presupposed supernatural stigmata, the qualities for which we must look in natural stigmata, i.e., the qualities of the wounds only—then an application of these qualities to the various supposed cases of natural stigmata resulting in the rejecting of them all, neurotics, charlatans and hypnotics, as lacking in essential qualities. These we do not merely minimize by a statement of contrary theory, but rather we absolutely reject them by a statement of contrary fact.

Each in its turn has produced phenomena akin to stigmata —but never the precise result for which we look. Each has imitated, but always unsuccessfully. Each has used the forces of nature in the attempt to produce one definite result. The efforts invariably terminated in failure, simply because the task was too much for the implements used. The forces of nature are not such as lend themselves to the production of a living miracle of this kind. Stigmata brought about by merely natural forces do not exist and cannot exist.

PRAYER.

A word from the wise is the purest gold,
  A treasure to hoard with care;
But priceless pearls of perfect mold
  Are our words of fervent prayer.
For God bends down from His throne of Grace
  And His Face lights up with love
When the prayer of the humble man cleaves space
  And ascends to Him above.

LES FLAMBEAUX

(LOURDES, 1933)

A LIVING flame is kindled,
The black night is ablaze,
A hundred thousand torches
Send forth their shining rays.

"Ave, Ave Maria,"
The moving column sways;
A hundred thousand voices
Send up the song of praise.

No man speaks to another
Each sings to Her alone,
But each gives to his brother
A something of his own.

"Ave, Ave Maria,"
The column moves along;
There are no individuals,
Just one bright wave of song.

Singing, swaying, moving,
On to the great Rosaire;
The Aves now are gathered up
In ecstasy of prayer.

At every thrilling Ave
Each torch is raised on high,
A flame of love for Mary
Is lifted to the sky.

"Ave, Ave Maria,"
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering how those Aves
Have rung for years and years.

Such faith, and love, and beauty—
No pen could make it clear,
But all hearts will remember
For many and many a year.

"Ave, Ave Maria,"
O hear the pilgrim's prayer—
When we make our last great pilgrimage,
Sweet Mary, wait us there.

Blanche Jennings Thompson.
1933.

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THE COMING OF SPRING

SPRING comes not with the clash of arms
To devastate the world,
Spring comes with soft pervading charms,
Her flags of Peace unfurled.
Her silvery soldiers glide along
O'er upland, vale and plain,
A mighty army, countless strong.
Vast regiments of rain.
No birds with death beneath their wings
High in the Heavens soar,
No chariots of steel she brings
To sail Earth's garden floor.
But oh, the land is surely blest,
As clothed in verdant hue,
It wakens from long nights of rest
To blossom forth anew.

Henry Aynesworth Britton.

GLIMPSES

FROM the sheltered door of an old grey Church
I stand and watch them pass.
Old and young, sad and gay,
A throbbing human mass.

The flower face of a little child
Smiles up into mine.
From the innocent depths of its violet eyes
All heaven seems to shine.

Now a healthy and boisterous boy
Comes bounding down the street;
With a panting dog at the end of a rope
Dodging the passing feet.

The measured tread of a labourer
Bent beneath his load;
He wearily scans the thoroughfare
E're he trudges across the road.

An aged woman with feeble steps,
But oh—what a motherly smile.
A stranger to me, but I cannot resist:
So I pause and chat a while.

M. Bishop.



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

On the feast of the Epiphany, Sister M. Aurelia experienced a holy and well-merited joy as she passed the fiftieth milestone in the service of God in the Community of St. Joseph. To teach for forty years in Separate Schools, to console the sick in hospitals, to visit the poor and oppressed, and to be sacristan in large chapels demand self-sacrifice and zeal which Sister Aurelia has admirably displayed. Now that her strenuous external labour has of necissity somewhat ceased it is heartening to witness the spirit of joy and gratitude which the jubilarian disseminated.

Many friends shared the celebration at St. Joseph's on the Lake; among them were Sister Irene of London and two nieces, Sister Estelle of London and Sister Mary Margaret of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. The High Mass was sung by the chaplain, Rev. L. Markle, assisted by the Sisters Choir.

In feeble words fraught with good wishes friends from near and far extend anew "Ad Multos Annos".

On January fifth Sister M. Regina, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sister M. Isabel, Prince Rupert, B.C., and Sister St. Paul, Vancouver, B.C., celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Profession. Congratulations!

The Reverend Joseph A. Keating, S.J. was the director of the retreat which opened Dec. 26th and closed January 3rd. On January 5th the retreat ended for the novices who made final profession that morning. The retreat master received the vows of the following novices: Sister M. Aloysia Payne; and Sister Rosalia Hrankoski.

We are happy to present to our patrons and friends the commendation of His Holiness Pius XII sent to St. Joseph Lilies, and which gives us great satisfaction, a consoling tribute to the work of our magazine.

DELEGATIO APOSTOLICA

OTTAWA (CANADA) December, 21st, 1940
520 Driveway

N.° L. P. —

The Apostolic Delegate to Canada has been charged by the Secretariate of State of His Holiness to acknowledge receipt of the publication "St. Joseph's Lilies" sent to the Holy Father, and to express His paternal thankfulness for this token of filial attachment.

In pledge of plenteous graces from on high, His Holiness imparts to the teachers and pupils of Saint Joseph's College His paternal Apostolic Blessing.

DELEGATIO APOSTOLICA CANADENSIS

Sister Mary Leonarda
Editor of "Saint Joseph's Lilies"
Saint Joseph's Convent
Toronto



OUR FATHER AND PATRON

In spite of difficulties in publication, new magazines are coming into the office. "The Josette" published by the High School pupils of Natrona, Pa. under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph is interesting. Attention is given not only to subject matter but to an artistic layout. The pupils must benefit from the work as well as enjoy it as the tone implies.

"Hospital Highlights" an undergraduate mimeographed journal produced by the nurses in training at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, is full of pep and interest. Congratulations! We look forward to the next number.

"The News," an ambitious printed quarterly under the direction of the Graduate Nurses of St. Michael's Hospital, is now in its fifth year. In a recent number the layout has been improved by the insertion of clever line sketches. It is well planned and attractive to the eye besides including an instructive article for members of the profession.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

For some years it has been our privilege to have His Excellency Archbishop J. C. McGuigan celebrate mass in our Chapel on Christmas morning at 9 a.m. Later on His Excellency visits the various departments in the institution and personally greets everyone. Needless to say this is one of the important events of the year.

* * *

It was thoughtful of Mother St. Alban, I.B.M. to bring her music class from St. Cecilia's to give us a varied programme which showed training and talent in vocal music, instrumental music and elocution. We look forward to having another concert.

* * *

Three days before Christmas Mrs. Regan, Convenor, accompanied by members of the C.W. League, visited us bringing over six hundred well filled Christmas stockings. After they had been distributed, Miss Babs Sisley gave us several charming vocal and instrumental selections.

* * *

On Dec. 29th the choir from St. Clare's, under the direction of Brother Louis, entertained us for the evening with various and varied musical numbers.

* * *

On Feb. 5th Miss Conway brought her Elocution Class to demonstrate their ability and give us pleasure. Miss Mary

Golden and Miss Shirley Barnett with their well rendered vocal selections, added variety to an excellent programme.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

On St. Cecilia's Day we had a large attendance to hear our musical programme. The comments on our efforts were most encouraging. The Senior Pupils served tea before the guests left the hall.

* * *

'Santa Claus' Christmas Party' given by the Kindergarteners called forth applause from an appreciative audience of parents and friends. The tots did their parts well. The two Santas—the conventional burly gent accompanied by a Tom Thumb Santa, was an original and taking idea. Miss Marie Hammall's recitation 'A Christmas Thought' was appropriate and well-rendered.

A lovely 'Nativity' tableau was a beautiful and suitable closing!

* * *

'Santa' visited the children on Dec. 19th and what fun he made with his jolly speeches and pretty gifts for each child! The children in turn gave him a concert and ended the gay afternoon with old fashioned dances.

* * *

We hope to have music results for the next issue of the Lilies.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

At the monthly meeting held in January two first prize winners Misses Marian Smale and Teresa O'Rourke were guests of the C.W. League when they read the essays which had won for them first prizes in their respective grades.

In her paper Miss O'Rourke gave her ideal of a true woman citizen "one who combined Catholicity and culture." Miss Smale's ideal one "who makes all womanly hearts beat faster with love of God and Country".

Other prize winners in the contest were Misses Jeanette Phillips, Nyasta Zachanko, Theresa Samuel, Alma Van Zuben, Bernadette Bullen, Eugenie Cyr, and Marguerite Jones.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

On January twenty-fourth, His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan celebrated Mass in our Chapel and afterwards

addressed the Nurses who had offered Mass and Holy Communion for the intentions of His Excellency.

* * *

Here is a chronological list of our Red Letter Days:—

Nov. 12—Senior Uniform Dance in Residence. Convenor —Miss DeWitt.

Nov. 13th—Intermediate Dance—Convenors—Misses Pickett and Smith.

Dec. 7th—Thirty-six Senior Nurses received their black bands.

Dec. 8th—The Rev. F. Mogan received sixteen new members into Our Lady's Sodality.

Dec. 9th—At the monthly meeting of the Student Nurses Rev. John Fullerton addressed the Sodality.

Nov. 28th—The Glee Club gave us their first concert.

Dec. 18th—Junior Nurses and Probationers presented "No Room in the Inn," a play which filled us with a true Christmas spirit.

Dec. 18th—Novena to the Infant Jesus commenced. So that all the students might be able to attend, prayers were said publicly in the chapel at five different times. None were more faithful in their daily attendance and in fervour than was our student dietitian, Mary Jo MacKinnon. At midnight Mass with the other Nurses Mary Jo received Holy Communion—a communion which was her viaticum for that night a motor accident brought death to Mary. She had spent Christmas morn in a spiritual union which augured well for her eternal union with the Infant Saviour.

Dec. 20th—The Sodality gave to fifty small children a Christmas party with all its usual gifts and The Glee Club enacted "Playmates" for them.

Jan. 6th—Rev. L. Bondy, C.S.B., spoke at the Sodalists' Meeting.

Jan. 18-25th—Student Nurses co-ordinated well in the Church Unity Octave.

Jan. 23rd—Under the auspices of The Sodality the Student Nurses spent a happy evening—bridge, and other games. Interesting prizes were awarded too. The following evening a similar party was given to the Graduate Nurses Staff.

Jan. 27th — Thirty-one new students commenced their studies.

* * *

A letter from N.S. Margaret Hunt to Sister Superior told of the delight with which the Christmas boxes were received.

The Sisters and Alumnae thus thoughtfully remembered the Doctors and Nursing Sisters in England.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE,
SCARBORO, ONTARIO.

Early in December the children of St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake School presented their annual concert.

The first part of the programme was by the pupils of the junior classes. Commencing with the "Welcome" and ending with Jolly old Santa Claus filling Christmas orders, not a dull moment was experienced. To say they outdid themselves would indeed be expressive of the excellence of the performers.

The Senior Play, "The Singing Shepherd," was of a more serious nature and all agreed that it equalled or even "topped off" the high standard of other years. The final Tableaux was very beautiful and most impressive.

* * *

"'Twas a few days before Christmas and all through the house. . . . ." Everybody was not merely stirring, but was vibrating with joyous anticipation of the Christmas Tree. Christmas cheer was everywhere, on walls, windows and boards, but especially in the corner where the "proud tree" bedecked with lights and decorations—and underneath disguised in original ways were oranges, apples and candies. Gifts and prizes were placed nearby—for there was something for everyone and besides rewards for Highest Standing in Reports.

When Sister Superior arrived, one glad welcome was given, for Sister had been good old Santa. The store of goodies was soon disposed of and all went home happy and grateful.

* * *

Sheila Graham, one of our graduates, stood first in her form in Scarboro Collegiate. Her other classmates showed excellent Christmas reports.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Combining business with pleasure, the Student Nurses held a successful Dance at the Boulevard Club, Nov. 28th, in aid of the Red Cross. The sum of $117.55 was realized, half of this, $58.78, going to the Red Cross. Miss Cooper was the lucky winner.

St. Joseph's Sodalists were happy to participate in the Triduum for our Holy Father contributing to the Christmas Spiritual Bouquet from the Sodalities of America, The Annual Reception took place Dec. 8th in the Chapel. The Preliminary Students contributed special music and the Senior members renewed their Act of Consecration.

* * *

Again this year each Class took care of a needy family for Christmas. The baskets were thoughtfully prepared and presented a tempting variety of good things.

* * *

The Christmas concert took the form of a Nativity play "Rachel, the Little Leper Maid," presented by the Preliminary Students. It brought the real spirit of Christmas to all present.

* * *

The Annual Stripe Dance took place Jan. 21st. The Intermediates entertained the Senior group in the Residence, which was gaily decorated. Favours of syringes bedecked the table.

* * *

The round of pre-Graduation festivities commenced with entertainment of the Graduation Class at an informal tea at the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Philp on Jan 19th.

On Feb. 2nd, Dr. and Mrs. W. T. McBroom entertained at a gala dinner at the Park Plaza for the Graduating Class.

Feb. 20th, was the date fixed for the Annual Alumnae Dinner given in honour of the Graduates, in the Alexandra Room of the King Edward Hotel. Miss Frances Lawlor proposed the toast to the Graduating Class which was responded to by Miss Gladys Raymo. Musical entertainment and favours added to the occasion.

* * *

Dr. Clarke's movies on Dec. 8th, were much appreciated and enjoyed by the students. We envied Dr. and Mrs. Clarke their wonderful trip as shown by the movies and we are anticipating the annual graduation pictures.

* * *

The goblins, ghosts and witches certainly haunted the Residence on Hallowe'en. A spirit of co-operation was shown by each class presenting a number on the programme. Special mention is due to the preliminaries for their talent in organizing, composing and acting. It was an evening, none of us will forget.

Red Cross work continues in the Residence, although there was a lull during the Christmas Season. The students are busy with their knitting and the Graduates of the School with the making of Dressings in the Recreation Room.

* * *

The first issue of the undergraduates paper, "St. Joseph's Hospital Highlights," made its debut in January and received a very warm reception. Congratulations to an able staff: Miss Margaret Vale, editor. Misses K. Bell, M. Somers, J. Wheeldon, K. Albertson; E. McCurdy and B. Soplet, Staff.

ST. CATHARINES.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

In our Junior Red Cross Division Grades 7 and 8, have finished their third quilt for the Refugee children. Grades 5 and 6 are busy knitting, counting the 'plain' and 'purl.'

* * *

At the Crusade Meeting early in December our guests were our Pastor, Rev. Dean Cullinane, Father Cassin, Father O'Flaherty and Father Campbell. A recently purchased Statue of our Blessed Mother was blessed and placed in a place of honour in the Front Hall. We salute Our Blessed Mother as we pass as "Our Lady of the Missions".

* * *

On December seventeenth the children of the school gave their Christmas Entertainment. Following the singing of Christmas Carols was a Nativity Play whose cast had representatives from every grade. Gifts for all were distributed and a real Christmas spirit reigned.

* * *

Mr. R. D. Keefe, Director of Attendance, Dep't. of Education, Toronto, visited St. John's. Later in the week he called a General Meeting of Separate and Public School Teachers in the Board of Education Building, St. Catharines.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Corsini Madden.

On January 28th, after a lingering illness, Sister M. Corsini died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro. For the past few years she had been a semi-invalid and some months ago

she suffered a serious fracture. After weeks of careful nursing during which she was more than once prepared for death, she became well enough to leave the hospital. For a time she seemed better, but gradually her weakness increased, and death came peacefully at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening.

The deceased, formerly Margaret Madden, was born in Osbrey, Grey County, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Madden. Fifty-seven years ago she entered St. Joseph's Community and during the long span of her religious life devoted herself generously to the works confided to her at the Mother House, at different Ontario Missions, and for one year at Ladysmith, B.C., but for the greater part of her life she laboured at the Sacred Heart Orphanage and later at St. Joseph's Hospital, Sunnyside.

Sister Corsini's quiet, unassuming manner, and especially her gentleness and patience under the trial of long periods of suffering, have told their own story of the gift of her whole self to God, made so many years ago, and of the habit, a natural outcome of that gift, of abandonment and submission to His Holy Will in little things as in great.

The Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on Thursday, January 30th, at 9.30 a.m., Rev. L. McCann, C.S.B., being celebrant; Rev. Fr. Brezick, C.S.B., deacon and Rev. J. Hanrahan, C.S.B., sub-deacon. Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B., was present in the sanctuary. Relatives from Shelbourne, Preston and Elora were also present for the Mass. Relatives from Buffalo and New York City were unable to attend. Of the deceased Sister's immediate family there survive one brother and two sisters in Hawarden, Saskatchewan. R.I.P.

Sister M. Constance English.

On February 5th, Sister M. Constance, died at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital. The deceased Sister was born in Brockville, Ontario, and was educated in the latter city and Kingston under the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Shortly after graduation, her family having settled in Toronto, she entered St. Joseph's Community. Fifty of her fifty-six years as a religious were devoted to teaching.

An outstanding teacher, she understood the difficulties of those less gifted and her encouragement and example were often a help to others and more than once served to foster a vocation.

She taught in St. Catharines and Thorold as well as in

St. Mary's, St. Anne's, St. Francis', St. Patrick's Schools, Toronto; in Port Arthur and Cobourg when these places were attached to Toronto. Later she taught in the College School, and was Directress of the same for a time. During the last decade of her teaching years, she found an additional outlet for her zeal in visits to the General and Sick Children's Hospitals.

About six years ago, she was appointed Superior of the Convent in Thorold, and after her term there she became Resident Visitor at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital. With characteristic zeal she spent herself for the patients, visiting every one at least once a day, often giving religious instruction. Her last round of visits was made on the Sunday before Christmas, on which day while assisting at Benediction, she suffered the slight stroke. Quite conscious until a few days before her death, she edified all by her peaceful acceptance of God's Holy Will. "She was worn out for God" and in the end her Divine Master seemed to grant her every wish, even to that of dying amid the poor sufferers whom she had taken to her heart just as she had her pupils of other days.

Many pupils came to pray beside her coffin and to join her Community and relatives in the Convent Chapel for the Requiem Mass which was celebrated by Msgr. Coyle, assisted by Rev. J. Ryan, C.S.B., as deacon, and Rev. R. Miller as subdeacon. Besides the officiating clergy in the sanctuary were Msgr. McCann, Rev. T. Battle, Rev. W. Sharpe, C.S.B., Rev. J. McCandish, C.Ss.R., Rev. J. S. Ronan, Rev. D. Dillon, C.S.B., Rev. F. Caulfield, and Rev. E. Ryan. Rev. Brother Jarlath and Sisters of Loretto and of the Congregation of Notre Dame, were also present for the Mass, while the pupils of two classes represented the College School.

Of Sister's immediate family there survive two sisters and two brothers, Sister M. Evarista, of St. Joseph's Community, Toronto; Mrs. F. Porter, Orillia, and Mr. R. E. English, Glen William, and Mr. E. A. English, Centre Island. R.I.P.

Sister M. De Pazzi Smith.

On February 20, Sister M. de Pazzi passed away at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

Sister was born near St. Catharines, Ontario, where she received her education. She joined the Sisters of St. Joseph forty-seven years ago and did valuable service as a teacher in the Separate Schools, at St. Joseph's Convent and St.

Joseph's High School, where she had a great and lasting influence on her pupils because of her noble character, her love of culture and her deeply religious spirit. At different intervals she capably filled responsible positions, having been Superior of St. Michael's Hospital, St. Mary's Convent, Sacred Heart Orphanage and Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill. In her death the Sisters of St. Joseph have lost another of their esteemed members. She is survived by a niece, Mrs. John Heavey, and a nephew, Mr. Eugene Luders, both of Buffalo.

The Requiem Mass was sung at the Mother House, February 22, by Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B., with Rev. Fathers McCann, C.S.B., and V. Kennedy, as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Fathers Ryan, C.S.B., Perdue, C.S.B., G. Sharpe, C.S.B., Cormier, S.J., and Fee, C.SS.R., were present in the Sanctuary.

Dr. Vincent McDonough

R.I.P.

In the untimely death of Dr. Vincent McDonough the Community has sustained an irreparable loss—a loss which no one outside the Community could in any way fathom. We have lost a physician, we have lost a friend—a friend who gave unstintingly of his time and energy, a friend who was a veritable brother.

Dr. McDonough has been associated with our hospitals and community houses since 1914.

During those years our Superiors have had their burden lightened in the assurance that a doctor of such wide and varied experience shared their concern to give every comfort to the sick and preserve life at any cost. His loyalty was unflagging, his interest inimitable and we know God in His mercy will not be outdone in generosity towards a generous upright man.

Alumnae

ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942

Honorary President
The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

President
Mrs. E. F. Ellard

Vice-Presidents
Mrs. Leo Hall Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist Mrs. B. J. Unser
Mrs. Colin Grant Mrs. D. M. Goudy

Recording Secretary
Miss Mary Coghlan

Corresponding Secretary
Miss Aurelie Way

Press Secretary
Miss Viola Lyon

Treasurer
Miss Mabel Abrey

Counsellors
Mrs. W. E. Apted Mrs. Arthur Rogers Mrs. Robert Jones
Miss Jane Morin Miss Helen Hetherman

Historians
Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association held a Membership Tea and Musicale on Sunday afternoon, February 2nd, in the school auditorium.

Members of the Royal Canadian, Australian and Norwegian Air Forces were guests of the association. Mrs. Leo Hall, vice-president, received the guests wearing black pebbly crepe dress and matching off-the-face hat, and also the convener, Miss Viola Lyon, who chose a two-toned silk satin frock with large trimmed black hat.

Rev. Father Thomas Battle of St. Michael's Cathedral welcomed the airmen on behalf of the members. A delightful musical program was arranged by Mrs. B. J. Unser.

Among those who took part in the entertainment were

students of the college school and also members of the Catholic Youth Organization.

The tea-table was patriotically decorated with red, white and blue tapers and white flowers on a filet lace cloth. Presiding at the tea table were two past presidents, namely, Mrs. J. G. Reid, gowned in a green crepe dress with gold accessories, and small black hat, and Mrs. Frank Pujolas, wearing a soldier blue crepe dress and matching felt hat.

Among those attending were: Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist, Mrs. Wm. Wallis, Miss Helen Wallis, Mrs. Ernest Dainty, Mrs. Colin Grant, Miss Aurelie Way, Miss Mable Abrey, Miss Mary Kidd, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. M. Lellis, Mrs. Robert Jones, Miss Helen Hetherman, Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Miss Margaret Kelman, Mrs. George Gardner, Miss Agnes Foley, Mrs. Charles Connolly, Mrs. Arthur Holmes, Mrs. Joseph Garvey, Miss Alicia Crean, Miss Nora McCann, Mrs. G. A. Bartlem, Mrs. Bernard LeMaitre, Mrs. A. D. Golden, Miss Margaret Fortune, Miss Camilla Gearin, Miss Elizabeth Cooney, Mrs. George Campbell, Miss Carmelita Riley and many others. Members of the alumnae assisted at the tea-table.

Viola Lyon, Secretary.

Dear Sister Leonarda,

I am sorry to be late with this letter, but my young son has been having a series of illnesses, bronchitis, German Measles and even today, influenza, which, even make a patient patient sound like Kipling with "Its Mother this and Mother that and Mother please stay here" and I'm sure any letter I might have tried would have sounded like "An Ode to My Son" with its many asides. But here at last, I am, and I'm sure all these items of news of our girls will warrant the waiting.

I wish I could have news of all of our girls who are doing special work in connection with winning this war but that is a pretty large order. However, there are several items and extracts from letters which have come in lately.

Constance Bond, of No. 2, C.C.S., has left Toronto Military Hospital for Camp Borden,

Catharine Lawlor has joined the nursing staff in the same camp, (Borden).

Monica Reynolds is now Dietitian-in-chief at the 15th General Hospital overseas.

Mrs, Thompson (Gladys Graham), cousin of Sister Inno-

centia, visited here recently. Her husband is Flying Corp. Head Instructor in Jarvis. Her daughter is a graduate of Sacred Heart Convent in Vancouver.

Then there is this extract of a letter sent by an alumna of St. Michael's Hospital, N.S. Barbara Grant, which may prove interesting to most of us who are taking part in various ways in the many fields of activity occasioned by the war. "Camp Borden itself is made up of a number of huts, many yards apart which necessitates donning coats, rubber boots, and gloves, over our uniforms when we go on duty. Most of the huts hold about forty patients, and have practically all been opened up, as during the recent Flu epidemic, our space was severely taxed taking care of about 500 patients at one time. A new brick hospital, two stories high, is being built; it will be mainly used for surgical cases which are at present being taken to Toronto.

There are few Nursing Sisters in comparison to the number of patients so most of the actual nursing care is done by orderlies, who are trained to give treatments, take temperatures, give medicines, etc. Our duties, for the most part, are to take charge, see that the orders are carried out and to keep records, though, if a patient is very ill, a Nursing Sister takes care of him. Each hut is staffed by one Sister and four Orderlies, and on Night Duty there are four Sisters in all and one Orderly per hut.

"Sesrun Park", belongs exclusively to the nurses. It has a fence all around it and a sign marked 'Out of Bounds'. Our quarters consist of one main hut, containing the Recreation Room, Mess Room, Kitchen and Matron's Office, and four sleeping huts, each with four single rooms and one double, equipped with basins and showers and kept warm by Quebec heaters. The rooms are a fair size and furnished with a bed, chest of drawers, bedside table, and chair. The Recreation Room has leather chairs, piano, radio, et al.

Camp is open to visitors every Sunday from 12.30 to 7 p.m., and I do hope that some of you will come to see us. Remember, there are seven St. Michael's nurses up here and several of the doctors, the latest arrival being Major James Ross, whom we see frequently and who is rapidly endearing himself to everyone".

* * *

Mary Thompson is now Assistant Editor and Evelyn Van Lane in charge of the Public Health Department of "The News" a quarterly of the Alumnae of St. Michael's School of Nursing.

Margaret E. MacDonnell, B.A., R.N., has been appointed to the Staff of Peterboro's Board of Health.

Mrs. Wm. Drew—(Mary McNamara) called at St. Joseph's recently on her way to Timmins, her new home.

Miss Margaret Hammall obtained first prize as best girl rider at C.N.E. 1940 with Marie, her sister, coming second with keen competition—Congratulations!

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Russell Roque (Emily Bogue) are building a new home in Killarney. (Wouldn't it sound strange to say "building an old home" and yet one almost always assures people that we are building a new home. I was going to delete "New" but it doesn't sound quite right without it, so "Stet.") Emily's small son, Blake Joseph, is now a year and a half old. Emily's sister Loraine is in Toronto. Mr. Roque's sisters, Margaret and Delvina and Marie are Alumnae of S.J.C. Their aunt, an alumna of our vintage, Sister Mary John, is now at Mercy Hospital.

I notice that Loretto Woodcock writing from Wilmingdon, Mass., promises a 'News Letter' sometime—(Loretto, did you ever hear of Procrastination?—The rascal is still at large! What a horde of Time he must have by now! Our next issue goes to press in May—we will reserve space for your letter, Loretto, so don't disappoint us).

Mrs. MacInnes, of Oakfield, N.Y. has been visiting her sister Mrs. H. Bering in Toronto lately.

Mrs. Winkler (Kathleen Clarke) is to be congratulated on news that her son Marshall entered the Jesuit Order in September. He is at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Although he won a scholarship to Fordham, he did not accept it. Kathleen's letters are always so interesting, it is a shame not to publish them in full.

Mrs, F. Mugele (Helen McGrath) and her husband and children have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. McGahan. Evelyn Krausman was there at the same time. That is a splendid "old girl" spirit and may it flourish all their lives!

Evelyn was in Toronto for the ordination of Catherine Sheedy's brother into the Community of St. Basil, and I regret to record the death of Catherine's father. May he rest in peace!

I only wish I could readily spot the names of our alumnae among the many newspaper announcements, but the school is so large now and the fact that S.J.C. has sent so many alumnae forth for so many years makes it almost—nay, en-

tirely—impossible for me to recognize them. These, I have gleaned, though I'm sure I have missed many, from the daily press, and I bespeak congratulations from Alma Mater to all the newlyweds and to all those whom God has blessed with little souls to cherish.

* * *

Marriages—Dr. and Mrs. Donald Ellsworth Starr, in Toronto on January 11, (the bride, Margaret Rose Mulligan) who will reside in Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cira (the bride, Gertrude Scotch).

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Norman (the bride, Mary Gertrude Sherriff).

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Joseph Speno (the bride, Clarine Hughes), in Holy Rosary Church, February 22nd. They will live in Ithica, N.Y., after a honeymoon in California.

* * *

Births—To Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Apted (Bernadette Carolan) a daughter, Carolan Cathleen.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Theoret (Viola Egan) a daughter, Enid Louise Marie—sister to Carol Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ingram (Norma Ruthven) a son, Norman Howard Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Larratt Smith (Ann Taylor) a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Zeagman (Kathleen O'Brien) a son.

* * *

Our prayers and condolences.

To Mrs. F. Ellard on the death of her father, Captain Kearns.

To Mrs. D. Goudy, and to her son Donald, on the death of Mr. Goudy.

To Mrs. Hunt and Doris and Margaret, in the death of Mr. Hugh Michael Hunt.

To the family of Miss Dolly McCarron.

To the sisters of Monsignor Blair.

To the family of Mr. Matthew Sheedy.

And now Goodnight and may Peace have descended upon us all before the next issue of our Lilies will be on the press.

Gertrude (O'Connor) Thompson

JUNIOR ALUMNAE OFFICERS

President	Miss Margaret Conlin
Past President	Mrs. W. T. Apted
1st Vice-President	Mrs. John Poupore
2nd Vice-President	Mrs. George Noll
Recording Secretary	Mrs. Norman Kasta
Corresponding Secretary	Miss Alice Lamb
Press Secretary	Miss Teresa Breen

Councillors:

Miss Genevieve Conlin, Miss Marie Doody, Miss Patricia Gross, Miss Patricia Walsh, Miss Mary K. Mickler, Miss Geraldine O'Brien, Miss Grace Griffin.

* * *

St. Joseph's Junior Alumnae planned to have a meeting and Communion breakfast at the Convent December 8th but owing to other events occurring at the same time it had to be called off.

The big disappointment to everyone, the dance which was scheduled for February 12th had to be postponed. The question of the day "When is the dance?" has kept the phones at the convent buzzing. The dance will take place during Easter week—the definite date will be decided at the General Meeting Sunday, February 23rd. The elections will also take place on that date owing to a vacancy on the executive. Our vice-president, Mrs. John Poupore (nee Kathleen Callahan) since her marriage has moved north.

Our recording secretary, Miss Helen Dandy, is now Mrs. Norman Kasta but she still resides in Toronto.

Teresa Breen,
Secretary.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

. . . It is impossible for me to make any contribution to the March issue. Since last August business has been developing fast. During December I worked Saturday afternoons as well as an average of 2 hours after time for three nights a week.

We had such a lovely Christmas. We were all together and since the boys may be mobilized any time now we may not have them with us another year.

I managed to get off at New Year's and went to Ottawa for a day and a half, then on to Montreal for three days. The week-end worked in nicely. It was a nice surprise because I didn't know until the day before I left that I could get away. The business which is so pressing and which entails

these night hours of long detailed letters involves a change in managership for us. That, and the erection of a new plant.

My dad was elected to the City council this year and Mother has lots to do now, as well as her hubbie.

I wish you could see this bold puppy of ours. He is a great pet of mine. Each night—sometime between 2 and 5 a.m., he leaves his nice comfortable bed in the kitchen and climbs the stairs to my door, where he emits a series of wails. I generally hear him before the house is aroused and all he wants is to spend the rest of the night in my room.

Hilda Sullivan.

Your prayers are requested for Mgr. J. J. Blair; Rev. Father Brophy; Mrs. Jackman; Mrs. J. McAvoy; Mr. L. Curley; Mrs. M. Weiler; Miss A. Heffernan; Mr. L. Dion; Mrs. Fobert; Mrs. Driscoll; Mr. A. McDonald; Mrs. Mulloy; Mrs. Bandell; Mrs. Hopperton; Captain Goudy; Mr. J. Hay; Mrs. E. McAllister; Mrs. E. Kirby; Mrs. J. V. O'Reilly; Miss M. Sullivan; Mrs. E. Chevalier; Miss J. Ryan; Mrs. J Ryan; Mrs. Murtha; Mr. B. Walsh; Dr. V. McDonough; Mr. Trophy; Mr. Guay; Mrs. Galley; Miss C. Flach; Mr. P. Walter; Mrs. N. Nellis; Mr. T. Ingoldsby; Mr. Mohan; Mrs. T. Halligan; Mr. H. Hunt; Mr. J. Weadick; Mr. F. Haffey; Mrs. Smith; Miss S. Collins; Mr. T. Kelly; Mrs. M. O'Leary; Mrs. M. Wilson; Mrs. M. E. Magee; Mr. J. Lobraico ;Mrs. R. Ambler; Mr. Holt; Mr. J. Quesnelle; Mr. Lonagan; Mr. T. Frawley; Mr. J. Cullen; Mr. Bradley; Mrs. Mahoney; Mrs. Malone; Mrs. McCaffery; Mrs. G. Cameron; Mr. W. H. Sullivan; Mrs. Evans; Mr. Prance; Mrs. T. Fitzgerald; Mr. J. Quinland; Mr. P. O'Donnell; Mr. M. O'Leary; Mrs. P. Rouse; Mrs. McQueen; Mr. McGurk; Mrs. Powers; Mrs. McIntree; Miss D. McCarron; Mr. McCawley; Miss A. O'Mara; Mrs. Farrell.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



LITERARY SOCIETY. The first meeting of the Literary Society on November 27th was signally honoured by an address from Reverend Father L. K. Shook, Ph. D., professor of English at St. Michael's College. Father Shook chose for his topic Middle English poetry in general and Chaucer's work in particular. "The essence of poetry is music," he said, as a preliminary to the statement that Middle English poetry is by no means lacking in the lyrical qualities of rhyme and rhythm. Father Shook holds this view contrary to common opinion that Middle English poetry did not attain to technical perfection. He proposed by reading excerpts from Chaucer and from several Middle English songs, to show the correctness of his opinion. The presence of lyrical qualities in this early poetry of our language is entirely dependent on pronunciation. Devoting the greater part of his lecture to reading, Father Shook made his appreciative audience feel the smoothly flowing cadences of Chaucer and his contemporaries, and proved that our early poets were masters of their art.

Mary Mogan.

DEBATING SOCIETY. St Michael's College was ably defended in a debate on Dec. 4th by Mildred Ogle, 11. St. Joseph's and Mary Stortz of Loretto College, against University College. They upheld the affirmative of the resolution "Resolved that The Varsity fulfils the object of an Undergraduate newspaper." It was the more interesting in that the St. Joseph's debator was a member of The Varsity, and that the Editor and masthead of the paper were present and defended the paper. The success was the more phenomenal in that the opinion of the house (decided on general opinion rather than the value of the debaters) was negative. Our best wishes to them in the finals.

Glenise McKenna.

THE COLLEGE SODALITY RECEPTION. On Sunday, December 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the following girls were received into the College Sodality:— Mary Arnold, Lucille Mulcahy, Pat LaForest, Carmela Luciani, Rena Aimone, Ruth Sullivan, Mary Ann Griffin, Clare Havey, Jean Lahey. After the reception, which was a very impressive and solemn ceremony, Reverend Father Ignatius, O.F.M., celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in honour of the Feast of the day. When the office of the Blessed Virgin was completed, breakfast was served. Afterwards the meeting was called to order by the President. The roll call showed a good attendance. The Sodalists adopted with enthusiasm the suggestion of giving a Christmas Party for the children in St. Michael's School. Mildred Ogle gave the report for the Literary Society, Sheilagh Ryan for the Mission Society and Mary Martin gave a report on the annual dance. The meeting was then brought to a close.

At the January meeting we were addressed by our Director, Reverend Father Ignatius, O.F.M. Drawing attention to the coming Church Unity Octave, he showed us an early example of the zeal which inspires this movement in the life of Raymond Lully, Franciscan tertiary of the 13th century.

On February sixteenth we were addressed by Reverend Father Basil Sullivan C.S.B. Commenting on the gospel of the day he showed the reasons of the many defections from the Faith in these days. The principal of these is worldliness which makes religious instruction remain neglected by many Catholics. Against this worldliness we have to use the means which the Church puts in our hands, prayer, Holy Mass, Holy Communion and devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Grace Griffin, Secretary.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY. On Tuesday, Dec. 10th, a closed meeting of St. Theresa's Literary Society was held in the common room of St. Joseph's College. Refreshments were served, and then the president, Mildred Ogle, introduced the speakers. Eleanor Skemp and Sue Mulcahy reviewed Jacques Maritain's "A Christian Looks on the Jewish Situation." In this book, Maritain gives his views on the treatment accorded to the Jews in different parts of Europe. He considers that policy, as well as Christian charity, should forbid the exile of these people from one country after another, for thus Europe loses many able and eminent men

whose achievements would benefit mankind; he believes that Christians should compete with Jews to raise the standard of ideals. The book is philosophical in manner but its language is not technical for it was written for the general public.

The next speakers, Eileen Egan and Glenise McKenna, reviewed "Tragedy of France", Maurois tells vividly of the situation in France before its fall. He saw the weaknesses in the political, social and economic set-up, and gives as his opinion that France's defeat was due to lack of co-operation between capital and labour and among the political leaders. Maurois' style is clear, at times poetic; illustrative anecdotes vary his writing and enforce his points.

All four of the speakers gained interest in the books they reviewed by their manner of delivery, by the matter of their accounts and by reading extracts from the books under consideration.

After a discussion, it was agreed that, at the next meeting (to be held sometime after Christmas), Franz Werfel's "Embezzled Heaven" should be reviewed by Rita Burns and Mary Kelly, and John McCormick's "Canada, America's Problem", by Clare Havey and Mildred Ogle.

Mary Kelly.

DRAMATICS — Two plays by St. Joseph's Dramatic Society. In the midst of the Christmas rush the dramatic-minded girls of the College found time to direct, produce and act two plays of varied appeal. Both plays were directed by Sheilagh Ryan under the capable guidance of Rev. Father Joseph O'Donnell, C.S.B., and of Sister St. John. They were presented in the Convent School auditorium on December 17th, 1940.

The first play entitled "A Room in the Tower", was a dramatic episode from the tragic life of Lady Jane Grey. The cast was comprised solely of freshies and included Mary Taylor as Lady Jane; Mary Claire Seitz and Ailleen McDonough as her ladies-in-waiting, and Agnes Moynihan as Queen Mary.

In direct contrast the second play was a hilarious comedy depicting the tribulations of the society editor of a college daily. Bette Mondo was her own American self as the irrrepressible reporter with a penchant for inventing fantastic stories. The supporting roles were played by Betty Lynott, Jean Lahey, Beatrice Dobie, Mary Martin, and Colleen Roach.

The audience was unexpectedly delighted upon three occasions: when the telephone, ingeniously fashioned from a pair of black wool mittens, bounced off the desk; when the leading lady fell off the stage while making a hasty exit; and when the prompter, Genevieve Hopkins, nearly pulled down the scenery in leaping to her rescue.

Despite these first-night trials the plays were a great success and a definite manifestation of the ability of our director and the talent of our Thespians.

"Craig's Wife". The indefatigable Father O'Donnell has selected his cast for "Craig's Wife" and practices have been under way for some time. St. Michael's College, Loretto and St. Joseph's will all be represented in the production, which will be given in St. Joseph's Auditorium.

Patricia Tormey Mogan.

CERCLE FRANCAIS. The "Cercle Francais" assembled at the last meeting before Christmas to hear Professor Houpert of University College speaking on Christmas customs in France. Mr. Houpert's address was most interesting and amusing, while it also brought home to us the tragedy of France's last Christmas. The sabot it appears takes the place of our Christmas stocking, and it is the Child Jesus Himself rather than Santa Claus who makes the Christmas visit. The reveillon after Midnight Mass and the New Year's visit or letter to relatives were among the other holiday customs which Mr. Houpert described.

Mlle. Madeleine Houpert, the sister of the speaker, who is an accomplished violinist, delighted us with the "Romance of Saint Saen" and an allegretto of Handel.

After the meeting the members gathered about in groups while tea and cakes were served as refreshments.

Eileen Egan.

THE SODALITY CHRISTMAS PARTY. This year our Sodality decided to give a Christmas party to the Baby Class of St. Michael's Parish School instead of sending the usual Xmas basket, and Wednesday, December 18th, saw the girls arriving at the school loaded down with parcels, and not just ordinary parcels, but parcels of all sizes, shapes and colors, and so artistically wrapped that the children's eyes simply "popped" with curiosity. Margaret Fyfe was

jolly old Saint Nick and was received with open arms when she gave each child his parcel and a Xmas stocking filled with nuts and candy. When the parcels were opened bedlam broke loose, and amidst the din, drums were heard beating out marching tunes. As no party could be complete without dainties of some kind, ice cream and chocolate biscuits were served. The co-operation of all the girls made this party a success, but much thanks should be given to the committee —Glenise McKenna, Betty Lynott, Josephine Cecconi, Mary Claire Seitz and Evelyn Gore for their splendid work.

But this is only one side of the story. Each girl was presented with a Spiritual Bouquet, and were entertained by these little boys and girls, who under Sister Philip Beniti sang songs of welcome and joy with such expression and feeling that all who heard them were deeply moved, and were convinced that it is "more blessed to give than to receive".

THE CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY. "Jingle bells! Jingle bells!" About fifty girls sang lustily around the piano in the Common Room, the latter bedecked in honour of the festive season. It was the annual Christmas house-party at which worldly seniors and naive freshettes mingled in a friendly fashion.

Of course, the honour of setting up the trees and hanging the holly wreaths fell to the first year girls. Not that I am biased, but the tree looked well. All came trooping down at 8 p.m.. . . . After a few moments the silvery tinkle of bells from the general direction of the back flat announced the arrival of St. Nick. All rose and cheered as he breezed in with a sack full of nice things for "nice little girls." The younger generation was disappointed at not being able to sit on Santa's knee, because he was so fat he didn't even have a lap! However the gifts made up for this, as there was a large number of toy dolls for "the young in heart." In tones ranging from bass to falsetto, St. Nicholas checked up on the behaviour of each person present. After dispensing with this task he disappeared amid cheers, only to re-appear a few minutes later as Marg. Fyfe. For hours hilarity reigned in the form of quips laughingly exchanged over cups of hot chocolate and plates of doughnuts Much later, as the last girls left the Common Room they expressed the feeling of delightful anticipation with which they look forward to next year's party.

Carmela Luciani.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AT-HOME. "There was a sound of revelry by night" and the occasion was,—you guessed it,—St. Joseph's annual at-Home.

Time—Thursday, January 9th, 1941.
Place—The Granite Club.

Unity of place was well maintained although at one time during the evening, our girls and their guests, did desert, en masse but almost reluctantly, the main ball room and the alternating rhythms of Frank Bogart and his orchestra for the inviting and delicious supper served in the dining hall. Incidentally, it seemed as though one could hardly do that supper justice, after watching the gradual disappearance of cheese sticks, potato chips and punch at the Punch Party held before the bigger event. This year the Punch Party set in the sacred studiousness of the college itself made its initial appearance in our midst and it is an innovation that we all heartily endorse. Of that we demand a repeat performance.

Mixed in the flimsily floating rainbow of nets and chiffons, wa saw Colleen Roach, Marnie Corkery, Virginia Dwyer, Frances McBride, Grace Griffin, Rita Burns, Mary Trimble, Theresa Knowlton and—well, everybody.

Graduates of past years came to add dignity to the gaiety of the occasion: Marie Lambe, Marjorie Cherry, Helen Gearon, and Victoria Longo, Catherine Richard and Laurine Sinclair, still inseparable.

As patrons and patronesses we were fortunate in having President and Mrs. Cody, Fathers McLaughlin and McHenry, Dr. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Ellard and Miss Marie Crean.

Congratulations Committee! — Mary Martin, Sheilagh Ryan, Mary Claire Seitz, Betty Callaghan, Lorna Smith, Margaret Fyfe, and Agnes Moynahan. You may rest assured that "a good time was had by all".

Kathleen Lawrence.

NEWMAN AFFAIRS.

January 14th—Skating Party.
January 21st—Skating Party.
January 28th—Skating Party.
January 31st—Millionaires Night.
February 7th—Prep. Hop.
February 12th—Lecture by Father Leven.
February 20th—Newman Ball.
February 25th—Mardi Gras.

The St. Joe's girls are really turning out to the Club functions "en masse" these days, and it is certainly gratifying to see such general all-round "esprit de corps" from a quarter, which to make an understatement, has not been Newman Club's strongest supporters for the past few years. Father coralled four of them in the Oak Room one afternoon not long ago and had them checking mailing lists for Newman Ball. Nice going!

ST. JOSEPH. With what great joy we see the coming of the month of March—the month of the beloved patron of our college and our country! With two-fold interest and two-fold petitions, we find ourselves before his honoured place in the Chapel, beseeching him for blessings not only on our school, our friends and our studies, but this year especially for the cause of our country. Surely now, as never before, we should have recourse to him who protected Mary and Jesus and ask him to guide Canada through the bleak sands of the modern desert.

How honoured we are to have as the guardian of our house he who held this same office for Jesus, he whom God himself made the lord of his house and the prince of all his posessions. We feel so much closer to him, we are conscious that he is ours in a particular way and that we have a special claim on him.

The month of March will be rich in blessings for us, ushered in as it is by our retreat and by the holy season of Lent. Doubtless as in past years, St. Joseph will choose this month to grant his special favours and to lead us to the Christ Child. It is at this season too with examinations looming on the horizon that we send oft-repeated petitions winging heaven-wards. To encourage us in this practice we have the well-known words of St. Teresa of Avila—

"It is now some years since I have always on his feast asked him for something, and I always have it. If the petition be in anyway amiss, he directs it aright for my greater good."

St. Joseph, friend of the Sacred Heart, pray for us!

Glenise McKenna.

NEWS OF THE GRADUATES. Congratulations and best wishes to Rita Burke and Lieutenant Rory Egan, who were married on January 4th. Lieutenant Egan expects to go overseas shortly.

Marie O'Donoghue is teaching in St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay.

Marie Lambe is in the research Laboratory of the Livingston Rolled Oats Company.

Winnifred Flanagan has entered the Civil Service but has not given up her aspirations to authorship, as evidenced by some articles in current magazines.

Edith Baldwin has entered the Training School of St. Michael's Hospital.

Catherine Keating, who is teaching in Collingwood High School was a visitor during the Christmas vacation.

Lucille Bonin is following the Course for Public Health at the University, but is still interested in Philosophy and Literature.

Marjorie Karal was a visitor at St. Joseph's for the St. Michael's At-Home, and Ann Paquet for the St. Joseph's At-Home.

TERM EXAMINATIONS. There are two attitudes that can be assumed towards term examinations. The first is that of half-hearted interest which entails a certain amount of study and quite often results in a decent mark. This is recommended only for strong constitutions. The opposition is represented by the firmly nonchalant school of thought which refuses to let term exams interfere with outside activities. When the results come out you can detect members of the latter group by their unanimous expression of the opinion that the term exams don't matter anyway. This always baffles members of the first party who can't prove that they do matter and who feel rather foolish for having bothered about them.

There is a conspiracy of silence surrounding the exact influence of the results of term examinations. The consensus is that all the good term marks are filed in the waste basket and never heard of again, whereas the mediocre and awful marks are carefully saved up against you just in case you write a good final exam. This is in order to prevent you from being too cocky and getting too many good grades.

However term examinations are definitely a good thing from a utilitarian stand-point. Without them, February might slip by without students remembering to remind themselves to begin worrying fairly soon about the spring exams.

Norma Ross.

MY FIRST SKI-ING TRIP.

It all started with that booklet from Limberlost advertising unequalled fun. Then and there my mind was made up—I was going to learn to ski. After duly persuading my family that the broken bones and sprained ligaments allegedly accompanying this sport were merely rumour, I outfitted myself to the last detail in what the 'well-dressed skier should wear.' Then with advice ringing in my ears and determination in my heart I set out. What followed is not for me to say—it's one of life's little episodes best forgotten. I might say, though, that now at the sight of skies I involuntarily wince and ease into a chair. It all looked so easy in the pictures—but gravity or the loss of my equilibrium made it necessary for me to 'sit this one out'.

One thing, I won't forget it quickly—and even if my knee is sprained, I can still read the pamphlet!

Betty Lynott.

BY THE SHORE

The dogs were out of sight and out of hearing. Being tired I sat down to rest on the high sea-wall. The tide was just coming in, lapping and curling quietly over the pebbles of the beach. The crabs were scurrying between the rocks—with a swishing sound. The sun had just disappeared behind the purple hills; only fading colors tinted the evening sky. Soon the twinkling lights on the small fishing seines could be seen across the bay. The waving reflections of their tiny glimmers were mirrored back again from the sea, making the harbor look like a far away village, hushed and sleeping in the still of the night. I sat there lost in thought, yet not thinking—letting the peaceful quiet cover and absorb me into itself. As from a world outside and far away, I heard the sharp yaps of excitement from my little Cairns as they hurried in sight, racing across the sands, chasing the wee sandpipers. The spell faded. Jumbo, Max and I were soon lost in the night.

Mary Filberg.

BUDDENBROOKS

In 1901 the Nobel Prize was awarded Thomas Mann for his detailed word picture of the gradual decline of a noble family as set forth in the book entitled "Buddenbrooks".

In this volume, which is to-day in the collections of every

conscious book-lover, the time-worn struggle between art and life which seems to daunt so many of our modern writers is clearly depicted. The artistic, effeminate, vague meanderings of a youth's mind are startlingly contrasted with the healthy, wholesome,—shall we say "hackneyed" bent of that of his playmate.

This "irreconcilable duality"—as Mann visions it—is amply explained if we would only turn to the writings of Jacques Maritain, where we find the Middle Ages holding the key to the problem. The artist then was not considered a person apart from "the artisan"—but he joined with him to more easily surmount life's problems.

With the "sensibilite" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau however, the artist broke away from his "solid" moorings and placed himself on a higher plane—refused to be governed by the laws binding his fellow-citizens of the "liberal arts."

In "Buddenbroks" then this problem is attempted, but not solved: it was only the Middle Ages found the solution to this problem of frustrated literary minds.

Margaret Fyfe.

LAST SEPTEMBER

Today, for the first time in so long, I thought how good it would be to hear Georgie laugh again. It seemed impossible to me that Spring should be almost here and I unable to hear that crazy, insolent laughter that reminded everyone of a broken-off wind meandering wildly through the little young trees in baby orchards, bending the yearling trunks torturously and whisking empty nests from thin and undernourished arms.

Georgie was my cousin until last September, and a very integral part of the family; he had a way about him that was so distinctive and individual that he seemed old in his nine years, yet splendidly young in his armour of knowledge. The city knew him by the Shetland pony he rode in parades; before the spectacular arrival of "Boom Town" he had his bareback artistry up fine by trailing a float down Main Street.

That was last August, when Niger had just been brought in from the farm. His broad back was accustomed to the weight of few bodies, and Georgie's was one; even though there could be no hope of a chance to gallop in the city streets, he would have a nervous and understanding rider. As for Georgie, he had expected Niger on the basis of a promise, and he usually had all that he wanted.

He was the one who, in June, thought of a week in the country; that the rest of his small brothers and mine should come along, and that I should chaperone was only a small, small part of the dream. He had seen a week with his beloved Niger while thinking of everything else. And when the car turned the corner into the dip that rolls into the pasture, and then up the hill to the cottage—Georgie shouted from the crowded places of his heart. Niger, in the pasture, had turned his brown pony head and was racing toward the familiar husky voice in the familiar car.

We settled down in the hill country, and Georgie met satisfaction in his clime. Life to him was plenty of food and sun and freedom—and Niger. He wanted to be as close to the brown rough hide as he could, so inherent in him was an animal wildness, a passion for swift action. Yet the impatient, impulsive, high strung body was the only one who could make the pony give his all.

Niger was part of the long day . . . all of the day. He had nothing to do with night. There and then, with June in God's country, night had its turn as well as day; and in the half-light of evening, George and Sammy, his bosom "pal" and comrade in life, his cousin and "blood brother", followed together the incline of the pasture to the top of the hill, opened up the earth with a spade and dug a fire hole. We greeted the moon with flames and carefree singing.

For the moon was high and full, but we were in the dark against the woods. Seven of us, around a fire. And the children looked like a vision of dream children, their young flushed faces bright in the fire glow, their bodies shrouded in night. We formed a circle, an aura above the world, a civilization apart. And yet we loved the world and sang its songs until our voices came rushing out of the opposite hills and sank at last in the valley. Beyond the circle there were darkness and fear and moving things like snakes and lizards and owls. The cows moved near us, ruminating.

Marshmallows, stories, and songs, and then came silence as pure as the moon above. After a long time, the fires were bedded and we started the steep climb down; more than once in descending I wondered if we hadn't been more secure up there. Sitting around their own home-made fire every night under a profound sky, those little brown amazons had been met in the simplicity of their art by the simplicity of God.

The week grew older; we were constant students covering the land on foot, swimming in the cold spring, walking down from the cottage to the farmhouse in the early morning for

fresh milk and eggs, lying in the sun, reading in the shade, chasing rabbits through the fields of daisies that flanked in white glory the hill opposite to ours. And one day Sammy found ant eggs in the crevices of stones and he put them on a jam smeared newspaper in the sun. The next morning there were ants all over. . . . He was busy those days learning about nature, how it builds and how it tears down.

But Georgie knew it all, though he could never tell anyone right off. He knew all about those things. He had the world where he wanted it, as he went off down the clay road on Niger, shouting in the sunshine, kicking his pony's flanks until he felt his own pulse rising to the gayest extreme. We watched him from above; we wondered where he was going; he seemed too much in earnest to be stopped, ever. Perhaps they were off to some nether land where space is limitless and the sun of even greater intenstiy.

Nature complimented Georgie. It still does. I see the sun and think of him on Niger's back, flying beautifully with the moment all of real importance. I see tenacious trees lifted to the sky and I think of Georgie's hands that could do anything: hands so weird, facile, adept, large: old hands. Hands that moved as swiftly as a weaver's hands move.

They were the hands of a farmer. He had great power in them, and he was only nine. Someday he wanted to engineer the Zephyr, pilot planes, win wars, drive thoroughbreds of his own breeding. He had a dream in his mind of a great world; he didn't expose it to anyone. He couldn't: he didn't realize that world himself. Every day was so full, there was hardly time to sit down and figure it all out. He had no patience for the future. Every night was so exciting as he lay in the dark trying to sleep but finding before his eyes a vortex of places and people whom he had never seen. He didn't talk about what he saw because to him it was still mystery, but instead, because of his high strung system, he raised the roof of the bunk house just enough to make the night seem too wonderful to sleep in, and the others agreed with him: he made devilry seem so attractive. It was no joy getting up ten times before twelve to break up their sheet-tearing and mugging . . .

Yet Georgie was good to know. He was an amalgamation of the pride of the Irish and the stubbornness of the English: he was an American boy, and he looked it: corn colored hair, freckled skin, a beautiful smile. His laugh was scornful, his eyes, the far-seeing eyes of a farmer of long lands. They were remarkable eyes, restless and squinting because he had learned

to ride in the sun, with a wealth of calm deep under. He seemed to have no sense of right and wrong. But he knew what it was to "play dirty" and though he did a little of it himself at times, he had like the rest, a streak in him that rejected it.

* * *

We left Adam's Valley at the end of June. I remember two things about that ride back to the city: the awful closeness of the car, for we'd been so used to the wide fresh air; and Georgie's face laughing in the wind, his soul in his eyes, speeding out of the valley. He was standing in the trailer among baskets of empty milk bottles and tomato cans and clothes. He wore that reckless abandoned look, and his straight hair was slapped back by the force of the wind. Everything made him so happy, that a foolish grin spread out on his face like a glow.

Then suddenly we were home, talking too loudly, and looking askance at cleanliness. I saw Georgie only twice after that, and then only for a few minutes.

July and August passed. One day in September a train met Georgie while he was trying to hold madcap Niger from racing across the tracks; Sammy saw it all from the top of a barn.

* * *

At the end of Mass, Father stood in his surplice and said: "He was a real boy, an American boy. Perhaps some of the things he did seemed worthy of reprimand, and yet it was his nature to be that way. We must thank God that he died in innocence. . . . There will be no war for him, no hatred. He has been freed from a future of days that could have been hard and cruel and teaching. He has passed through life unscathed, and may he arrive thus where the angel of death will take him . . ."

There are planes in the sky, great silver things, that race with precision to unknown destinies. And the Zephyr twists itself through the hills of what was once Georgie's country. On the tracks of Kentucky, staccato hoofs beat out a race. Somewhere there is a war. . . . But of this I am sure :that no one rides as high and as swiftly as Georgie rides in the limitless heaths of heaven.

Eleanor Skemp,
Exchange Student at St. Joseph's College.



Hamper Packing Day Hamper Packing Day was one that gave joy to the girls because they were sending sunshine into the lives of others, which, when we do, inevitably comes back into our own.

Being the last day of school, everyone appeared in holiday garb—a fact which seemed to add to the spirit of things. About every five minutes we rushed from form to form to borrow tacks, ribbons, paste, etcetera (1C lacked pins).

When the class was settled, the work really progressod. A number of hampers were filled with canned goods, nuts, vegetables, candies, cereals, cranberries, toys and oh yes, a Christmas cake, pudding and a turkey. A few accidents happened of course. A bag of nuts spread itself over the floor and the canned goods persisted in falling out of the hamper.

Coloured cellophane was tied over the hampers and big red and green festive bows added a jaunty air to their appearance. These precious packages were then taken downstairs to be delivered.

The rest of the time was spent in dropping into the various forms and wishing the "Sisters" and pupils a "MERRY CHRISTMAS".

Then home for a "Happy Christmas" vacation.

Catherine MacDonnell.

The Bat Ball Tournament The game was scheduled for a certain Tuesday in December. Prior to this the four first forms had practised untiringly. Then the big day came! The spectators sat breathless on the edge of their seats as the whistle was blown for the first game to start between 1A and 1C. The gallery of the gym was alive with shouts and cheers as each team won a point. The score was comparatively even all through the game but just at the finish, 1C scored a few points which made her the winner.

Next came 1B and 1D. In this game, too, there was an almost even score, but the game finally finished in favour of 1B.

Now for the finals! Who would win? The excitement in the gallery now was unbelievable. Both teams had skilled players and it was next to impossible to guess the outcome. The score keeper was kept busy marking points. 1C came out on top and a bevy of happy and excited girls went off the floor, carrying the trophy.

Barbara Kelley.

Junior Interform Basketball

Thursday, January twenty-third brought many excited first formers to the school gym for 1B was playing 2A and 1A 1C. Some were playing, others just cheering, but all caught the spirit of the game.

First 1A played 1C, the latter starting off with some brilliant passes on the part of Sally Murray and Joan Maloney which brought the ball into Gloria Culotta's hands and a basket for 1C. This continued until at half-time the score was 4-0 in favour of 1C.

One amusing incident was when a girl on 1A's team shot the ball into 1C's basket! Of course, it did not count but evidently she was rather mixed! 1C had many chances for the basket and finally succeeded in winning the game 11-0!

The second game followed immediately, 1B and 2A. The Wharton twins were on 2A's team, which speaks for itself. After all a first form against a second, and what a second! The final score was 26-2 in favour of 2A.

The Skating Rink

The skating rink, as we all know, is on the tennis court. It is not always smooth and has often invited me to take a seat. I have, and it was exceptionally hard.

Last Friday night I went skating. After about half an hour the boarders came out, and we all played tag and "tried" to do tricks. Suzette Westcott in doing a difficult jump didn't land on her feet. Many of us could do tricks such as the spread eagle, backward spiral, ballet jump, bunny hop and shoot the duck. As many of us take lessons I am sure I will not have to explain them.

Also I forgot to say that much snow was on the ice which made it extraordinary slippery as many of us found.

From the fashion point of view there were mainly ski-suits, uniforms and jackets—no velvet skirts or skating outfits of any kind.

Congratulations We regret that the following item was omitted from the December issue of the Lilies. At the Canadian Musical Festival held at London, October 26th to November 2nd. Gertrude Gagnon won first place in the Open Piano Solo Class, playing the Scherzo in B flat—Op. 31 by Chopin. Congratulations, Gertrude!

Music Club Meeting On January 22nd, St. Joseph's Music Club held their monthly meeting. The departure of Muriel and Lucile Reuben for New York, necessitated a re-election of officers. Loretto Cairo was voted as President and Lorine Graham as Secretary-Treasurer. The club members keenly miss Muriel and Lucile but wish them every success in their career.

THE BLOODSTONE

People born in March should never lack courage, for the month is under the influence of the great War-god, Mars, and the bloodstone, the March birthstone, is the symbol of the highest bravery and heroism.

In the stormy, warfaring days of the Middle Ages, mothers would hang a bloodstone round the neck of their infant boys in the hope that it would strengthen them in courage and endurance. When the child grew to manhood, the bloodstone was mounted in a signet ring and placed on his finger before he went to battle, for if danger and treachery approached, the bloodstone would, it was believed, deepen in colour and glow with a vivid hue. All through medieval days this "warrior's stone" was greatly treasured by our forefathers, and in many old paintings of the kings and heroes of history we see enormous bloodstone rings upon their fingers. The tradition of its powers seem to have come to us from Rome, for it was a very popular stone among the Roman soldiers.

It was also highly prized by the early Christian Church as one of the sacred gems. An old tradition tells us that this stone, then merely a piece of plain green chalcedony, lay at the foot of the Cross on Calvary. As the Sacred Blood fell from the Saviour's wounds, a few drops fell on the chalcedony, tinging it with red, and these spots have remained on them all through the years.

The stones were most beautifully carved in a variety of designs. The most usual were the lion, the symbol of courage, the palm leaf, signifying peace with honour, and a curious representation of the sun, symbolizing great triumph and glory. Another design represented a naked sword, which would never be sheathed as long as the owner had strength to fight for his God, his country, and the right.

Lucy Hopkins,XI-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

LUFTWAFFE

My name is Leni Diesel. I am a German citizen. There was a time when I was very proud of that, but now . . . I live in the suburbs of Dusseldorf in a three-roomed flat with my mother, father, five brothers and six sisters. My oldest brother, Heinrich, a storm-trooper, is just nineteen.

Shall I ever forget that day? God grant I shall some time. All week the British planes had been swooping down to belch death and destruction on the city—to them a vital target. Only that morning Der Fuehrer had spoken to us. He told us that next month we would have food and fuel. "Next month"! It is always "next month". But next month comes and it is just the same. Sometimes I wonder if our government is—but it is death even to think. When Der Fuehrer finished, we cheered loudly and hoped again.

As we were finishing our noon meal they came, hundreds of them, giant pendulums swing low for a moment to drop their loads of bombs, and then soaring back into the fathomless blue of heaven. As each unloaded its fierce death missiles, it would release a barrage of incendiary bombs, as if in mocking salute before it swung back to the north.

When the bombers left, a great hush filled the city, as if it were holding its breath. Then slowly, fearfully people emerged from their places of shelter, and dared to raise their faces upwards. Faces, impassive faces, immobile faces, faces from which all emotion had been drained, turned to scan the guileless sky above. Then as if suddenly shaking itself into life, Dusseldorf awoke. Noise grew into chaos. People shouted to find they were alive—some cursed God because they were. Screams, groans of the injured, hoarse shouts of the relief squad, rumblings of wheels on the rough cobbles—it would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. Relief squads for people who were already dead! At least their spirits were dead.

Our family was unhurt. Mentally we made the sign of the Cross. The house at the end of the block was being gutted by fire. We watched with a morbid curiosity.

I remember thinking as we returned home how like machines we Germans are growing. We work, eat, act, even think mechanically. Is this to be our ultimate end. God have mercy! We are a nation of people guided by one man. Can one man be trusted with the gigantic task of controlling millions of people? But one must not think.

That night as we prepared for some snatches of sleep, a loud knock came to the door. It was an oberlieutenant of the militia. We could hear him talking to my father in hoarse guttural tones. When he had gone, father turned to us, and stood with his back to the door. Then, in a voice I shall never forget, he said calmly: "Heinrich is dead".

And now my brother is dead. There is so little left to live for anyway. To-night the British will come again. And again—inexorably, relentlessly. It will be the same night after night, until—

Dear God! Can this be life?

Jacqueline Smith, XI-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD UNION JACK

At Tiverton in England quite a while ago a shopkeeper draped me in the window on display.

High above the books and trinkets, I had the advantage of watching the passers-by on Main Street and sometimes to catch a bit of conversation of the world in general.

One dismal, foggy day a young man and woman stopped and peered in. I thought to myself "Goodness, they talk the English language, yet sound their r's so harshly, I wonder where they come from?" My question was soon answered. They told the keeper that Canada was their home and that they would like to take back a few souvenirs. The young lady chose a tiny silver tea-pot, but the gentleman took me down off the rack through much protest from his wife, who exclaimed that flags could be bought anywhere at home just as fine as that one (meaning me). Nevertheless the man took possession of me and next day I found myself on board ship bound for Canada.

I had a delightful time crossing. I leaned against my master's chair and watched the couples strolling along the deck.

A little boy came running by and rolled a rubber ball along the deck and hit me, knocking me off balance. I thanked my lucky stars that time, because as I was about to plunge into the briny deep a girl caught me and returned me to my owner.

Nothing interesting happened until I reached an Ontario town where I was fastened to a pole and was soon waving to and fro in the breeze.

Mr. Anderson (my master) boasted to the neighbours that I had come all the way from England and how brightly the red, white and blue glistened in the sun.

Flattery is very disastrous to some people and I was no exception. One night I struggled to be free to tell the leaf near the top of the tree of my experiences when the cord that held me to the pole snapped and I fell into a mud-puddle where I lay 'till morning. Mrs. Anderson found me, gave me a washing and put me into a back cupboard with the tea-kettle with the broken spout and the pictures with the broken frames.

I have lain here for many a year and the only enjoyment I get out of life is to tell my experiences to any newcomer to the cupboard of memories.

Katherine MacDonnell, IX-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

"GETTING UP FOR SCHOOL"

On a cold and frosty morning
Do you shudder when you hear
Your old alarm clock warning
"Time to get up, my dear."

Very often, I confess
I'd like to be about four
And snuggle down in spite of clocks
And sleep for hours more.

Marie Faubert,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

CONVOYED

With many dangers lurking in the seas, ships find they have to be convoyed. Let me tell you of my trip across the ocean in this perilous wartime.

We set sail on the first of August from a port on the south coast. There was only a small crowd to see us off as very few knew that the boat was sailing. As the latter slipped out of harbour a cloud of hands and handkerchiefs arose, when someone started "Goodbye, Sally"! As the notes died away, the crowd on the pier became a pin-point. On our way at last!

Soon the deck was alive with happy children running up and down exploring the ocean hotel. The tennis courts were being visited as soon as we had finished lunch. The younger kiddies were happily engaged in a game of "Thumbs up" when someone cried "Here comes the convoy"! Yes, coming towards us was a huge battleship flying the white ensign. She turned around about a quarter of a mile ahead and kept guard.

One evening as we sat in the lounge someone called excitedly "Submarine"! Hastily we put on our lifebelts and went up on deck. What we saw was a submarine's periscope plowing the water. The destroyer was coming up very quickly, her guns ready. Boom! One report came to our ears. Boom! Boom! Boom! This time we hit squarely and the U-boat plunged forward to sink in a watery grave.

For the rest of our passage the ocean was calm and skies blue. It was with very expectant hearts that we finally sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, breathing our thanks to Someone Who had been so close to us during those hours of peril.

Janet Jarvis, IX-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

SPRING

Good-bye to Winter's drifting snow
Good-bye to Winter's winds that blow,
To dreary mornings—no sun to hold,
To zero nights—to days so cold.

Welcome to the trees so green,
Verdant flowers—air serene,
Babbling brooks that laugh and play,
Welcome Spring—our cry to-day.

Aileen Sullivan, IX-D,
St. Joseph's College School

RESURREXIT

Christ died on a cross on Calvary,
But arose on Easter morn—,
The world was once more happy,
Because new hope was born.

Gladys Hagan, IX-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

NONSENSE VERSES

There was a young girl in 1C
Who up near the top liked to be—
But lo, and behold—when her marks she was told
She felt rather unwell and not nearly so bold.

Mary Jane Dwyer, IX-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

* * *

While reading history books in school;
Is certainly not the time to fool;
We must stand up for dropping our pencils,
And be most careful with scholastic utensils.

Anna Murray, IX-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

* * *

Our very new reform bill,
Is our latest law at school;
And oh, how easy it is
To always break that rule.

Betty Foley, IX-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

* * *

One day I walked into the room,
With thoughts galore of impeding doom;
"Take your homework", a voice sang,
And I collapsed with a dreadful bang.

Therese Duggan, IX-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

"SUBJECTS"

Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Division,
All of these drive your brain to a collision.
Pitt, Wolfe, Montcalm, and Clive,
Make your head to your work speedily drive.

Dorothy White, IX-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE SOUL OF A CHILD

I have just read the reminiscences of a dear little boy, Guy de Fontgalland, and I hasten to tell you how charming I found them.

Whether one considers natural qualities or graces both marvellous and abundant, are they not all to be found in this boy?

Certainly one does see the action of the Sacrament of the Altar, and what it can do when Jesus in the Eucharist comes to take possession of a soul that has not tarnished its baptismal innocence.

We weep to lose such a charming boy, but God wished Guy for Himself.

Rose Winterberry,
St. Joseph's High School.

YVONNEK—THE SHIP-BOY

In the snowy and cold fog which hangs over the waters of Iceland, the "Marinette"—captain John LaGall—was anchored a few miles off the sombre and desolate island. Three months ago, the crew had left the Breton land to fish for cod in the Iceland Sea. To increase their chances of work and to avoid competition, they had daringly put out towards the open sea; and there, far from all human sound, they fished without intermission, sometimes twenty-four hours in succession when the fish were plentiful, until they fell exhausted on the deck.

Alas! on board the "Marinette", life was sad and strenuous. Grasping, brutal, and pitiless, LaGall manifested for his men none of that affection which softens the most painful circumstances. Haughty and rude towards all, he was particularly hard on the weak; and the fifteen-year-old ship boy, Yvonnek, in spite of his generosity and gentleness, often and without provocation received cuffs or lashes which left their mark. The sailors hated their master. The latter knew it and reserved his sympathy for two worthless fellows, Guegon and Tervik, who carried out his orders and who to please him ill-treated the ship-boy. As for the others, you should have heard them:

"Oh, the miserly dog!" they said, "he is satisfied if we get enough canned goods and biscuit to keep us from dying of exhaustion."

"Yes, but he doesn't save his abuse. If we could feed on it, we'd thrive on the Marinette!"

"It is hard to put up with it," grumbled the quarter-master Lecat. "When we get back to Europe, I'll denounce him at headquarters."

"Three more months to wait," sighed Yvonnek.

"Poor little lad," murmured Lecat.

"Oh, if we dared"—cried a sailor.

No one took him up. In the depths of all hearts, however, throbbed the same desire—"Oh, if we dared revolt!" But they did not dare, and in spite of LeGall's unpardonable faults, they felt themselves bound to him by the most imperious laws—that of submission to discipline and duty.

But a circumstance arose, such that the best among them in a moment of recklessness seized it and dreamed of getting rid of this pitiless master who made them suffer so much.

For some days, the cod had been scarce—the shoals seemed to be becoming thinner; at times there were none. LeGall, worried, became more abusive than ever. Then as the situation did not improve, he had a canoe fitted out one morning and calling Guegon and Tervick, "we're going to go out to seek a new shoal," he said. "There'll be the devil to pay if we don't find any." And to the members of the crew, he simply said "We'll be back this evening."

The canoe moved off.

"Pleasant voyage," muttered Lecat. "Holiday for us all."

Hardly two hours had passed when a fog arose and the sea began to foam. "Bad weather," said Yvonnek, "if it gets worse, the boat will not be safe." No one answered him. All the sailors looked at the waves as they began to swell, and at the horizon which minute by minute grew darker.

Another hour passed, the sea was now the color of lead, the

forceful waves heaved the Marinette, making her timbers groan. The darkness grew thicker.

"Hey!" said Lecat, at last, looking at his companions. "If we do not light the lamps and sound the bell, we will see LeGall no more. The current is against him, the waves are strong." He stopped. A long silence followed his words.

"Well?" he said at last. Then fifteen voices answered him:

"We will not light the lamps—we will not sound the bell. Lost on the stormy sea—so much the worse for him!"

"Have you thought it over," asked Lecat. "Do you all wish it?"

"All," they answered.

"Then by the Grace of God," he said, "if he returns, so much the better for him. If he does not return, we will not be guilty."

But a cry answered him, uttered by a young voice filled with indignation: "You will be assassins."

A movement of stupor shook the sailors. But Yvonnek continued: "You will be assassins, if you don't do what is necessary to save him. He is wicked but we have not the right to revolt. It is not for us to take justice into our hands. You love me a great deal, all of you. I beg of you do not commit this crime. I am going to ring the bell—kill me if you wish to stop me." He rushed forward, but two sailors grabbed him.

"You will not ring," they said. "We will shut you up."

Two minutes later, Yvonnek, found himself shut up in the small pilot room.

For a few seconds his heart thumping, he groaned under his powerlessness. Yvonnek heard the door close, and the lock creak. Suddenly, an idea came to him: In front of the sidelight, there dangled a rope which passed above the bulwark at the end of the deck. Agile as a cat, Yvonnek slipped through the small opening, seized the rope, and climbed. A few seconds later, he was on the deck which the sailors had abandoned. Without taking breath, he lit the big lanterns and began to ring the bell with all his might. And when the amazed sailors rushed up on deck, he cried out: "Kill me if you wish. You'll have to kill me before I will let go the bell."

"Well," said Lecat, "it is God's will. That youngster has perhaps saved us from remorse." They let Yvonnek ring. One hour later, LeGall climbed on board.

"Well, lads," he said, "you have saved me. Without your bell and your lights, I was lost. I will give each of you a twenty-five per cent. raise, and we'll try to be better friends in future."

When he had finished speaking, the crew remained silent, their hearts heavy with shame. All of a sudden, Lecat spoke the brutal truth:

"Captain, we do not deserve any merit. You would not have returned if it had not been for Yvonnek. He did everything: now what do you will."

LeGall for an instant, looked at his men, without speaking; then he said, "I will keep my promise. We will try to become better friends," and turning to Yvonnek, he embraced him.

John LeGall kept his promise, and the following year, when the Marinette prepared for the Icelandic Sea again, there was not a man changed in the crew, but Yvonnek the ship-boy was now Yvonnek the sailor.

Agnes Carey—Sen. Matric.,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

WHAT IS A CITIZEN?

A citizen is a native or inhabitant of a state, one who enjoys political privileges and fulfills her duties and obligations. Such is the definition found in the dictionary. My idea of a good citizen, is one, who takes an active part in the government and social life of church and state; helps in time of need, contributes towards the support of her pastors, not only gives money but also gives of her time and herself as an active member in such societies as, the Catholic Women's League, the Red Cross, the Christian Mothers, The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and does all this for the betterment of humanity.

The essentials of a good citizen are the combination of Catholicity, courage, culture, and these are the outcome of a Catholic Education both in the home and school.

> "She who sees farther than others, can give the world vision,
> She who stands steadier than others, can give it character,
> She who forgets herself in doing things for others, can give it religion."

From these lines of Ruskin we see that character, vision and unselfishness occupy the most important place in the making of useful women citizens. Down through the ages these qualities have been inculcated into the hearts of the Catholic women who have been privileged to receive a Catholic Education. These women, because of their Catholic training, have the added responsibility of being instructors of God's law here on earth by word, example and influence.

Those of us who live up to these Catholic ideals are doing a wonderful work, in proclaiming God to the world.

A good character is an asset in the making of a Catholic woman. If a woman has strong character, she will encourage, inspire and uplift the world to do what is right. If she has a weak character she will drag the world down to her level for, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." The foundation of a child's character is laid in its early training at home. If the foundation is well and truly laid, the child will continue as he has begun. If the foundation be weak, the early training feeble and uncertain, there is little or no chance of his making good in the difficult work ahead. Catholic training begun in the home supplemented by Catholic Schools in the years of childhood, means much in the development of the citizen of to-morrow.

Catholic women of to-day must be brave and courageous. They must go forward with dauntless courage, as did the pioneer women of our own dear Canada, who, pressed onward fearlessly in the face of trials and troubles. We have also the examples of Queen Victoria, and our present and much loved Queen Elizabeth, who, with zeal and adaptability to circumstances that makes for true citizenship, has sown in the hearts of those whom she influences, the seeds of true greatness. These Queens had all but one of the essential qualities for the making of a good citizen. They were and are lacking Catholicity. Mary, our heavenly Queen, had all the attributes of a good citizen. We should try to imitate our

Blessed Lady, the Queen of all true citizens. True courage and heroism, worthy of admiration and respect, are often necessary to support the hardships of life, the daily misery of growing want whose reason and necessity are not always apparent. Who will give us a truer sympathetic understanding than Mary our own dear Mother and Model!

> "I do not ask my cross to understand, my way to see,
> But only in the darkness just to feel Thy hand and
> follow Thee."

Thus Catholic women must press forward with dauntless and unflinching courage and living faith, so that they will be able to carry their daily cross bravely.

The useful citizen of to-day must have training in the inculcation of those morals w,hich are found in our Catholic Education. To quote the late Pope Pius XI "Christian education takes in the whole aggregate of human life, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral, individual, domestic and social, not with a view of reducing it in any way but in order to elevate, regulate and perfect it in accordance with the example and teaching of Christ. Hence the true Christian product of Christian education is the supernatural man, who thinks, judges and acts constantly and consistently in accordance with right reason, illuminated by the supernatural light of the example and teachings of Christ: in other words, to use the current term, the true and finished man of character."—If the Catholics of to-day would follow the teachings of the Catholic Church which are found in Catholic Education they would be shining lights of true citizenship.—

From the above paragraphs I hope I have enlightened you a little from a religious point of view, as to the worth and nobility of true citizenship. Citizenship is the backbone of the nation, and consists essentially in courage, culture and Catholic Education.

> "To every man there openeth,
> A way and ways and way
> And the high soul climbs the high way,
> And the low soul gropes the low,
> While in between on the misty flats,
> The rest drift to and fro;
> But to every man there openeth
> A high way and a low,
> And every man decideth
> Which way his soul shall go." (Oxenham)

Teresa O'Rourke
Grade X, S.J.H.S.

GUIDING HAS FORGED AHEAD

In nineteen hundred and twelve, a young officer in His Majesty's Forces, started a movement in England called the "Boy Scouts". Lord Baden-Powell started this group with the intention of banding young boys together in order that they might do something constructive for their country, and at the same time keep themselves out of mischief. Later, in nineteen twenty-one, Lord Baden-Powell

augmented his Scouts by the organization of the "Girl Guides".

In these few short years, the Girl Guides have spread from the Yukon to the Argentine, from Shanghai to Russia. All these girls are united under one Promise and one set of Guide Laws.

The first international Guide Hostel was erected in a small village in Switzerland in the year nineteen thirty-three. To the Guides all over the world, this is proof of their sisterhood. Their flag bears the motto "Be Prepared".

Guides are trained in first aid and all kinds of handicrafts. Thrift, honesty and purity of heart and mind are part of the Guide Laws.

The Seventh Guide Law is perhaps the hardest to keep. It is "A Guide obeys orders". Under this heading come these restrictions. A Guide must not chew gum while in uniform; a Guide must not use profane language; a Guide must act as a young lady, in public and in private.

Since the war has started, four hundred and seven Guide Companies have been formed in Canada. Guides have been sewing and doing war work during the past year.

Truly, indeed, "Guiding" had forged ahead, and the Girl Guides are proud of the progress they have made.

Vivian Verall, XI,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver.

IN DEFENCE OF RAIN.

Doctor Foster went to Vancouver,
In a shower of rain;
Though he got soaked, he was not provoked,
But wanted to go there again.
(With apologies to Nursery Rhymes)

It's raining in Vancouver! There has been a steady downpour all day! And we love it!

Because of our frequent rainfalls, residents of snowbound areas, frozen to the core by slashing winds and piercing cold, imagine our fair city steeped in a pool of tears. Now here is the truth: refreshing showers magically clear our city air, polish our pavements and cause foliage to sparkle with more lustre. Little birds chirp more cheerily and myriads of new-born blossoms, as if aware of Vancouver's poetic title, "City of Flowers," vie with one another in tint and fragrance.

Moreover, when one is the happy possessor of pretty and flattering rainproof garments, is it not a pleasure to venture forth in a misty dampness, a warm shower or even a cold drizzle?

Shakespeare says "the gentle dew from Heaven" — that describes our rain. But somebody, somewhere, I am afraid, is propagating a myth about Vancouver's deplorable weather! Credit not this tale, I pray you. Vancouver is satisfied, is delighted with her abundant rainfalls and would not exchange them for all the dry spells in the world!

Fern Beauchamp, XI.
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.



Chuckles

Teacher: "What name do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested in what he says?" Silence reigned for a few moments and then one small boy at the back of the class received an inspiration and answered: "Please, Sir, a Teacher."

A very old man went to a doctor to be examined. He felt perfectly well but thought a man of eighty should have a checking up. The doctor pronounced him a perfect specimen and asked him to what he attributed his phenomenal health.

"To my out door life for 60 years," the old man replied.

"Out door life," queried the doctor.

"Yes, when we were married my wife and I entered upon an agreement. If I got cross or bad tempered she would keep quiet, and if she got cross I agreed to go out of the house."

Judge: "Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"
Prisoner: "It takes very little to please me, my lord."

The Class was asked to write an account of the giving of the Commandments to Moses. One pupil began her explanation with this sentence: "The Commandments were given to Moses in *tablet* form . . ." (S.E.K.)

DAD: Well, Jamie, how are you getting along with your new teacher?

JAMIE: Fine, Daddy! Teacher likes me, because every time I bring her my work-book to show her my sums, she puts a kiss on each one. (W.E.T.)

A lady who had been away on a visit, was expected home on the seven o'clock train. Her husband was waiting at the station, when a telegram was handed to him: "Missed train; will start at the same time to-morrow. Margaret."

The husband was very logical; he immediately despatched a reply :'If you start at the same time to-morrow, you will miss your train again."


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Vol. XXX. TORONTO, JUNE, 1941 No. 2

OUR PICTURE OF THE SACRED HEART

OUR picture of the Sacred Heart in which is presented the Master brooding over the state of the world and from which we seem to hear the words He addressed to St. Margaret Mary, "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much," is a votive offering for our readers that we present every year.

Behind the clouds of the present world spread war the Sacred Heart is waiting for the fulfilment of God's mysterious decrees, and watching for an opening to plead for mercy for wild humanity. Without the Sacred Heart thus watching and praying the world would lapse into utter darkness, turmoil and final despair.

Physical force that is worshipped now, is like the winds that blow until they have exhausted themselves. We cannot pray to the winds.

We pray to the Sacred Heart the great moral force that redeemed the world and we know that God has ordained that mercy is given through the prayers that begin with us and end with Him.

Hear the throbbing prayers of the whole Church for peace and a better world state afterwards. If war were not sometimes better than a rotten peace there would be no war, for war is a punishment.

Perhaps the war will run on until humanity is prostrate, in despair of itself, and constrained to look up to heaven for help from above.

God moves the world through lower causes and He has linked them together. He will show mercy through prayer and yet He is the Prime Mover of our prayers.

The Sacred Heart prays in our prayers by moving us, He

receives our prayers because He has moved us, and He gives supreme momentum and efficacy to our prayers by adding His own.

St. Paul saw Him standing in heaven, making perpetual intercession for us.

EDITORIAL

CRITICIZING THE CHURCH

TO criticize the Church in Her past history seems to many an enlightened course to take; it seems to indicate a well-balanced and judicious mind that is so wholly free from prejudice and is so objective in its view of things as to be willing to recognize scandals even if they took place in heaven itself.

When, however, Catholic historians and popular writers criticize the Church and speak of its scandals and failures they are in proximate and imminent danger of criticizing Almighty God Himself. The Church is only the instrument of God, and its early and mediaeval triumphs by which it dominated the civilized world were certainly special and even miraculous accomplishments of God.

If thus the success of the Church is all the work of God accomplished by Her mere instrumentality, the opposite so-called failures of the Church might be called the failures of God. But God never fails in His enterprises for His hand is omnipotent and this not only in nature where He builds and destroys but in the hearts of human free will, "for the heart of man is in the hand of God." Saul, one of the red-eyed fanatical Jews that stood beneath the cross and mocked the dying Saviour is in a moment turned into the greatest of of the Apostles "that laboured more than all the Apostles," and suffered too perhaps more than them all, and this by the mere beck of God's dominion over human hearts.

If thus the Church is the mere instrument of God to carry out His designs, a Catholic publicist either of history or of every day occurrences should be very chary in speaking of the failures of the Church.

We are not surprised at infidels who gloat on the failures and disappointments of what they call the mere Roman Church for to them the Church is but a human institution that time and the tides of human events will finally dissipate. If Constantine set up the Church or Charlemagne, or great churchmen like Gregory the Great as they tell us, Christianity like all ancient empires will pass and disappear. But when a prominent Catholic lay journalist risks the statement that if the Church were restored to the old sovereignty in world affairs that She possessed in the thirteenth century under the great pope Innocent III She would not set the world right and solve its problems political, economical, and moral, any more than She did in those sunny days of clerical power when the Roman Pontiff was omnipotent, we shrink from the criticism as extravagant.

What then we naturally ask is the precise work of the Church in which as an instrument of God she cannot fail? She is not a human institution set up to teach philosophy or science either physical, political, or economical, and yet indirectly She has much to say in all these branches of human culture. Whenever human discipline runs foul of revealed truths or moral law the Church will immediately give a decision and correct such mental vagaries by opposite doctrine.

THE FAILURES OF THE CHURCH

There are two counterparts in the Church: the Church teaching and the Church believing. The Christian Hierarchy that teaches the faithful throughout the world is the Church teaching, and the vast assemblage of Christians that hearken and receive the word of God coming to them through the medium of the teaching Church is called the Church believing. These two Churches are infallible and the most obvious proof without prolix argument is the fact of history that their tenets either of teaching or believing have never been rejected or even amended.

A definition of the Church is like a law of nature; it is unchangeable. What a test through the ages of a thousand definitions without a single contradiction and with no amend-

ments. Compare this record with the dictates of science or the laws of human parliaments. Look at this golden thread that runs through the tissue of human history; it runs parallel with the laws of nature, both issuing from God. What a standard to go by in all things of religious and moral life.

And if this is true can the Church ever fail? Where are its failures that are so glibly spoken of by critics? Surely in the resistance of men and especially in the enactments of governments.

The first three centuries, the miraculous period of the Church were then ages of failure when Christians were hunted and persecuted unto death like their Master, and the Emperor Dioeletian erected a tombstone over the dead and buried Church with the epitaph: "DE NOMINE CHRISTIANO DELETO"—"The very name of Christian has been extinguished." The Christians were all under ground, the dead in their graves and the living in their shelters of the catacombs and no Christian stirred abroad "in the Roman Empire" as the tyrant thought. What a failure was that! A decade after the same Roman Empire was Christian in Church and State, and the cross was engraved forever on its labarum, the banner of victory.

Shortly afterwards it was again buried by the Arian heresy that denied Christ to be the Son of God and then the Church seemed not Christian but Arian. Christians it was said woke up from sleep and found themselves in State and State Church enemies of Christ. It took a few hundred years to beat off the nightmare of Arianism.

The Goths were Arians with terrors like Hitler at their head leading on the Alans, Heruli, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Lombards and Vandals, and Rome and the Church were buried again. The Arian heresy and infidelity however, disappeared in turn and left not a trace behind, and the Goths themselves, the ancient Germans, after a deluge of Martyrs' blood were transformed into fervent Christians and Catholics with their faces all turned to Rome and led on by the great benefactor of the Church, Charlemagne. Four hundred years ago

they turned again from Rome and with the applause of northern Europe attempted to bury Rome and Catholicity a second time, and now their heresy has about disappeared leaving however, a desolation of infidelity that verges back into their original paganism. They appear now to emerge from their original forests where they worshipped Thor and Woden to bury Rome and Catholicity a third time.

Without going into politics we ask what will be the state of Europe if they win a decisive victory; if the government is already persecuting the Church now, what is to be expected then?

There is undoubtedly a fourth funeral awaiting the Church at the present time and there are many to rejoice over it in every country that was formerly Catholic as they rejoiced a few years ago in the calamity of the Church in Spain. Outside of the Catholic Church Christianity is sparse and shadowy and how many believe in the divinity of Christ?

The Church will have many failures with the modern world and it is banal and foolish for a Catholic writer to speak of the failures of the Church. Christ too, failed and then won and the Church likewise, but there is nothing in this for a learned historian to discover; it is a platitude.

The old Church of Spain seemed to have its funeral a few years ago in the bloody graves of priests, nuns, and laity, but it had a speedy and glorious resurrection with increased newness of life. Azana, the president and ruler of it all with all its crimes upon his head, when death came to him in his turn kissed the crucifix in public repentance and turned to the outstretched arms of Holy Mother Church for absolution and hope. The Church is not vindictive. She is the exponent of God's mercy and would have given Azana a public funeral if his unrepentant followers had not claimed his body and interred it in an empty triumph.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS

It is not in religion and morality that the Church is now-a-days most exposed to criticism, although that is Her sphere, it

is in politics and business affairs that She is expected to show Herself totally superior and capable of casting some mystic spell that will pacify conflicting humanity. She is expected to confound dictators and governments whether they be Facists or Communists, and bring liberal democratic government both to cultured and backward peoples; to reverse all popular prejudice and national traditions, to make the very leopards of barbarism change their spots and alter their natures.

The moral doctrines that the Church digs out of human nature and brings to the surface and confirms by divine truths revealed from heaven as the mainsprings of man's conduct are said to be too slow. Papal encyclicals that exhibit this meeting of God and nature to direct us on our way of peace are dull, old-fashioned, and reactionary; they are even a bar to rampant human reason and reckless experimentalists both in politics and economics.

In politics the Church instructs the nations to set up that form of government that sits easiest on the civic body, that is consonant with national tradition and natural mentality; in a word a government that is likely to please the majority of the people and not merely book theorists and doctrinaires. She teaches that if one nation chooses a conservative, absolute, and even dictatorial form of government, that war must not be declared on other nations that wish a liberal and democratic statehood.

We are fighting in this war with the approval of the Church not to impose liberal government on dictatorial nations, but to prevent them from fastening their iron despotism upon us and others like us.

Mr. Churchill in a radio address complimented the old city of Rome, the Mother of Christianity; for the favour of Her face in this war. The Pope has spoken from the forum of religion and morality without plunging into acrimonious politics, and we know from his words that the Church shows a frown of extreme reprobation on wild dictators and world conquerors. The Church stoops down and expresses compassion over weak nations that have been ruthlessly trampled on.

THE CHURCH AND ECONOMICS

In business affairs the encyclicals of the pope have become accepted standards of equity and fair play to all classes. The extreme of Communism on one side has been plainly and forcibly condemned forevermore. When the Church condemns Communism there is no hedging and the Marxism of Russia is linked with Satan himself.

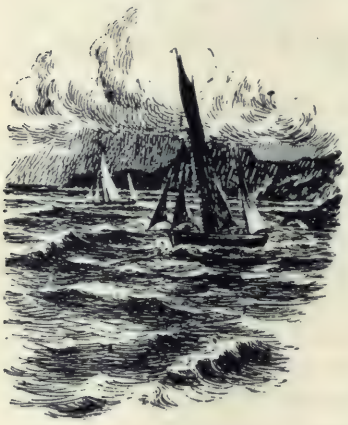
On the other side of the business arena the ruthless capitalists find in the encyclicals similar condemnation for trampling on the rights of the dependent poor. A golden mean in which virtue always consists is set up between unrestrained capitalism and communism. In this very trite and commonplace topic a formula of Church doctrine might be condensed out of Her instructions which is not an abolition of the system of capitalism but such strict control and supervision with distribution of wealth that the poor of the human family may be supported in comfort and honour. The poor must be given an opportunity to earn a decent living and not pauperized by the wretched and degrading dole. Such are Her general and directing principles.

The details of this scheme must come from the State for the pope and the hierarchy are not captains of industry and economic experts. What more then should be asked of the Church? Should She be asked to raise an army and start a crusade of blood? When She did raise armies in the past and saved Christendom and civilization on great momentous battlefields She incurred the same condemnation from Her enemies as She receives now, and also weak-minded criticism from some of Her mentally puny children.

The Church has had many scandals it is true in Her reprobate subjects but not in the teaching and believing Church. We could summarize all by saying that our doctrines are from heaven and our scandals are from ourselves. Let critics then be blunt and like infidels tell Almighty God to make a better world rather than criticize the Church. The entrance and prevalence of evil in this world is a mystery hidden in the mind of God.

VIKINGS IN EIRE

By RIGHT REVEREND MSGR. J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.



OUR great ship running eastward was about to essay the narrow seas between Scotland and Ireland. This trip we had a real sea-Captain on our bridge. We were passing Inish Owen Head, and he made no sharp and fearful sally towards the North. Steadily eastward he bore, and there was a sudden silence over all the passengers, as they saw he was taking the narrow strait between Rathlin Island and Fair Head, the most northerly point of the Irish mainland. Well, he made it all right, saved himself a detour of thirty miles, and did not even cause the sea-sands to up-bubble! The vast bulk of Fair Head, two hundred feet in height, on our right, loomed up in dangerous proximity, as we passed out into the safer depths of the North Channel. Everyone drew a breath of relief. We were close to the land, but on the level top of Fair Head there was no sign of any human creature. It was as if we were passing by an unknown and enchanted Island. Nowhere along that steep and gloomy coast was there any sign or vestige of humanity! There are no inhabitants on the Fair Head promontory, or human curiosity has no part in their lives.

* * * * * * * * *

It was then that my friend, the gentleman from Denmark, came up on deck. I saw him walking slowly about, gazing at Fair Head and sniffing the salty breeze that came across

from the Mull of Galloway. Presently he saw me and came over where I stood.

During the six days out from Montreal we had had many interesting conversations, and I found him a great student of history. "What's all this sniffing of air about, O, Denmark?" I asked, as an opener of conversation. "Do you know," he answered, "that I feel very happy just now. It is ten years since I was back home, and I feel the air of the northern seas around me here,—the very air of good old Dannemarck. It brings me back to boyhood again—my! my! What an aroma it has!" "It is no wonder you feel at home," I said. "This was the very mustering-place of your well-known forebears, the Vikings. Did you notice the mountains on our right as we came in. All that country is called Donegal, which, in Gaelic, means the "Fort of the Foreigners or Strangers," and these strangers were the Vikings of Norway and Denmark. All these small islands around here, and far North, up to the Orkneys, Shetland, and the Isles of Faroe, were the favourite stamping-ground of your formidable ancestors. But I needn't tell you this, you have it all 'off by heart.'"

* * * * * * * * *

"I should know it," said the Dane, "but I was beginning to forget all about it. Down this narrow sea, splashed and foamed the vast array of Viking war-galleys, southward bound to Clontarf,—in the month of April, 1014, was it not? How I would have loved to see them!"

"Most of them would be *fey* or death-doomed, as they passed here; the look of death would be on their faces," I replied.

"Do you believe that?" asked the Dane.

"No," I answered, "but all of your heroes, the Vikings, believed it, heart and soul. However, we will let that pass for the present, as I wish to ask you a question. I have often desired to meet a well-informed Norseman, as I wish to know if his countrymen were interested in the battle of Clontarf,

and if they felt that it influenced the destiny of their country and of their race in the centuries that since have intervened."

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Bjorn Sigmondson, for that was the name of my Danish friend, looked at me very earnestly. "If that is all you wish to know," he replied, "I can tell you right here and now that all our intelligent historians and learned men are united in the conviction that the great battle of Clontarf was both epochal and fateful in the history of our race and nation. Its effect was, moreover, epochal and fateful in the history of Europe and of the world. We consider that but for their terrible defeat the Norsemen would have taken the place in the world that England took soon after:—the hegemony of the European seas and islands! Can you not see how logically it would have come, this lordship of Europe? In the year 1013 a Danish King, named Sweyne, had been crowned King of England. The Vikings had conquered Britain, and they thought it would be easier to conquer Ireland, the flower of the Celtic lands. They put a large army ashore in Dublin,—a greater army than ever before mustered by the Vikings. They expected to win, and our historians to-day cannot find a reason for their disastrous and overwhelming rout and defeat. The Norsemen have never recovered from the disaster of Clontarf, and the fates had to look around for



VIKING SHIP, "THE FOAMING TRAILS OF ANCIENT PROW AND KEEL."

new over-lords, when Spain had had her short day. The Norns forsook their olden favourites the Vikings, and crowned, instead, the seamen of England." "That is a most interesting conclusion you have reached, Mr. Sigmondson," I answered; "I agree with you that the Normans, Vikings, Norsemen, or Danes, as they were variously called,—(at Byzantium they were even called Varangians), were the greatest fighters of the world, in their time. If you have found out what kept them from supreme military power in Europe you have made a discovery that will dismay our historians. By the way, Mr. Sigmondson, an eminent modern historian, Sir Edward Creasy, has written a book entitled "The Fourteen Decisive Battles of the World." In this book there is not to be found one word of mention of the battle of Clontarf. What do you think of that, Mr. Sigmondson?"

"I can hardly believe it," said the Dane. "I would say he was an inept and unworthy historian,—the writer who omitted that world-resounding battle from the decisive contests of history."

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"And now, Mr. Sigmondson, you have ably answered the questions I have had to ask. As I know, the first bugle has sounded for lunch, I will barely have time sufficient to answer your amazement that the Norsemen were defeated at Clontarf. You say that no Norseman can understand why such a great Viking army suffered so grievous a defeat. The Vikings were up against a great nation, and this nation at the time happened to have the two greatest military leaders in all its history. Those superb generals were the Ard-Ri, King Brian; and the ex-Ard-Ri, King Malachy of Meath. Malachy, after a magnificent defence, had lost the title of Ard-Ri, or High King, to King Brian. But Malachy was a true patriot, and he put himself and all his forces at the disposition of King Brian for the coming battle. With two such eminent generals on the Irish side a victory for the Gaels was a foregone con-

clusion. Most of the Danish army were warriors who lived in Ireland, as the Danes had large colonies and strongholds at Dublin, Waterford, Wexford, and Limerick. The Irish clans knew them well, and King Brian and Malachy had already defeated them in several encounters.

On one occasion two Norwegian princes attacked Malachy, but they were no match for him. He fought them both, From the neck of one he took a heavy collar of ornamental gold, and from the hand of the other he took a sword whose hilt was richly embossed with rare jewels. It was of this feat the poet Thomas Moore sang in these lines:

"Let Erin remember the days of old, ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachy wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader."

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Another reason why the Vikings were defeated at Clontarf was the address and exhortation of the Ard-Ri or High King, (Brian) before the battle. On a richly caparisoned warhorse he went through the whole army with a Crucifix held up in his right hand. He reminded them of the crimes committed by the Norsemen; the churches and monasteries they had burned; the nuns and priests they had massacred. It was on Good Friday, April, 1014, that the glorious battle for Faith and Fatherland was fought at "the old weir of Clontarf."

He showed them the image of Christ upon the Cross. With fiery Celtic eloquence and with words that moved the strongest warriors to tears, he adjured them. He cried out:

"On this day the God-man suffered, look upon this sacred Sign;
May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Constantine!
They have razed our sacred altars, spoiled the Temples of the Lord!
Burnt to dust the sacred relics, put our clergy to the sword,
Desecrated all things holy,—as they soon may do again,

If their power to-day we break not,—if to-day we be not Men!

"Men of Erin! men of Erin, grasp the battle-axe and spear;
Chase those Northern wolves before you, like a herd of frightened deer!
Burst their ranks like bolts from Heaven; charge against the heathen crew,
For the glory of the Crucified, and Erin's glory too!"

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The Viking seas lay blue and placid around us. The bold, bare heights of the Mull of Galloway arose on our left, with Scottish Arran, and Ailsa Craig ahead. Dim and faint, to the south, showed the dreamy outlines of Slieve-Donard and the Mountains of Mourne! The Clyde was now opening wide to us its welcoming gates, and we caught glimpses of the Burns country and the Town of Ayr. Everything else seemed forgotten in the beauty of this vast scene. Then, like a king's herald, Sigmondson the Dane stepped forward and spoke: "I understand at last," he said in a mournful tone of voice, "why the Danes were overwhelmed at Clontarf. Let us go to lunch now, and afterwards we shall take a promenade on the deck, and have a further discussion and settlement of the Wars of the Gall and the Gael."



THE CHRIST BOY AT THE PASSOVER

By REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S.T.D.

IT IS approaching the vernal equinox, the time of the year for the great feast of the Pasch or Passover. In the quiet, secluded town of Nazareth on all sides preparations are being made for the pilgrimage to the divinely chosen place, Jerusalem, to celebrate this, the greatest of the Jewish feasts. Men are busy repairing roads, mending bridges, and whitewashing sepulchres. Women are getting clothes ready and preparing food, while houses are being carefully searched for all leaven which is to be destroyed. In the local synagogue special lessons and prayers mark the advent of this feast commemorative of historic deliverance and freedom. Most eager and expectant are the young as they joyfully look forward to and anticipate the joys in store for them: the great crowds of people and the strange sights in the Holy City, the thrill of God's great house, the ceremonies conducted there by priests and levites, and the famous Rabbis discussing erudite topics. The hearts of young and old beat faster as the deepest sentiments of religious fervor and patriotic emotion are aroused whenever the conversation turns to the ardent hope that the Messiah may make His appearance at the coming feast to liberate the Jewish people from the galling shackles of Rome or that at least Elijah may return to act in the capacity of herald to proclaim the advent of the Messiah and the approach of redemption.

At last the day of departure arrives. Pilgrims intent on proceeding in a group,—for better protection, begin to gather outside the town. We notice that the majority are on foot, a few have camels and donkeys, and one or two are wealthy enough to afford a chariot. Those on foot wear sandals, they have staffs in their hands and they bear waterskins and food containers on their shoulders. Some bring along a lamb, others a goat, and many carry money. A family made up of

"the parents," now about thirty years of age, and the tall, stately Christ Boy of twelve, approach and take a place with the poor in the group. When all are assembled a leader is selected who stands before the caravan and calls out: "Arise ye and let us go up to Zion, to the house of our God." He then leads the way while the festive group follow in joyful mood, singing psalms, among which was the following:

"How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts,
My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord,
My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God,
For the sparrow hath found herself a house
And the turtle a nest for herself where she may lay her young ones;
Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God,
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord,
They shall praise Thee for ever and ever."

Ps. 83, 1-5.

As they proceed along the arduous way the pilgrims do not heed the exhaustion from the long hours of walking or the hardship and difficulties of the trip, for they are buoyed up with the thought that they are on the way to the city of David, and that "the Lord loveth the gates of Zion above all the tabernacles of Jacob." (Ps. 86, 2). They are thrilled too with the anticipation of praying in the great temple for "better is one day in thy courts above thousands" elsewhere.

As the four days' journey progresses over the road, difficult and soft from recent rains, the more numerous are the festive caravans that join in from lands or villages, or towns or even distant countries. At certain places groups are so close together as to form one long procession extending for miles, and their joyous hymns re-echo through the neighbouring hills and valleys. At other points the road is choked with herds of cattle for the temple sacrifices or with long trains of camels carrying spices and herbs from Mesopotamia. In the final stages of the trip pipers lead the way and the pilgrims march to music with mounting enthusiasm.

Then as Mount Olivet is reached what a sight greets the pilgrims to thrill the heart and bedew the eye! In full view

is the Holy City resting on its four hills, with its strong wall, its magnificent palaces, and above all, its glorious House of God whose white marble and golden plates glisten in the sun. No wonder a reverent hush falls on them as they feast their eyes on this entrancing spectacle. Finally at the city gates they are greeted by representatives of Jerusalem and they join in the singing of Psalm 121:

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me;
We shall go into the house of the Lord,
Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem which is built as a city, which is compact together,
For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord."

The contingent from Nazareth with the members of the Holy Family are now in Jerusalem. Some of them are pitching tents in squares and open places, while others are obtaining lodging in the city or in the suburbs. The first thing about the city that one notices is the great crowds everywhere, for the usual population of a hundred thousand is now more than doubled. What a variety too exists among these Jews and Jewish converts from almost every part of the then known world, from Asia Minor, Babylonia, Medea, Cyprus, Greece, Egypt, and Rome! How different are the languages spoken and how marked are the dresses worn! Brilliantly colored garments of Babylonian women are in strong contrast with the bleached linen dresses of their Palestinian sisters. Rich merchants and bankers who have come by boat from distant lands now brush shoulders with poor native peasants, while local cattle and sheep dealers mix freely with traders who have brought long camel trains from afar. Occasionally one sees detachments of newly arrived Roman soldiers who have come in from Cesarea along with the Roman Procurator who has taken up his quarters at the fortress Antonia attached to the temple—a reminder that a sceptre has passed from Juda and that therefore the Jews should expect Him Who is to be sent.

The following morning as the Christ Boy and St. Joseph go

through the city they encounter a scene somewhat like the following:

"The morning services have been completed in the Temple and the worshippers have left the synagogues. The market place, a broad street that stretches its way through the entire town, is now filled with people. Both sides of the thoroughfare are lined with booths, stands, and tables. Everything is



on sale here, whatever the eye can see or the heart long for. Look! There are cakes made from wheat grown on Mount Ephriam! And there, fish from the depths of Lake Kinnereth! A third sells wine and a fourth calls to the passers-by to purchase spices and condiments for the Pesach feast. Here is a booth offering for sale jewelry and adornments which are the fashion in Alexandria and Rome, and there is a street merchant offering a syrup pressed from grapes. One dealer offers golden adornments for the head, a specialty of the goldsmiths of Jerusalem, and calls. 'Buy golden *Jerusalems* as a souvenir of the Holy City.'

"Not an inch of space is wasted. In front of the houses and between the booths and stands sit tradesmen, using the street as their workshop. A tailor sits cross-legged and sews fringes on a coat; opposite him sits a shoemaker repairing the

torn sandals of a pilgrim; a blacksmith stands nearby, hammering away on the handle of a sword.

"Each of the little side streets that lead off the market street has its particular trade. There is the street of the butchers and the street of the wool-combers; each little street has its specialty. But the big street, the really interesting street, is the great market place. Every moment it becomes more crowded and noisy, and the scene becomes more varied and exciting. The buyers, the sellers, and the idlers crush and jostle each other for space. Here comes a group of pilgrims from Alexandria, dressed in Grecian garments and speaking Greek to each other. In contrast a group of pilgrims from Galilee, very pious peasants from the north of Palestine, follow them. Their voices are heard high above the tumult of the market place, and by the Galilean dialect of their Aramaic speech it is recognized where they are from.

"Perhaps the greatest noise and the greatest crowds are in the cattle market near the Mount of the Temple. Sheep and goats are sold there by the thousands. Poor Jews bargain over the prices of the animals; the richer pilgrims do not deign to bargain and so pay higher prices for their sacrificial animals." (Schauss, The Jewish Festivals, 50-51).

In this setting of din and bustle the Boy Jesus and St Joseph go forth to select and purchase a paschal lamb at the cattle market and to obtain other necessaries for the paschal meal. Follow them that afternoon as they proceed to the temple. St. Joseph is carrying the lamb on his shoulder. They reach the court of the temple and join thousands of others who have brought lambs on their shoulders. When the court is filled the gates are closed and then the blowing of trumpets summons each to slay his own animal. The blood is caught in gold and silver trays and passed along by two rows of priests until it is cast on the northeastern and the southeastern corners of the altar of sacrifice. In the meantime levites standing on a platform sing the Hallel psalms (113-118) to the accompaniment of musical instruments. Then carrying the slain sacrifice wrapt in its own skin, St. Joseph and the Christ Boy pass through the great crowds who are awaiting their turn to sacrifice,—for usually the sacrifices were in three sections and lasted from about 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

As evening falls, in all courtyards of Jerusalem there can be seen clay baking-ovens in the form of a cylinder. Inside each of them, spitted on fragrant pomegranate wood in the form of a cross, a Passover lamb is being roasted. In homes busy preparations are going on with the sauce, bitter herbs and other requirements for the meal. In the streets people are repairing to their rendezvous clad in their best attire, wealthy women wearing jewelery and embroidery. Nobody is left out, as the poor are being invited by the rich. Rather they are previously invited, for parties of festive fellowship were arranged already and in the name of each the paschal lamb was slain in the temple and now as a group they are going to partake of the sacrificial meal. Thus it was against tradition for additional guests to join the group in the evening. The festive bands must consist of ten or more pilgrims so that the Passover lamb will be wholly consumed. The sacrificial meal must take place within the confines of the sacred city. Hence every large room in Jerusalem is now being fitted out so that thousands of Paschal celebrations will take place. It is easy to find accommodations, for the sacred city being considered the common property of the people, owners of houses there are only too glad to give rooms for festive parties without charge. Even for divans and bolsters no payment is asked. However, as a recompense guests will gladly leave skins of animals and vessels used during the meal.

It is about nine o'clock in the evening. The full moon of Spring is shedding a soft, silvery light on the city roofs and on courtyards where the embers of a fire that had just roasted the paschal lamb still smolder. The lamb itself is now in the festive hall, where everything is in readiness for beginning the meal. Since the lamb was slaughtered in the temple it belongs to the "holies of a lower degree" that must be partaken of in purity; and so there is the washing of hands. The group now reclines on sofas, each one's left hand resting on soft cushions while the right is used to take food and drink from a table or tables. They begin by drinking a glass of wine mixed with water. Then after the right hand is

washed lettuce dipped in a tart liquid is taken. This is followed by the principal part of the meal, which, of course is the partaking of the paschal lamb. Each must eat a portion at least as large as an olive. And with the sacrificial lamb unleavened bread and bitter herbs are eaten as a reminder of the ancient hardship endured in Egypt. No plates or spoons are used but bread does service for both. When a knife is employed care is taken that no bones of the animal are dented or broken. The roasted lamb is on a central dish and each one takes what part of it he may desire. Before the different dishes, appropriate blessings are invoked. The following is pronounced over the lamb:

Blessed is He who sanctifies us with His commandments and ordered us to eat the Passover.

With the serving of a diluted glass of wine, the son of the household, usually the youngest boy present, asks the question: "Why is this night different from all other nights?" Then the story of Exodus is unfolded and the ritual of the evening explained. It was usual to serve four cups of diluted wine, mostly at the end of the meal. During this Psalms 113-118 are sung, the last part of Psalm 118 being chanted antiphonally with the children present. Then as the meal ends the various groups break up, the majority of the people to return to their lodgings. However, some of the feasters visit from one group to another; while others go to the temple to pray, for this is one night of the year when the gates of the temple are thrown open by the levites.

Who are the other members of the festive group with whom the Holy Family shared the Passover Lamb! Perhaps the youthful Lazarus and his young sisters are members of the party, for the friendship between them and Our Blessed Lord may have begun early in life occasioned by the Passover pilgrimages.

Is it the Christ Boy Who on this occasion of His twelfth year asks the question, "Why is this night different from all other nights?" Most likely it was not His first trip to Jeru-

salem to celebrate the Pasch. We know that children could participate in the Passover meal as soon as they could eat a portion of the lamb that was as large as an olive, and that the obligation to take part began around the age of thirteen or fourteen. On this occasion of His twelfth year visit does the Boy Jesus repair to the temple after the Paschal meal to spend the night there in prayer? Certainly He enters most enthusiastically into all the details of the symbolic ritual of the Passover.

On the following day, the 15th of Nisan, the Christ Boy whole-heartedly begins the celebration of the feast of Unleavened Bread, which will last in all seven days, to commemorate the bitter hardship endured by the Jews in the land of Egypt and the deliverance therefrom. On the first day there is a special slain thank-offering, the second Chagigah, besides the usual "sacrifices of joyousness" for gifts received.

Then on the next day, the 16th of Nisan, the youthful Saviour joins in the spirit of the beautiful ceremony expressive of God's ownership and dominion when crowds march into the temple with the newly cut sheaf of the first barley which is taken by the priest and waved over the altar to signify its being given to God.

The four succeeding days, the so-called minor festivals, see many of the pilgrims who live at a distance depart for home. Not so the members of the Holy Family; they (as implied in the Gospel text) stay on to the end of the feast to celebrate the 21st of Nisan, a major feast of holy convocation.

Frequently during these seven days' stay at Jerusalem are the Holy Family to be found in the great oblong-shaped House of God, the Virgin Mother in the court of women, and the foster-father with the Boy Jesus, mingling their voices with the great chorus of hymns and prayers that arose from the court of Israel. Frequently are they to be seen at the regular morning and evening sacrifices as well as at the special services conducted in the temple. And as in this one pilgrimage to God's appointed shrine they commemorate three

feasts, those of the Passover, Unleavened Bread, and First Fruits, the thoughts of the members of the Holy Family turn to what is suggested and prompted by the symbolic ritual enacted, immediate deliverance and redemption. They realize that the earnest prayer of pious Israelites that God would send His Messiah to inaugurate His golden reign of peace and power was in process of being granted in the Person of Our Divine Saviour.

By His presence and example the Christ Boy consecrates anew these ceremonies of the Paschal pilgrimage and gives them a new meaning. Through type and prophecy He sees and looks forward to the fulfillment when the Passover meal will be the occasion of His giving His Body and Blood as the spiritual food of men, and when as the Lamb of God He will shed His Blood for the remission of sin and eternal redemption; indeed He is looking forward to the great fulfillment when in His Father's heavenly home the beloved ones from all lands will be gathered round the marriage feast of the King's Son to enjoy it securely and eternally.

SANCTE JOSEPH

SPOUSE of the Virgin, be near us we pray,
Allay all our troubles in life's thorny way;
Never refuse us thy strong guiding hand,
Conduct us all safely in God's chosen band.
Teach us to love thee and Jesus so mild,
Ever to honour the Sweet Divine Child!

Joseph, our Patron, when danger is nigh,
On thy sure protection we shall always rely;
Succour bring daily from Heaven's high throne,
Entreat our dear Mother to cherish her own;
Preserve us from onslaught, from evil defend,
Help us to glory, to joy without end.

Bro. Joseph Clarke, O. Carm.

WHICH IS THE BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT?

By JOHN J. O'BRIEN,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

"Man's natural instinct as a political animal moves him to live in civil society, for he cannot, if living apart provide himself with the necessary requirements of life, nor procure the means of developing his mental and moral faculties. Hence it is divinely ordained that he should lead his life—be it family, social, or civil—with his fellow-men, amongst whom alone his several wants can be adequately supplied. But no society can be held together unless someone be over all, directing all to strive earnestly for the common good; every civilized community must have a ruling authority, and this authority, no less than society itself, has its source in nature, and has, consequently, God for its author."—Leo XIII.

THUS, in his Encyclical, "Immortale Dei," Leo XIII describes the origin and also the essence of the State, or as we say, government.

Looking at the world to-day we see that this idea of government has many specific forms, such as Fascism, Nazism, and so on. But really there are only two main divisions, namely, Democracy and Dictatorship. These two are the very antithesis of each other.

Democracy is defined by St. Thomas as "the power of the people in so far as they may elect the rulers from the people and the election of the rulers pertains to the people." It is a representative government elected by the people." *Here the government is for the people.* It is called a liberal government because it professedly allows the people to practise their right to freedom. On the other hand, Dictatorship is the rule of one man, that is, an Absolute Monarchy where, according to St. Thomas, the highest power of ruling is in the possession of one man, who enjoys the plentitude of legislative, executive, and judiciary power. It is the very opposite to a representative government. *Here the people are for the*

government. It restricts liberty by the assertion of authority, often by means of the mailed-fist.

In the first form of government obedience is obtained by means of the loyalty of the subjects themselves, while in the second form obedience is obtained by coercion.

GOVERNMENT IS A RELATIVE VALUE.

We are not concerned with what form of government is best in itself. Opinions widely differ on this. St. Thomas held that Monarchy was best in itself. Aristotle held that Aristocracy was the best. Mussolini would thrust out his jaw and place his seal of approval on the dictatorial form as exemplified in Fascism. Mr. Churchill would naturally hold out for our democratic form. But this is all beside the point. There may be a form of government which, of itself, is best suited to man's welfare; there may be a form of government which, in the abstract, tends towards the production of a Utopia. We admit all this but this Utopia, as any Utopia on this earth, is merely the result of wishful thinking—it never leaves the logical order.

When the people choose their government they are acting just as you and I would when we buy a suit of clothes. We look around the store. Certainly in that store there is one suit which is best of all but put it on you or me and it looks like the poorest, although it is best in itself. However, we finally choose a suit which is adaptable to our peculiar character, our traditions, and our tastes, and so on, and for all practical purposes that is the best suit. And so it is with government. One government may be best in the abstract, but in the concrete, that form is best according as it may be applied to this or that particular country.

It must be acknowledged that that form is best which is best suited to the history, traditions, character, and customs of this or that particular place. For example, an absolute form of government and one which tends to restrict liberty more than that which we are used to, seems to be best for the present day Germans and Italians as it fits in with their

history and certainly the make-up of these peoples for their traditions and customs are all bound up with that form. On the other hand, such would be slavish and burdensome to the more liberal-minded Americans who have emblems of liberty scattered lavishly over postage stamps, ten cent pieces, and even cigar labels.

In Canada our character and customs have been formed in accordance with the liberal form and even our physical make-up of a synchronism of many nationalities would not allow a dictatorial form of government to operate.

RELATIVITY AND PHILOSOPHY.

This idea that government is relative, that is, that form is best which suits this or that people, seems to jibe with philosophical principles. According to philosophy, no form of government may be called per se unjust or illicit. But any system becomes illicit when it hinders society from accomplishing its end, namely, the common good. But if a particular form were to be imposed on a given people, not having due regard to temperament, tradition, place, and even to time, then that government would not accomplish its end and thereby would be prohibited by natural law and therefore would be illicit.

This may seem like a pure supposition but later I shall bring out facts in recent history, by way of example, which will show that democratic government, when practised by the countries of Europe, ended in confusion for the simple reason that that form doesn't suit the Latin peoples. Our own convictions, on the other hand, tell us that dictatorship would not be good here—that we would not be able to attain the common good under that form or any other form except Democracy.

RELATIVITY AND THE CHURCH.

Relativity of government can be reconciled to the attitude of the Church. Leo XIII says, "the rules of justice being duly observed, the people are free to adopt the form of gov-

ernment which befits their traditions and customs." The Church neither puts one form of government on a pedestal nor does she criticize any as long as they ensure common welfare and guarantee religious freedom. However, with regard to the Communistic form the Church could not condone such an abuse of the rights of man or to the right of God. No doubt, one of the reasons why the Church has not favoured one form above the other is that she realizes that differing circumstances call for differing forms of government.

Nevertheless, as we, in this country, are naturally interested in the liberal government, it is well to state here that the Church leans towards liberal government. It is worthy of note that Ireland, the great Catholic country, has liberal government. The Church takes dictatorship only as a last resort.

IS DEMOCRACY SUITABLE FOR ALL NATIONS?

Authorities, writing on the subject, say a great deal and even among Church writers we find some who do not seem to favour democracy. However, one can understand such an attitude, for they were evidently looking at Europe where democracies have been tried in the last century and dismal failure has resulted. In France, Liberal government was tried for 100 years without success. It is discredited there now; Pétain is a dictator.

Again, Germany, Italy, and Portugal tried it several times and failed. The failure of Germany is worthy of notice because Germany was perhaps the best educated of all countries with her great universities. She tried the liberal form several times in a period of a 100 years, for short periods at a time. Finally the confusion caused by 20 different political parties in the country at one time caused Hitler to come in. From all these failures it is quite evident that our form of government does not suit Continental Europe.

Incidentally, it is a point worth noticing that liberal government becomes unsafe when the number of parties is increased above two or approximately two. In the United

States, England and Canada, we have only two main parties; whereas in Germany and France and Spain there were 25 or 30 parties, and so confusion alone could result.

TRADITIONS A DECIDING FACTOR.

To understand why democracy failed in Continental Europe and why it still flourishes in the English speaking world, we must understand the traditions of the Latin and English races. The English countries have their traditions of liberal government and no other form could be thought of. On the other hand, the Latin races have their traditions founded in Absolutism and as a result, that form always appears among them.

On this point, Father Cuthbert, the author of "Catholic Ideals in Social Life," brings out some interesting points in the same work. He describes how the Anglo-Saxon spirit of personal liberty and individual initiative was the moulding principle of English life. He goes on to say that when this spirit seized upon the Latins it was not altogether conducive to their peace and dignity. The idea of liberty had to battle with prejudices and habits formed by centuries of Absolutism, and Latin observers viewing the spirit of liberty as it presented itself in the immature enthusiasm of their own race, would look upon it as a moral fever and treat it as a disease. Fr. Cuthbert continues to say that democracy can never be to the Latins what it has been to the English race, namely, the supreme factor in political and social life; nor can it mould their character with the same completeness that it has moulded ours. Nations, he says, cannot take to themselves new characteristics.

Fr. Cuthbert wrote in 1905 and we note that, while the spirit of liberty may have attempted to find a resting place among the Latins, contemporary forms of government on the continent of Europe are evidence that liberty found only a short repose there. This goes to prove our point all the more.

But if Continental Europe is destined to some form of gov-

ernment where obedience is obtained by coercion, rather than by loyalty and personal conviction, let us hope and pray that they are favoured with better and more human forms than Communism, Nazism, and Fascism, where man, with his individual personality and freedom is ignored and where man's purpose in life becomes the class as in Communism, the State as in Fascism, and the race as in Nazism.

DEMOCRACY WITH RELATION TO THE PRESENT WAR.

As we have said, the liberal form suits us and it does not suit the continent of Europe. Therefore we are fighting to preserve democracy in our English speaking countries—not to impose it on Europe. Perhaps Continental Europe will always have a Hitler, a Mussolini, or a Franco, but in the English races there will be no dictatorship under a Hitler, a Mussolini, or a Franco or anybody else as long as the democratic-minded Englishmen, Canadian or American can shoulder a gun to prevent such a calamity.

Mr. Roosevelt brought out in a recent speech that the Nazi forces are seeking the destruction of all elective systems of government—that they plan to eliminate all democracies, and he makes an impassioned appeal to "keep the light of democracy burning." We must heed his words—we must keep the light of democracy burning, for it is the only light which will burn in this part of the world.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DEMOCRACIES TO-DAY.

But to-day the big problem across the waters is that of one country liberal and others military and dictatorial. It is hard for England to keep her representative liberal form of government in the face of such dictatorships as that of Hitler. In the face of a war carried on by the swift-moving Hitler, democracy is slow. And so we find that Churchill is virtually a dictator in England now. The great problem in Washington is whether further powers should be given Roosevelt. They are in a state of confusion as to whether he should be given

power to control Congress which would make him practically a dictator.

However necessary dictators are in war time that does not prove anything in their favour because they are a war-time measure only. After the war democracy will resume its normal course but I have no doubt that the war will have a purifying influence on it—the democracies will make a great effort towards the common good and towards the peace and prosperity of the people.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS DEMOCRACY.

Now, some might say that democracy has descended to an indifferentism which allows all sorts of evils such as birth-control, divorce, starvation wages, etc. To a certain extent that may be true but we must avoid the fallacies of the dictators where all liberty is restricted. We must not judge democracy by its abuses—it is our duty to correct these abuses. That can only be done by each individual coming back to God and by electing men to rule who have enough Christianity in them to eradicate such abuse.

With the firm conviction that democracy is here, and here to stay, we must help it to work out its difficulties. We must always remember that democracy, like any other government, derives its authority from God, but nevertheless the people themselves rule and if democracy fails, it is the people that have failed. In other words, you and I have failed in our duty some place.

X MARKS

By REV. LOUIS P. KIRCHNER.

MISS MANNET, music teacher in Saint Mary's grammar school, was a thoroughly innocent little lady. She did not imagine, not for a moment, that her appearance in Room III, domain of the third-graders, caused little hearts to beat in double-quick time. Her mirror might have warned her of this, but she refused to see anything therein but a glassy stare. Little eyes popping with admiration, small mouths gaping in wonderment should have given her a hint; but hints and facts were two different things. Miss Mannet tried to convince herself that she was interested only in facts.

"Always be business-like," her professor in Abnormal Teachers' College had warned. "You are not a mere human being; you are a teacher."

Poor girl! She believed him. On her neat methodical desk, in her spotless room (in Mrs. Kassidy's dirty apartments—rents arranged to the scale of your wages—) she had composed and framed the gospel of the Lower Conservatory of High Music:

Do Re for good music,
Mi Fa the best,
Sol La are worth note,
Ti Do's the rest.

Miss Mannet would probably have been disappointed, if she knew her composition could have had first prize in the local dumb-bell poem contest. Mrs Kassidy almost sent it in.

However, she had faith in her own ability. Naturally she was a wonderfully poor teacher. What her pupils knew in September they forgot in October. By May they hated anything that had a note in it.

Since she could not change the charming features God had given her because she was unable to completely smother the little girl that lurked behind her twenty-two years, her

pupils loved her. She still thought it possible to explain half-tones to youngsters who considered "It Aint Gonna' Rain No More" the last step in musical knowledge.

The very first day of class her luxurious blond curls massed in disarray above an oval face, brushed every note from the minds of all the third-graders. They learned one thing. Their music teacher was a beautiful lady.

Knowing a scale was not half so important as winning the love of Miss Mannet. Particularly for Jimmie Turner and Arthur Bond. From the beginning all of Room III conceded Jimmie the inside track in the race for teacher's heart.

Jimmie was a boy of action. After an extensive acquaintance of two class periods, having missed the answers to five questions, he decided that delay was foolish. He rose, walked briskly to the teacher's desk and, as if merely seeking information, asked, "Will you marry me?"

Miss Mannet's store of information did not carry a list of defence tactics for such a whirlwind advance. She countered with a very weak "What?"

"You're beautiful," said Jimmy, and stalked off victorious. He was a favored soul from that day. That was why Arthur Bond's heart was breaking. He loved teacher more than fifteen Jimmie Turners, but he could not tell her. When she called on him, he turned into a bundle of giggles. He became to her a minor problem child, that Bond boy. Yes, Arthur was eating his heart out and it was bitter.

* * * * *

Miss Mannet was passing back the test papers. It had been the first written exam, and she had been hopeful. She sighed wearily as she placed Arthur's paper on his desk. Thirty-seven mistakes out of thirty-eight possible answers.

"Arthur," she said, shaking her head sadly. Thereupon Arthur further qualified for the local lunatic asylum by giggling. Miss Mannet walked back to her desk, trying to erase from her mind some of Arthur's astounding answers. The question: "What do you mean by the Key of G?" had re-

ceived from him the answer: "I didn't mean it." What was the matter with the boy?

* * * * *

The bell rang and Miss Mannet dismissed Room III for recess. Disheartened, she slowly gathered her books together. Maybe she was never meant to be a teacher. It was a hard life.

She suddenly became conscious of the fact that a little figure was standing by her desk. It was Arthur, and he was muttering something.

"What is it, Arthur? Why aren't you at recess?" The fact that Arthur was not giggling puzzled her.

"I seen it on my sister's letter," he mummured, ungramatical and mystifying.

"Seen what?" she asked, casting the foundations of English to the winds. One had to speak Arthur's language.

"These," he said, handing her his test paper and pointing to the big 37 X she had scrawled at the top.

"Yes?" she humored him, half afraid that he was showing symptoms of a fit.

Arthur bit his lower lip and fought in vain with his tears. He sobbed as the pent-up agony of so much love coursed down his little face. "X means kiss, doesn't it?" he stammered bravely.

She turned and grasped his small hands, too small for the seven years he tried so manfully to carry. "X could mean kiss," she whispered. She kissed his grimy cheek.

* * * * *

Miss Mannet looked at the empty room before her. She gazed at Arthur's empty chair. "X must mean excellent," she smiled to herself. And the salty taste upon her lips was not from Arthur's tears.

THERESA NEUMANN

By REV A. BELANGER,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

THE MAID OF KONNERSREUTH

THE world in which we live is material and visible, and is so many years old. Anterior and superior to it is its Maker Who is spiritual, invisible and without age, for He is eternal. As long as this world of ours has existed it has tried time and time again to forget its Maker, but just as often as it has tried so also just as frequently did its Maker use some means to remind His people that there exists not only a material world but also a spiritual one, which must never be forgotten. For example, when God parted the waters of the Red Sea and allowed His chosen people to pass safely to the other side; when God appeared to Moses in the burning bush and spoke to him; and He nourished His people for years with manna in the desert; when the Maker of this world does all these things, He makes us take our thoughts off this world and raise them to a world beyond us. So also when He raises up certain individuals for a definite purpose and makes them His instruments in working wondrous deeds, all of this is to make us think of the spiritual, of Him Who governs and owns this material world. And so, although the Church has never made any pronouncement on the matter, when an individual such as Theresa Neumann appears in our midst, our minds are raised aloft and we begin to think of the supernatural.

Theresa Neumann was born on April 18, 1898 in Konnersreuth, Germany. In her childhood and in her youth she really differed in no particular way from the other village children. But as time went on, extraordinary happenings began to occur in the life of the Maid of Konnersreuth. She met with numerous sicknesses and of some of them was miraculously cured. She began to read secrets in people's hearts, she would

go into ecstacies, she would see Christ suffering and dying, she could sense the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, she received the stigmata, and what is of great importance also is that since September 1927 she has taken no food, neither in solid or liquid form. Her only food is Our Lord in Holy Communion. When she receives Him, the pangs of hunger leave her, her body is strengthened and her regular weight is maintained. Naturally when incidents such as these happen to an individual, an examination is foreseen and expected. Theresa Neumann was no exception and thus in 1927 underwent a very thorough examination.

EXAMINATION OF 1927

It is hardly necessary to mention that Theresa Neumann was examined concerning every extraordinary happening in her life: her wounds, her visions, etc. All seem to have only a supernatural explanation, but really the main purpose of the examination was to establish whether or not she really eats or drinks anything. The investigation was requested by the Ordinary of Regensburg and consented to by her father. Before the Ordinary even requested it, he had been informed by scientific circles concerning the necessary length of such an examination. The answer was that no one could last two weeks without eating or drinking. Hence the reason for Theresa being subjected to a two-weeks' examination. The examination was very thorough and caused the family a great deal of inconvenience. During the whole period Theresa never took any food nor drink. All she actually took into her body was her daily Communion which was only a small particle, plus three tablespoonfuls of water altogether.

WHY NOT ANOTHER EXAMINATION?

Anyone who has read thoroughly of the examinations of Theresa Neumann feels convinced that the phenomena occuring in her life are not due to fraud nor hypnotism nor any other similar cause, but rather to a supernatural element. Moreover, we are satisfied with the results of the tests already made. However, there are some who never want to admit

supernatural happenings, who always question miracles, who are forever materialistically inclined and who feel that everything that occurs must have a natural cause. This type of person then, is not satisfied with the first examination of Theresa Neumann and consequently demands that another one be made.

Now in the first place it might be well to point out that the Ordinary of that diocese has never ordered or commanded another examination. Rather has he, in order to satisfy the demands of certain doctors, only suggested it to Theresa's parents. Thus, if Mr. Neumann has not as yet consented to an additional examination, we can hardly say he is disobeying his bishop. It is not the bishop's command, only his wish. Moreover, if the Ordinary should order new examinations at the request of every physician who was interested and should send Theresa from clinic to clinic, we can easily see what would follow. The Ordinary would simply become the plaything of every doctor, who without knowledge of the situation would wish to submit the results of former observations to a new scrutiny and who would be continually requesting new and endless examinations.

Moreover, Theresa herself is by no means opposed to another examination either in a convent or an institution. As a matter of fact she applied at several places for entrance but she was refused. And if she is opposed to a clinical examination it is only because her father is against it.

Hence, after these two or three general remarks just made, we could say that one reason why Theresa has not undergone another examination is because her father is not in favor of it. In the first place he is quite definitely opposed to a clinical examination, and when we study his reasons for taking this stand, we feel that he is acting properly.

We must keep in mind that, according to the law of nature, he, as her father, has the right and the obligation of protecting the life of his child. But one day Theresa's father accidentally overheard a conversation of physicians which, according to his opinion, threatened danger to the life of his child in the event that he should hand her over to some clinic. One

of the doctors is said to have made the following statement: "If Theresa should come to the clinic, we will give her Catholic injections." Because of this statement Mr. Neumann hesitates to allow his daughter to go to a clinic. And can we blame him for his stand? He is willing to submit to the wishes of the Bishop only on condition that unalterable necessary guarantees which he demands are given. As such he has no objection to a clinic. He is not fundamentally opposed to a medical examination of his daughter, but he does fear the experiments to which the physicians referred in their conversation. He is well aware of the terribly severe but fruitless attempts that were made with Catherine Emmerich.

Thus, in face of what has been said, Mr. Neumann is to be justified in the attitude he has taken. And might we add, since he said that he would not absolutely refuse his Bishop, that if Theresa's father, in spite of the promise of the Ordinary that all future examinations would be avoided and in spite of his own interior conviction that more examinations are useless, still permits his daughter to be re-examined, he does the best he can and gives an almost heroic proof of his attachment to the Church. Moreover, from the fact that the Bishop still continually gives permission to visit Konnersreuth, it is a sign that the authorities are convinced that everything is in order as far as the Church is concerned. And might we add here that through the permission to visit Konnersreuth, the authorities take no responsibility on themselves for the mystical phenomena that take place there, but give the visitors the guaranty that the things that are going on are in no way a source of scandal to the faithful.

There are other reasons why the father is opposed to another examination even at his home. You can well imagine that experiments of this type are of great inconvenience to father and mother and the other members of the family. Mr. Neumann feels that he does not want to be forever bothered with such doings. On one occasion he said: "It is a great pity that they did not demand more than two weeks for observation, because at that time I would have consented if they wanted to make a longer observation". As much as to say,

not now, however, because it is too much of a bother. Moreover, he is convinced that further examinations can add nothing of value to the findings of the first examination and are superfluous. Famous investigators and doctors are of the same conviction.

In addition to the reasons already given why another examination has not taken place, we have this one to add, namely, a new clinical examination would be superfluous and hence unnecessary. The fact that Theresa, even though she neither eats nor drinks, regains the physical weight that she loses through loss of blood, was sufficiently established by the most conscientious and exact control. Hence no need of a new proof for this fact exists, and the repetition of a scientific, indisputable experiment already made, should not be undertaken. As far as Theresa's stigmata are concerned, the examination of them has no influence on the problem of nutrition. And these wounds require no further examination, because from Dr. Ewald's report it was shown that Theresa's wounds were not kept open by scratching, because the skin remains over the wounds after the bleeding. If she scratched them the skin would be torn away.

Again, a further clinical examination is not required to refute the statement that Theresa is a hysteric. If during the ecstacy an impairment of consciousness was present, this is sufficient to establish that the ecstacy is a natural one; and for such a decision neither a clinical examination nor any similar investigation is necessary. A five minutes' visit with Theresa Neumann would be sufficient to prove whether her spiritual faculties are lessened or not.

Thus it would seem that no further investigation is necessary. Those who want it are those who doubt the supernatural. Hence might we conclude with an eminent psychiatrist: "To establish the presence of the supernatural, the existence of only a single atom suffices for me. In this case the establishing of the fact that her body, in spite of not eating, does not lose its weight, is sufficient to fully establish the existence of the supernatural. All further explanations are superfluous. This one phenomenon explains all."

HISTORIC TORONTO

By T. A. REED

A CITY a little over a hundred years old, and a settlement not yet one hundred and fifty, can scarcely be said to have a past, and, in comparison with cities of the old world, and even of the principal centres of the New England States, must appear very new indeed. And yet, so swiftly do the times and conditions change in a new country, that, if we look back one hundred years on this fair city of ours, to the days of its beginnings, we will realise how much of the history of this northern part of the North American Continent is bound up in the few square miles which make up our boundaries. The annals of Toronto run parallel with, and are to a large extent, really those of Ontario. Toronto is the focus of the Province, the seat of Government, the centre of learning, of industry, of wealth, and of culture, as evidenced in the remarkable development in education, music and art during the past forty years. Take its history out of the Chronicles of the National life of British Canada, and little would be left.

With this as a key-note for our theme, let us ask the very pertinent question: What brought about this settlement at this particular point on the north shore of Lake Ontario? Was it by hap-hazard? Was it by chance? I think not. Casual as such things may sometimes appear to be, there is ever behind it all, a guiding hand, a far-reaching brain, which seizes on conditions and on natural resources to build up for the good of the generations to come. For an answer we must go back to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

But before doing so let us consider the origin of the name "Toronto." It has been the subject of much discussion, some claiming it is a Mohawk word meaning "Trees rising out of the water" (i.e. the appearance of our Island to the voyageurs coming up or down the lake); others, "an opening into a lake," such as Toronto bay; and others, by far in the

majority, "a meeting place" or, more correctly "the place where many people meet." Dr. Henry Scadding's work "The Etymology of Toronto" supports the latter theory and no argument has yet successfully refuted it. In 1632, the Franciscan friar Gabriel Sagard (*) published at Paris a "Dictionary of the Huron Language." In it we find words "otoronton" and "toronton" which he translated "beaucoup,"



FORT ROUILLE, 1750.

i.e., *many* people, *much* game, *plenty*, etc. In early French maps, such as in Lahontan's "Nouveaux Voyages dans L'Amérique Septentrionale," published in 1703, which was based on earlier drawings we find "Lac Toronto" applied to the modern Lake Simcoe, "Baie de Toronto" to Matchedash Bay and the district of the Huron tribes adjacent as "Toronto gueronons," meaning Toronto people or warriors. Following the extermination of the Hurons by the Iroquois, in 1648

(*) Gabriel Sagard-Theodat, a Récollect or Franciscan, friend and companion of Champlain. He wrote a "Histoire du Canada," and "Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons." He is quoted by Parkman.

the name seems to disappear for a time until in 1686 the Governor of Canada, the Marquis Denonville, advocates the building of a Fort "at the pass by Toronto" in order he says "that your Englishmen may have someone to talk to." Thus the name seems to have become localized in this vicinity. But more of this presently.

Three hundred and thirty years ago—in 1607 to be exact—the first British colony of any importance on this continent was planted in Virginia by the London Company. One year later Champlain founded in the City of Quebec on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the beginning of a French colony. For nearly a century and a half, in peace and at war, were these two nations to grow up side by side, sworn enemies in battle and rivals in trade when at peace, as they had been for centuries in the old world.

From the French colony at Quebec an attempt was made to penetrate the hitherto unexplored country to the west, and then the Dutch, who had settled at Manhattan (now New York) in 1614, explored the Hudson and established a trading post at Albany, both with one end in view, the securing of the valuable fur trade with the Indian tribes. New York State was the home of that great confederacy—the Iroquois or five-nation Indians, who inhabited, when at home, that district extending from the Genesee River (Rochester) to the Hudson, and at other times, scoured the country for scalps and for plunder. Canada was then the home of the Hurons, the Algonquins, and a Neutral Nation: the Hurons in the vicinity of Georgian Bay, the Algonquins along the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and the Neutral Nation near Lake Erie and in Western Ontario. With the French, religion went hand in hand with trade, and the heroic work and ultimate martyrdom of the Catholic missionaries to convert these savages to Christianity has won the admiration of the world, even among those who do not agree with the tenets of that body.

In 1615 Champlain made his first voyage to that part of the

country which is now known as Ontario, following the Ottawa River into Lake Nipissing and down the French River into Georgian Bay, thence up the Severn and through the narrows at Couchiching into Lake Simcoe, across that water to the neighborhood of Beaverton, along the Trent River into Lake Ontario. Crossing the Lake with his Huron allies, he attacked the Iroquois with, however, small success and eventually returned to Quebec by the same route. Little did he realize that this was to result, in years to come, in a warfare which ultimately meant the annihilation of the Hurons. The region of Toronto was devastated by the Iroquois, who, following the Humber to its source and by a short portage to the Holland River, entered Lake Simcoe to attack and exterminate their enemies, finally accomplished in 1648.

The rivalry of the English traders encouraged French exploration and enterprise to lay the foundation of trade, which led to the partial opening of this part of Canada. New forts were established, an important one being Fort Frontenac (Kingston) in 1673, and one at Niagara in 1675. The English colonists in time pushed north to Lake Ontario and established trading posts and a fort at Oswego in 1722.

Fearing the diversion of the Indian trade, for the higher prices paid by the English, and the inferiority of the French goods, threw much of the traffic into English channels, the French established a fort in the vicinity of Toronto probably near Baby Point as early as 1720. The main object was plain. The Indians from the north, following their usual route via Lake Simcoe, the Holland River and the Humber, invariably rested at the mouth of the Humber. To effect trade with them before they could come in contact with the English traders meant untold gain to the first comers; and the saving to the Indians of 200 to 300 miles of journey was an inducement. But this was not enough for commerce will always follow the best market even with savage races and the heavier silver trinkets of the English, or an extra bolt of red cloth and, sad to relate, an extra bottle of rum or brandy did the trick.

"Thus we are discredited," said the Abbé Picquet, (*) and the goods in the King's stores are a pure loss."

The Governor de la Jonquière in October 1749 wrote to M. Antoine Rouillé, Count de Jouy, the Colonial Minister, stating that he had given orders for the building of a stockade and fort at Toronto to house the King's stores, an order carried out by the Chevalier de Portneuf the following spring. The timbers were to be of oak, the buildings to form the curtains of the fort, and to be built "piece upon piece." In two months, furs to the value of 18,000 francs were shipped east and inside of a year, so great was the increase in trade, the storehouse had to be enlarged. In the publication of the original documents covering this important event in our local history, M. Pierre Georges Roy, Archivist of the Province of Quebec, says, "And this is the great City of Toronto in embryo; Paris itself did not have a more glorious beginning; great things always have humble origins!" Fort Rouillé, as the post was officially called, was built on our Exhibition grounds where a monument marks the site.

In 1756 Oswego was captured by Montcalm and in 1759 Fort Frontenac was taken by the British under Bradstreet. In the same year Niagara surrendered to the English (July 25th), Fort Toronto having been destroyed and abandoned previously by order of Vaudreuil, the French Governor. On September 13th, Quebec surrendered to the British; and in 1763 all Canada was ceded to the British Crown by the Treaty of Paris.

That would almost seem to be the end of Toronto's importance as a trading post and indeed for thirty years the place was almost deserted. True, there were a few feeble efforts made to re-establish it, and we read that Sir Wm. Johnson,

(*) Abbé Picquet, doctor of the Sorbonne, King's Missionary and Prefect Apostolic to Canada, established a mission at Oswegatchie (Ogdensburg) known as La Présentation. He was very useful to the authorities at Quebec and was regarded by the Marquis Du Quesne as "worth ten regiments to New France." He was also known as "The Apostle to the Iroquois." After the conquest he retired to France where he died in 1781.

the Commander of the British troops in New York State, in a despatch to the Home Government relating to Indian affairs, states that could the post be restored, traders could be found who would be willing to give as much as £1,000 per annum for a monopoly of the trading rights there. So also Major Rogers on his way from Kingston to Detroit in 1760 refers to Toronto as a good site for a factory (trading post) and from there the British could settle Lake Erie. And the Abbé Picquet referring to the hospitality to be found there had said that the place had every requisite for trade.

A few years after the abandonment of the post, there broke out the American Revolution and at its close a large number of loyal colonists who preferred hardships and possible poverty than allegiance to a new government, left the United States and colonized Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Eastern Ontario.

After peace was declared in 1783, settlements sprang up at Niagara, Quinte, along the St. Lawrence River and the north shore of Lake Ontario, the settlers being almost entirely of British birth. The French form of government being no longer adequate, in 1791 was passed the Constitutional Act, dividing the old Province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, the dividing line being the Ottawa River, the Upper Province to have British laws and customs.

In the following year, Lieut.-Colonel John Graves Simcoe was appointed Governor of the new province of Upper Canada. On his arrival he realised that the old town of Newark or Niagara, "almost under the guns of the enemy fort" (Fort Niagara on the American side) was no place for the capital. With his surveyors and officers he personally examined the county from Niagara to Detroit, and the shores of Lake Ontario beginning at Niagara, westward to the head of the lake, and then eastward along the north shore as far as the Bay of Quinte. In all his travel, the only place discovered suitable for the site of the new capital was an old "Indian village, now deserted," near the spot where once stood Fort Toronto. Nowhere else along the shores could he find such a harbour

and such natural means of protection. And so in 1793 Governor Simcoe entered Toronto Bay and near the mouth of the Don River selected a site for a Town Plot, naming it York in honour of the Duke of York the soldier son of George III. At the foot of what is now Parliament Street were established the first Government buildings, and to the westward was laid out the first town site of the capital of Upper Canada. The first streets were named in honour of King George III and his family and to this day we have King, George, Frederick, Duke, Duchess and Princess to remind us of its origin.

To realise to what extent the vision of the first Governor has been justified, we have only to look upon the city as it is to-day. In 1796 there were only twelve houses in York and a town plot one-quarter-of-a-mile square. To-day the area of the city covers thirty-four square miles and there are over five hundred and seventy-five miles of streets. In 1834 when Toronto was incorporated as a city, the population was less than ten thousand, to-day it is nearly six hundred and fifty thousand. The wise man said "where there is no vision the people perish." As a result of Simcoe's vision may we not then say with St. Paul, we are "citizens of no mean city."



TORONTO CITY HALL
TO-DAY

HOW SHOULD WE TEACH RELIGION?

By REV. JOHN E. GAULT,
St. Augustine's Seminary,
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

IN OUR modern English vocabulary there is a word which has been discussed so much that its meaning has become obscure. That word is, "education." Its meaning has become so obscure that G. K. Chesterton has said: "No one knows what education is but we all want our children to have it."

This statement can be said, in truth, of those outside the Catholic Church. However, the Church, being definite and clear in all her teachings, is also definite and clear in her definition of education.

"Education," said Pope Pius XI, "consists essentially in preparing a man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to obtain the sublime end for which he was created . . . The proper and immediate end of Christian education is to co-operate with divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian."

In other words, education must result in the leading of the Christian life. "If I should have . . . all knowledge, . . . and have not charity, I am nothing." (I. Cor. XIII, 2).

True education must convince us of the necessity of leading the Christian life, otherwise we will never desire to lead it. We will not be convinced of the necessity of leading it unless we first know Christianity. We never desire that which we do not know. Therefore Catholics must know their religion.

"Faith cometh by hearing." (Romans X, 17). "How shall they believe Him, of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher?" (Romans X, 14). The Church of Christ overcomes these difficulties through her thousands of clerical and lay teachers. The question which concerns us is: how shall the teacher teach?

OUR LORD'S EXAMPLE.

To attempt an answer to this question we must first ask ourselves: how did Christ teach? Certainly, it is most evident from the Gospel that He made use of the ordinary things which were familiar to His audience. How often He made use of such common things as bread, harvest fields, vineyards, etc! How often He made use of such stories as the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, Dives and Lazarus, etc.! Truly, this method of imparting knowledge is most appealing and most efficacious.

However, this method is not always the best, as is evident from our Lord's example.

When our Blessed Saviour taught in the temple on the feast of the Tabernacles, "the Jews wondered, saying: 'How doth this Man know letters, having never learned?' Jesus answered them and said: 'My doctrine is not Mine but His that sent Me.'" (St. John VII, 15, 16, 29).

Our Divine Teacher did not receive His knowledge gradually and through effort as we do. The doctrine which He was sent to teach deals with supernatural truths—with truths, which are known by faith alone—with truths, which unless they were received, could not be known. These truths cannot be properly taught by means of material objects and examples. They are mysteries hidden in God.

Our Blessed Lord performed the great miracle of feeding five thousand people with five loaves of bread, in order to prepare them for the promise of the Holy Eucharist. He continued to dwell upon the notion of common bread until He came to a statement of the truth which He wished to teach. Then He said: "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting, which the Son of Man will give you." (St. John VI, 27). "The Bread which I will give you is My Flesh." (St. John VI, 52).

The Holy Eucharist is not bread, as we know it. It is the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, under the appearances of bread. Hence it is dangerous in teaching this doctrine, to lay undue stress on the comparison of the

Blessed Eucharist to bread. Even a child in danger of death, who has not yet reached the age of reason, must be able to distinguish the Holy Eucharist from ordinary bread, before he may receive Viaticum.

Another case where it is dangerous to teach doctrine by means of material objects, examples and stories is found in the dogma of Redemption.

If we proceed by comparing the Crucifixion of our Saviour to the deaths of the martyrs and other heroes and succeed in presenting a vivid and terrifying picture of His death, we may arouse true sympathy and excite the imaginations of our hearers, but if they see nothing but a suffering Man, then we have failed to teach the doctrine of Redemption. Christ's sufferings were alone of their kind. They were redeeming. "He shall save His people from their sins." (St. Matt. I, 21). This is known only through Revelation.

The same difficulty is found in teaching the various other truths of the supernatural religion. Does a shamrock or a triangle convey the true notion of the Blessed Trinity? Is heaven a place where children will have all the ice cream they desire?

Hence we conclude that the revealed truths of the Christian religion cannot be taught properly and completely by using the inductive method, which is so successful in teaching the natural sciences. The inductive method is most helpful and most necessary but not sufficient.

THE USE OF THE MEMORY.

The truths themselves and the necessary conclusions which logically follow from them, should be stated in as clear and as concise a manner as possible. These formulae should be committed to memory, in childhood, if possible.

The explanation by means of material objects already known to the pupils, should either precede or follow the memorization, according as the teacher sees fit.

There are many who object to memory work. If their objection is to pure memory work with no attempt at explana-

tion, then we heartily agree with them. However, if they wish to do away with, or practically do away with, memorization, then we heartily disagree with them.

God has given the gift of memory to human beings; why not use and develop it like any other God given faculty?

Some, who have failed to exorcise themselves of the evil spirit of modern pagan pedagogy, claim that memory work makes the religion class too difficult and boring for the children.

"*O felix culpa!*" What unhappiness you have brought into our religion class. If original sin had never originated, then there would be no need for studying religious truths. We would know them. Since original sin is a fact (and also a revealed truth, the effects of which are most evident to the senses) then it is necessary that children be trained to do things which are not always pleasant to human nature. They must be taught self-discipline and mortification. If these are not learned and put into practice then are our religion classes vain and our teaching vain.

Moreover, memorization is not such an unbearable burden for the children. It aids the intelligence, and children certainly do memorize well even though they do not understand. What is memorized in childhood is retained much longer than that which is memorized in later years. If the memory be not trained when it is the strongest and most valuable faculty, when shall the opportunity arise again?

Memorization provides the Catholic with a religious vocabulary. It supplies correct expressions for religious doctrines. It is true that these expressions will not always be understood immediately, but as the youthful intelligence develops, their meaning is grasped accordingly. Is it not better to have a memorized formula which is not understood, but which may be understood later when the intelligence does develop, than to have nothing—nothing to understand later when the intellect is capable of understanding?

Thus, the result of early memorization is seen to advantage when the mind, broadened by education, can go back to

understand, to relish, and to appreciate the difficult answers learnt by heart in childhood days.

To-day, students who have recently graduated from the religion classes, where they were not made to memorize the Catechism, but rather were given an understanding (?) of Christian truths, can not give the Catechism answers and even the substance of the answers in their own words is certainly anything but correct.

On the other hand, elderly people, who memorized the Catechism in childhood can still give many of the answers and with a greater or lesser degree of understanding according to their state and opportunities.

In ages past, when books were scarce and difficult of access, and in the still earlier times when oral tradition was the only available means of passing on the wisdom of the ages, man's memory was a valuable store-house.

In Old Testament times the Jews committed to memory the Psalms and various sections of the Bible. Psalm 118, (a long alphabetical Psalm, in praise of God's law) seems to have been composed in such a way for the purpose of facilitating its committal to memory.

When the Angel Gabriel announced the Incarnation to our Blessed Lady, she spontaneously expressed her gratitude and joy by reciting a series of Old Testament quotations, known to us as the Magnificat.

The early Christians knew the Scriptures so well from memory that one Bishop almost lost his See because in a sermon he changed one word in his text.

The Mohammedans memorized the Koran.

Luther used the memory as a great weapon in teaching and spreading his false doctrines.

To-day, in China, the Apostolic Delegate has ordered that Gasparri's Catechism be taught in all the missions and that it be committed to memory by the Christians. In fact, every Sunday, one quarter of the Catechism is recited aloud by the congregation and at Christmas the entire Catechism is recited.

CONCLUSION.

Too long have we sought to teach Catholic Catechetics by using whole and entire, secular pedagogical methods.

Memory work is absolutely necessary in any true and effective Catechetical method.

With such a maze of Catechetical methods as we have to-day, it is very difficult to decide which one should be used. However, it certainly can be said that one must be chosen which does not exclude the Catechism in which is stated the truths of the Christian religion and their necessary conclusions. Nor should it exclude the committal to memory of the Catechism.

Surely, with such a method, and fervent prayer for God's grace and guidance, we can be confident that we are fulfilling: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (St. Matt. XXVIII, 19-20).

One day Ozanam, tempted against faith, entered a church to seek strength in prayer. There he beheld a figure kneeling humbly in a corner of the church. It was Ampere, and as Ozanam drew near he saw that his friend had a rosary in his hands, and, oblivious of all round him, was reverently saying his beads.

"At that very moment," Ozanam wrote afterwards, "the temptation left me. It affected me deeply to see this learned scientist kneeling in humble petition before the throne of God."

MICHAEL INTERVENES

By JANE MANNING.

"READS like an Irish Social Register, doesn't it, Michael?" And the girl repeated with a relish.

"On June the seventeenth at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Desmond Burke the marriage of their daughter Mary Ellen Patricia to . . ."

"You'd better stop there, Pat, if you're going to be consistent—the rest just won't fit in, and you know it!"

Then, seeing the light of battle in his sister's grey eyes, the lad continued wretchedly, stumbling over each word and blurting out his misery as if he were afraid to stop.

"Oh Pat, I know! It's no affair of mine! But Patsy, you can't—you just *can't* marry him. Oh, sure—he's the catch of the season—the polo star—a whizz at tennis and badminton—belongs to the best clubs, knows the right people, and all the rest of the sickening stuff—but he's not fit to strap on your skiis and you know it!" At a sign of interruption he hurried on.

"Pat, you'll hate me! I know you'll hate me, but if you're honest you'll admit that I'm right—you can't fool yourself, you know, and you haven't changed inside from the big sister who taught her kid brother to swim and fish and find birds' nests, even though you are "this season's most popular debutante"—he finished bitterly, mocking the prim tones of the social writer for the daily paper.

Two hours later Patricia still sat in a wilderness of dress boxes, tissue paper and tulle. The dressmaker had come and gone without seeing Patricia. Gifts had arrived, been released from their wrappings to be set aside indifferently. Her mother's maid had come in timidly to help Miss Patricia to dress for dinner only to be dismissed gently but emphatically. Patricia's little world had crashed about her ears at Michael's words, and now, a cold, impersonal spectator, she sat amid

the wreckage, to look back over her life. It had been a gay life and a happy life from the first dawning of consciousness until this afternoon. Little Mary Ellen Patricia Burke, the sweet and unspoiled yet wilful darling of an adored and adoring father, had romped through life, secure in the knowledge of wealth, of protection, of love. Mrs. Desmond Burke had disapproved at times, it was true, of her daughter's carefree attitude, of her lack of social consciousness, of the wide circle of her daughter's friends, but Pat had only tossed back her golden red curls and continued on her own sweet way.

And then Wayne Hargrave had appeared on the horizon. Older than she, sophisticated, almost too sure of himself, he, the idol of mothers, the hero of sub-debs, the desired conquest of the debutantes, had fallen an easy prey to her charm, and she, flattered by his attentions, had at first responded for the sheer mischief of it. Little by little her fascination of him grew, until, all barriers swept away, she had promised to marry him in spite of the fact that he considered her Catholicism superstition and her convent training a pitiable display of childishness. There had been stormy scenes about the wedding itself, but they had compromised on a ceremony in the garden of her home with Father O'Byrne as officiant. In her heart of hearts, Pat knew that Wayne had resolved to win her gradually from this pious nonsense, but she had stifled her doubts and gone on more gaily than ever with the everlasting round of teas and parties and dances. And now Michael had brought her face to face with ghosts she had thought buried forever. She remembered the day Ken Bartlett had left for the seminary. They had been swimming at the Bartlett cottage and Ken had challenged her to a race as far as the raft. There, away from the crowd, he had told her that he was leaving that very evening for the Jesuit Novitate. "The others don't know, Pat, but I felt that you'd understand. God is the biggest thing in my life, and somehow or other I think He is in yours too." And there, in the hot sunlight on the raft, Pat had put into words the unformulated longings and love of her soul. Ken was a sympathetic

listener. Patricia's heart warmed with gratitude at the thought of all Ken had meant to her. He had always been there, the taken for granted playfellow who had filled the place of the big brother who had never been, the sharer of her games and pleasures, the rather brutal critic of her whims and petty vanities, but her staunch defender against others in childish quarrels. Shyly at first, then with great freedom the girl had told of her dreams for the future, of how *He* would always be the first and dearest. From her earliest days she had carried her joys and griefs to Him. He was the first to see the pretty new toy,—the first to be told of the broken doll. And, as she grew older, in the busiest days of her crowded happy school life she had never forgotten her afternoon visit even if it could only be a hurried genuflection at the back of the church with a whispered "Good afternoon, dear Lord, I love you."

There were plans, too, for the grown-up years. Some day perhaps the dearest person God ever made would go hand in hand with her to the One Who was first for both, and together they would thank Him for Himself and for each other. Or, she scarcely dared voice it, He might always be the Only One—she did not know yet as Ken knew—

A knock at the door roused Patricia as her Mother, in a voice which brooked no remonstrance, informed her daughter that she would expect her down to dinner in a very few minutes and that Wayne had already been waiting half an hour.

Michael glanced quickly at his sister as she slipped into her place at table with a murmured apology for her tardiness. She was his old Pat again—bright, bubbling over with happiness—none of the forced brittle gaiety and caustic wit that had been hers of late, but a "shining" Pat who chatted and laughed and gleamed through the meal. As they left the dining-room, she pulled Michael aside to whisper to him "Phone Dick Bartlett and ask him to come over this evening —I want him to drive me down to see Ken."

At Michael's blank look she hurried on:

"Don't worry, he'll come—and we'll see Ken, too—I've phoned his Novice Master."

With a chuckle she had pushed him off on his errand and had joined the others.

The rest of the evening was a puzzle to the boy. Wayne had left suddenly after a brief interview with Pat in the library, then Pat—a glorious Pat had gone off with Dick leaving behind a furious mother and a perplexed father. Now Michael, on his way to bed, shook his head over the perversity of women and gave up the problem as hopeless. Walking to his desk, he switched on the light, only to whoop with joy and satisfaction. There lay the satin covered "date book" he had given Patricia on her last birthday and scrawled on the blank page of June the seventeenth were the words—Cancelled—A Wedding!

Oh, Saint Teresa, tell me, pray,
Where lies your Sure and Little Way?
"Close to the Road of Everyday."

And can I find your roses red
Treading a path that seems so dead?
"That was the road Child Jesus tread."

Oh, show me, please, just how to start
To keep, like you, a childlike heart.
"Do well each day your simple part."

Ah, who your Little Way did trace?
What kept you always in God's grace?
"I found both in the Holy Face."

Agnes O'Brien.

ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

BY REV. MYLES V. RONAN, M.R.I.A., F.R.HIST.S.

VIII

THE BOOK OF KELLS

THE first art, that of the scribes, was carried to marvellous perfection in Christian Ireland. Writing formed a most important part of the daily life of the ancient Irish monks, and their penmanship exercised a considerable influence on the Continent (through the Irish missionaries), which continued until the 14th century.

The extraordinary neatness of the writing, and its firm character, have inspired antiquaries with the idea that the Irish monks used metallic pens. Such a notion is disproved by several drawings in the Irish MSS. where the writer represents the Evangelist, engaged in writing his Gospel, holding a pen the feather of which can be clearly seen. The Irish scribe was representing what he himself used. He used the quills of swans, geese, crows, and other birds. The inkstand is also represented as a simple slender conical cup fastened either to the arm of the chair or to a stick on the ground.

The Irish scribe had to make his own ink, of various colours. The knowledge acquired in the making of them was, no doubt, passed on from one monastery to another. The quality of the ink has aroused the astonishment of the world for its durability. The thick black ink is indeed black after 1200 years, and has resisted the action of chemical tests of iron. The red colour has, however, been the most astounding; it is frequently met with, and was mixed with a thick varnish or gumming substance that preserved it from sinking into the parchment, and from fading.

Even in the 8th century, the brilliance and permanence of the red colour excited the admiration of the Venerable Saint Bede who says of it:—"There is also a great abundance of

cockles, of which the scarlet is made; a most beautiful colour, which never fades with the heat of the sun or the washing of the rain; [1] but the older it is, the more beautiful it becomes". (Eccl. Hist. bk.l.c.l.)

The beauty, softness, and harmony of the colouring constitute some of the greatest charms of the Book of Kells. Every page is a lesson for students in colouring. Quite a successful attempt has been made to reproduce the pages in colour. [2]

A learned authority on this subject says that the black is lampblack or fish-bone black, while the reds, yellows, and blues were obtained by grinding natural mineral substances. The bright red, he thinks, was realgar (arsenic disulphide); the yellow orpiment (arsenic tersulphide); the emerald green, malachite (an ore of copper found near Cork and Limerick); the deep blue, perhaps lapis-lazuli. The reddish purple was either a finely ground glass coloured with gold, or a preparation similar to the 'purple of Cassius' (obtained from a solution of gold by a solution of tin). It is sparingly used, so that it was doubtless costly. There is also a neutral green, a lighter blue, and a tint resembling burnt sienna. The pigments were mixed with some gelatinous preparation. The colours seem to have suffered less by fading than by rubbing. This is particularly the case with red and yellow.

The handwriting is of the semi-uncial character which from its roundness and graceful curve of lines contrasts favourably with the Frankish style which was more angular and stiff. The excellence of the Irish school of caligraphy, which reached its height in the 8th century, was the result of the work of numerous schools and of the improvement of several generations.

The numerous illustrations in the Book make it a complete storehouse of artistic interest. Many continental experts have

(1) It is interesting to note that it seems to have been customary with the students in the Irish monasteries to bring those precious MSS. with them into the open air during their studies or lectures.

(2) See "Book of Kells described by Sir Ed. Sullivan, Bart., illustrated with 24 plates in colour. 1914. The Studio Ltd.; London, New York."



Portion of Illuminated Monogram. "Book of Kells"

expressed their unbounded admiration of this art, in its ornamental pages, borders, and initial letters, with their rich variety of design and admirable arrangement of colour.

Professor Middleton says of this Book:—"No words can describe the intricate delicacy of the ornamentation of this book, lavishly decorated as it is with all the different varieties of pattern, the most remarkable amongst them being the ingeniously intricate patterns, formed by interlaced and knotted

lines of colour, plaited in and out, with such amazingly complicated lines of interlacement, that one cannot look at the page without astonishment at the combined taste, patience, unfaltering certainty of touch, and imaginative ingenuity of the artist".

The minuteness and exactness of the work may be realised when it is said that with the aid of a lens there have been counted in the space of one inch no fewer than 158 interlacements of bands or ribands, each composed of a strip of white, bordered on both sides by a black line. One class of ornament, consisting of bands or diapers, formed with step-like lines, enclosing small spaces of brilliant colour, is derived, it is said, from the cloisonné inlay with bits of transparent carbuncle used in gold jewellery. Other ornaments consist of spiral forms, derived from the application in metal work of gold wire to flat surfaces of gold. It is considered that these illuminated spirals were the most difficult part of the patterns. They are real masterpieces and furnish splendid proof of the extraordinary firmness of hand of the illuminator.

A frequent and characteristic form of ornament is what is called the trumpet pattern. In this a spiral expands into something like the form of a curved metal trumpet, which is then joined on to the trumpet expansion of another spiral, and so on, until the whole space is filled with mutually connected spirals. This kind of ornament is also found on Celtic metal work.

Of the pictorial pages a few may be mentioned; the Virgin and Child, the Temptation of Christ, the Arrest of Christ, The Symbols of the four Evangelists (man, lion, ox, and eagle), three portraits of the Evangelists (one being lost), Christ with hand raised in blessing, and the Monogram of Christ, XPI. The culminating point of splendour seems to be reached in the Monogram, and upon it is lavished, with all the fervent devotion of the Irish scribe, every variety of design to be found in Celtic Art, so that the name which is the epitome of his faith is also the epitome of his country's Art.



Frontispiece. "Book of Durrow."

This specialization in the Monogram of Christ seems to be derived from the early Art of Ravenna, the home of early Christian Art.

Though diligence in writing was a characteristic of St. Colmchille (d. 597), yet it cannot be held that the Book of Kells was the work of his hand. There is no evidence that the Book of Kells was associated with any other church than Kells. As the Columban monastery there was founded about 814 by the monks of Iona (Colmchille's Isle in Scotland), more that 200 years after the death of St. Columba, who had to leave that island owing to the raids of the Norsemen, the Book must have been written in Kells after that date. It represents the highest form of Irish illumination work, and is rightly regarded as the most beautiful book in the world.

The Book was stolen from the sacristy of Kells in 1007, and was found "after twenty nights and two months" under a sod, its precious cover adorned with gold and jewels, having been removed. It remained in Kells until about 1653 when it was sent to the Commissioners of the Cromwellian Commonwealth by the Governor of Kells. It then passed into the hands of James Ussher, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh,and through him into the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, where it still remains. The Book is imperfect at the beginning and at the end; the present number of its leaves is 339.

It is only natural to suppose that there were many other examples of Irish illumination work executed in the ancient Irish monasteries; the destruction of our ancient monastic MSS., during the Norse and Irish raids, is one of the most deplorable features of our history. Fortunately we possess also the 'Book of Durrow' (Offaly), also in Trinity College (II). There are fewer varieties of design in this book than in the Book of Kells, and they are inferior in beauty of execution, but they belong to the most characteristic and archaic style of Irish Christian Art.

It will be, therefore, useful to compare the two styles (illustrations)—some centuries apart—and it is recommended that a strong lens be used, as otherwise much of the beauty of the work may not be observed.

CORPUS CHRISTI

PAVILIONED 'neath a canopy of gold
Down the long aisle the Lord of Heaven goes;
Through pictured windows coloured radiance glows
While the great organ peals in thunder bold!
Sweet incense rises as in days of old
When conquering kings from jeweled thrones uprose
To follow humbly as the throng out-flows
And Christ's loved Name is lauded and extolled!

There is no earthly triumph like to this
No pomp of war or startling steel is there—
It is the Lord of Peace and Love Who comes;
The World's unhallowed pageantry we miss
But high in Heaven angelic trumpets blare
And radiant cohorts roll reverberant drums!

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Dollard, P.D.

THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER

MAKE Thou my heart
A swift desire,
A living fire,
A quivering dart,
A flame, a part
Of Thee.

Change it and raise,
Ah, sift and cleanse,
That Thine, not men's
May be its ways,
And all its praise
Of Thee.

Make it to burn
In whitening glow
Nor pleasures know
And all joy spurn
Until it turn
To Thee.

Until it shine
And things of earth
Have higher worth,
Being still Thine
And made divine
By Thee.

A. F. Gerald.

SALUTE TO A LILY

PEER among blossoms, thou,
Regal in state,
Purity stamps thy brow,
Lily ornate.
Where the queen, statelier dressed,
Led to a throne?
Where bride or courtly guest
Comelier shown?

Gothic, in spiral form,
Priest-like, with stole;
Nurse in white uniform,
In Mercy's role,
Stooping o'er hospital bed,
Minist'ring balm;
With an unaureoled head,
Angel of calm.

Nature's gowned acolyte,
Starring earth's gloom,
Sending your rays of light
Into Life's room:
As the winged dove of peace,
In stressful hour,
Be till our storm shall cease,
Beautiful bower!

F. B. Fenton.

EVENING ON LAKE MUSKOKA

SO calm and still the Lake, we drift, we glide
No sound, no ripple, the peace and quietness break
Only the shadows quiver, side by side
And tremble, lest thou from thy sleep should'st awake
Here sudden splash and growing rings of silver
Tell where some fish, in wanton play disport;
There intermitten flash and sudden quiver
Of gifted gleams, by darting fireflies wrought.
From blade of ear, pale drops of silver glisten
And gently fall upon thy peaceful breast;
While shore and lake and sky, all seem to listen
To Unseen Voices, call all to rest.
The Moon's soft light reveals thy beauties dimly
All dark and silent, island, shore and bay
While silhouetted, looms each point and headland
Embosomed in thy quiet depths they lay:
Now comes the night, its spicy odours bearing
Now gently falls the day, in fading light;
The quiet woods, the placid lake, seem resting
And all things, lightly breathe a fond Good Night.

J. E. Fenn.



St. Joseph Lilies offers congratulations to Right Reverend Emile Marie Bunoz, D.D., O.M.I., in honour of the Golden Jubilee of his Ordination, which took place in Rome March 28, 1891. The occasion of a Jubilee offers opportunity of recalling many of the blessings bestowed by God on an illustrious personage called by Divine Providence to fulfil a noble work. Such an outline of His Excellency's unique career was given by his Coadjutor, the Right Reverend J. L. Coudert, D.D., O.M.I., at the Mass of Jubilee.

Called to labour in the distant missions of North Western Canada, Father Bunoz left his home in Savoy, France, in the year of his ordination. In 1902 he was appointed Superior of the newly established missions of the Klondike. There, his zeal for souls became more and more evident. On April 8, 1908, he was chosen the first Prefect Apostolic of the Yukon and Prince Rupert, and in this vast field, His Excellency has exemplified the qualities of mind and soul of a true Apostle of Christ—an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. His Excellency, Bishop Coudert, mentioned in his allocution, that Bishop Bunoz and Marshal Joffre had been class-mates, and pointed out a striking analogy in the two: Joffre became a renowned general in the Great War, while His Excellency became an illustrious Bishop and Pastor, leading many souls gently and lovingly to the holy conquest of Eternal Mansions.

To the felicitations of our beloved Jubilarian's many friends, St. Joseph Lilies joins its golden greetings and its ardent prayer: "Ad Multos Annos!"

On Wednesday, March 19th, Ceremonies of Profession and Reception were held in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, Toronto. That of Profession took place at 6.00 a.m., Rev. F. Nelligan, S.J., who had conducted the Retreat, presiding. The following made their First Annual Vows: Sister M. St. Patrick Smith, St. Catharines; Sister M. Editha Galvin, Toronto; Sister M. Monica Downey, Nakina, Ont.; Sister M. Lois Barnett, Toronto.

At 9.00 a.m. the Chapel was filled with relatives and friends of the young ladies to be received. The procession of white-robed brides with their dainty flower-girls, following the cross-bearer and in turn followed by the celebrant with the attending clergy, was a fitting prelude to the ceremony itself, completed only when the bridal robes were exchanged for the black habit of the Congregation. Rt. Rev. Msgr. McCann officiated, assisted by Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B., Rev. Father Nelligan, S.J., congratulated the aspirants and their parents, reminding the latter that a religious vocation in a family marked that family as holy, thus their daughters were leaving one holy family to join another. Referring to that other and "larger family" he called attention to the works of charity to which the Sisters of St. Joseph devote their lives.

Rev. F. McGinn celebrated Holy Mass. Besides the officiating clergy there were present in the sanctuary Very Rev. T. O'Sullivan, C.SS.R., Rev. M. O'Neill, Rev. J, McCandlish, C.SS.R., Rev. E. Ronan, Rev. A. McQuillen, Rev. J. Muldoon, C.SS.R., Rev. F. Mogan, Rev. L. McCann, C.S.B., Rev. A. J. Chafe, Rev. E. Moriarity, Rev. P Hendriks, Rev A. McDonnell, C.S.P., Rev. R. McGinn.

The young ladies who received the Habit are: Miss Mary Sheehan, St. Catharines, Ont., Sister Mary Frederick; Miss Antoinette Sheehan, St. Catharines, Ont., Sister Mary Agnes Teresa; Miss Jean Hodsdon, Toronto, Ont., Sister Mary Edna; Miss Jean McEvoy, Toronto, Ont., Sister Mary Laura; Miss Margaret Goodwin, Pickering, Ont., Sister Josephine Marie; Miss Rosine Ogle, Rosetown, Sask., Sister Mary Denis; Miss Margaret Gainer, Rosebud, Alberta, Sister Mary Quentin; Miss Ann Bernier, Vancouver, B.C., Sister Mary Yvette; Miss Eileen Clarkson, Toronto, Sister Marie Noel.

St. Joseph Lilies extends sincere congratulations to the Right Rev. Monsignor P. J. Coyle on the honour conferred on him by the Holy Father in naming him Prothonotary Apostolic on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

The "Lilies" adds its tribute and joins in the prayerful wishes that the future of the venerable jubilarian may continue to abound in God's good gifts.

And while the golden shadows deeper fall
God's peace enfold the fullness of his days
Ere he shall answer to the Last Grand Call.

Easter Sunday fell this year on the sixtieth anniversary of the entrance into religious life of Sister M. Bibiana, and it was a joyous day at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro. Solemn High Mass was sung at seven o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Markle, assisted by Rev. V. Paulter, deacon, and Rev. C. Burke, sub-deacon. At nine o'clock another Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., Superior-General. This was an especial favour bestowed upon the Jubilarian, who fully appreciated the Reverend Father's contribution towards the happiness of the anniversary.

During the festal day many sisters and friends came to offer congratulations and tributes of esteem for one who had ever shown herself unflagging not only in her assigned duties but untiring in her thoughtfulness for all. In her well-filled days no duties are so demanding that an act of charity cannot be done and done graciously and cheerfully.

The missions of Oshawa, Thorold, Barrie, Orillia and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, were centres in which Sister Bibiana diffused her kindly spirit of self sacrifice.

May God bless abundantly Sister Bibiana's life of quiet, efficient and cheerful devotion. May He spare her for many more merit-winning years to serve as a model of Christ-like charity and then

> When the stream of life has run its course
> And reached the boundless sea,
> May angelic choirs sound forth her name
> In Eternal Jubilee!

We offer felicitations to the Rev. Gerald J. Kirby, Ph.D., Pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Toronto, on the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood. We pray God that the Reverend Jubilarian may continue for many years to honour his holy calling.

Sincere congratulations to the Congregation of the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate on the centenary of their coming to Canada. Our houses in Western Canada have experienced the devoted ministrations of the Fathers. May the blessing of heaven continue on the labours of the Missionary Oblates in their great work for the cause of God and the Church.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

On Passion Sunday, Miss Kathleen Sullivan, gave the Sisters and residents of the House of Providence a much appreciated illustrated lecture and showed slides of the "Passion".

* * *

Under the direction of our Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. J. Bagnasco, assisted by Rev. F. Deitz, C.Ss.R., the Forty Hours was held from April 4th to 6th.

* * *

As usual the C.W.L. with Mrs. Regan as Convener, gave a generous treat of Easter Eggs, etc., for the residents.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, TORONTO.

The following are the results of Piano and Theory Examinations, Toronto Conservatory, February 1941.

PIANO—J. Crea, Grade 1, (First Class Honours) L. Cave, Grade 2 (Honours) K. Boehler, Grade 2 (Honours) M. Barrett, Grade 5 (Honours) H. Boehler, Grade 3 (Honours) M. MacMillan, Grade 4 (Honours) A. Uzemeck, Grade 4 (Honours).

THEORY—K. O'Connor, Grade 1 (First Class Honours); J. Morris, Grade 1 (First Class Honours) B. Cownden, Grade 1 (First Class Honours) M. Baran, Grade 2, (First Class Honours) G. Allen, Grade 2 (First Class Honours).

Congratulations to the diligent and clever pupils!

* * *

St. Patrick's Concert was well patronized. The Melody Band was one of the highlights and it received an enthusiastic applause from the audience. One of our kindergarten pupils, Ross Hughes, in military uniform, sang a war-time song.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

St. Patrick's Day as usual was celebrated by the nurses, and the Probationers presented a delightful musicale in honour of the 1941 graduating Class.

The Penny Auction Sale, sponsored by the Alumnae, was held on March 10, at Columbus Hall. Miss Beatrice Quilty, convener, Miss Helen Sexton the co-convener and Miss Doreen Murphy, President of the Alumnae, drew the winning tickets. The net proceeds amounted to $134.00, and a cheque for $67.00 was given to the British War Relief Fund, the other half to the Alumnae Scholarship Fund.

The student nurses' basketball team played their first game of the season against the Junior Alumnae of St. Joseph's College School on March 20th, the latter being the winner.

* * *

At the invitation of St. John's Hospital Alumnae, the nurses of St. Michael's Hospital attended a lecture in the Biology building, University of Toronto, March 28th, given by Miss V. Englebert, a graduate of the Royal College, Copenhagen, Denmark.

* * *

The Graduates will be guests of the Women's Auxiliary on Tuesday, May 20th at the King Edward Hotel; and guests of the Nurses Alumnae on June 2, at the Granite Club.

* * *

The forty-seventh Annual Graduation exercises will be held Friday afternoon, May 23rd at four o'clock at St. Joseph's College School Auditorium, when sixty Graduates will receive diplomas.

* * *

The many friends of Nursing Sister Margaret Hunt were pleased to hear her voice over the radio on St. Patrick's night on the programme "With The Troops in England". She spoke for about five minutes and gave a vivid description of the visit of the Queen to their hospital that day. Accompanied by Matron Agnes Neil and senior medical officers, her majesty walked through the wards speaking to practically every patient. After the tour she drove to the nursing sisters' mess for tea, where the nurses were presented.

SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE.

We are grateful to all who worked to make tag day a success—the co-chairmen, Mrs. J. P. Hynes and Mrs. George Davis, the clergy, the Catholic Women's League, the Alumnae Associations, the Catholic Business Women's Guild, the publicity and car conveners, the ladies who served lunches or drove cars, or lent cars, the Press, the firms and hotels who lent space for headquarters, the men who counted the money under the direction of Mr. W. S. Tyrell. Particular thanks are due to the Good Shepherd Monastery, St. Joseph's Convent, the House of Providence, St. John's Training School, St. Joseph's High School, and De La Salle (Bond Street) for doing the tremendous job of placing strings in more than a quarter of a million tags.

May God bless abundantly the TAGGERS and their CAP-

TAINS who responded to the call of their Church on behalf of our children!

* * *

At Easter many good friends remembered the children with the usual goodies,—eggs of all kinds, chocolate bunnies, and candies. The Loretto girls of Armour Heights, Toronto, sent a generous supply. How the children enjoyed all.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

At the Convention of the Registered Nurses of Ontario, held at Niagara Falls in Easter week, Miss Loretta Tracey represented the student body, Misses M. McCarthy and K. Boyle, Instructresses also being present. St. Joseph's sent two exhibits—one a model of Central Supply of Surgical Equipment—the other actual photographs of the progress of a patient through the Out Patients' Clinic—work of the Junior Students. The other students sent posters giving facts about the journal 'The Canadian Nurse.'

* * *

The Students of the School are rejoicing over the ping-pong table given by the Womens' Auxiliary.

* * *

Many of the students were present at the annual Inter-school Dinner, held at Diana Sweets, April 24, 1941.

* * *

Dr. Alan Brown, Physician-in-Chief at the Hospital for Sick Children, recently gave an excellent address on "Recent Advances in Paediatrics".

* * *

The annual Graduation Exercises will take place, June 4th, in the Parish Hall of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Kingsway.

* * *

The month of April was spent in observation of our class room and ward technique. Two Sisters taking the course in Administration at the University of Toronto—Rev. Sister Annunciata, Sisters of St. Elizabeth of St. Francis, Humbolt, Saskatchewan, and Rev. Sister Patrice, Sisters of Providence, Brockville, Ont., spent the month with us to observe our class-room and ward technique.

* * *

The proceeds of the Sodality Dance were donated equally to the Red Cross, and to 'Pet charities.'

Sodality plans to honour Our Lady in May: A shrine in the Residence; the Rosary recited each night before the Shrine; May 11th has been set aside for Mary's Day devotion; a procession through the grounds and hospital; the crowning of Our Lady in the chapel.

* * *

A Silver Tea will be sponsored by the Sodality, May 25th. During the tea the lucky winner of the War Savings Certificate draw will be announced.

ST. CATHARINES

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

Mission Work in St. John's has been progressing. In St. Joseph's month children ransomed two pagan babies and sent Rev. Father Webster five dollars.

On St. George's Day the children stood on the green in front of school, recited a prayer for the King, sang the National Anthem, and saluted the Flag. Several pupils gave addresses and then all marched around the grounds, carrying flags and singing patriotic songs. Many viewed the scene and found it interesting and impressive.

May 22nd was our annual Field Day. Great interest and keen competition made it a success.

May 28th was Visitors' Day at St. John's. Parents and friends visited the school and viewed projects, note book records, art work, cut wood work.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

ST. PATRICK'S.

The annual concert took place on May 6th and 7th. There were two choral numbers by the school choir and a four-act drama, "Through Darkness to Light." Sixty-five pupils took part in the programme and the hall was filled to capacity both nights.

On April 27th the children from all the parish schools assembled at the Cathedral to present His Excellency Archbishop Duke with their Lenten alms. A representative from each class made the offering. St. Patrick's still holds first place and this year our school gave $140.28. His Excellency was pleased and asked Rev. J. Forget to give a half holiday.

Devotions for the children are held every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday during May.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

ST. ALPHONSUS.

On March 16th, the annual St. Patrick's concert was held. The program which consisted of Irish songs, Irish dances and novelty numbers, provided enjoyment to a large audience. The Rainbow Drill with its spectrum costumes, pretty dance and song: "God Put the Green in the Rainbow for Ireland" was very pleasing while "Clownland" of the boys, gave the audience a hearty laugh and in the evening's entertainment made "a hit".

ROSETOWN, SASKATCHEWAN

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

In March, the Sodality annual retreat of three days was opened by Rev. Father Meyer, C.Ss.R., of Moose Jaw, with one hundred and twenty in attendance. The second evening Father Meyer spoke of Our Blessed Mother, and then followed a solemn consecration to Mary. The retreat closed the next evening with a renewal of Baptismal Vows and Benediction.

* * *

At the first meeting of the Sodality in September one hundred and two members were present. Sister M. Augustina, the moderator set forth high ideals and six Committees, Apostolic, Eucharistic, Marian, Catholic Truth, Social and Publicity were established.

* * *

Reverend F. Simon, O.M.I., preached a Tridium for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Twenty-three candidates were received into the Sodality.

* * *

Pre-Lenten preparations were intensive. The practice of the "Daily Six" was started in home, school and social life. Zest was added through the use of the school bulletin board.

* * *

The celebration of World-Wide Sodality Day, May the eleventh is ahead and a plan to hold our Annual Mother's Day celebration June the First.

* * *

Two Sodalists are to be chosen this year to represent the school at the Chicago S.S.C.A.

* * *

Under the adjudication of R. T. Bevan, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O., the music festival of the Western Branch of the Saskatchewan

Musical Association, held at Biggar, April 23 proved a real success. Rosetown was complimented by the adjudicator on the number of entries and the excellent training given the competitors by the teachers. The entries from the convent were:

PIANO—12 years and under—Charlene Bechard, 85%

PIANO—10 years and under—Mary Gordon, 84%; Romona Rushmer, 84%.

GIRLS' CHORUS—16 years and under, 92%. This chorus was highly commended by Mr. Bevan.

SOPRANO—Beatrice Warner, 91%.

PIANO DUET—Mary Fitzgerald and Vera McCormick, 90%.

RYTHMIC ENSEMBLE—86%.

OBITUARIES

Sister M. Wilfred Burns

On March 12, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, Sister M. Wilfred went to her eternal reward.

Sister Wilfred was the daughter of the late Mr. Christopher Burns and Catherine Flynn, Grafton, Ont. She entered the Community in March, 1896, and for forty-five years led an exemplary religious life, which was passed in different houses of the Community, at Lafontaine, St. Catharines, Barrie and the House of Providence. She lived a hidden life of mingled prayer and work, in a true spirit of kindness and gentleness to all and especially to the wayfaring poor, whom she treated with such sympathy and simple courtesy, that no one who witnessed it could doubt whose Person she was serving in the unfortunate and destitute.

The Requiem Mass was sung at the Mother House on March 14, by Rev. Dr. Markle, of St. Augustine's Seminary, with Fathers V. Brezick, C.S.B., and J. P. Hanrahan, deacon and sub-deacon. Sister Wilfred is survived by a brother and sister, Mr. L. A. Burns, Regina, Sask.; and Mrs. F. O'Neill, La Fleche, Sask.

Sister M. Ruth

On March 31, a double funeral took place from St. Joseph's Convent, that of Sister Mary Ruth, who died at St. Michael's Hospital, March 28, and that of Sister M. Pulcheria, who died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake early Saturday morning.

At 9.30 a.m. in the presence of relatives and friends of both Sisters, a Solemn Requiem was sung by Rt. Rev. Msgr. McCann, with Rev. J. V. Burke, C.S.B., as deacon, and Rev. F. Mogan as sub-deacon.

Sister Mary Ruth, formely May Creamer, the only daughter of the late Charles Creamer and Anne Kenney, was born in Orillia, Ont. She received her education at St. Mary's School, St. Joseph's High School and the College School. In 1915 she entered and the greater part of her years in Religion were devoted to teaching, in St. Catharines and Toronto. Naturally earnest and zealous, she gave herself whole-heartedly to her work, and was ever the kindly, thoughtful friend of little children. She was engaged at St. Peter's School when she became ill, and during weeks of intense suffering she was consoled by the assurance of the children's prayers for her.

Her patience and resignation to God's Will, were most edifying, as was her calm and peaceful death as the priest finished the prayers for the dying.

Of Sister Mary Ruth's immediate family there survive three brothers, Arthur, Reginald and Charles Creamer, all of Toronto. Sister Mary Reginald of St. Joseph's Community, is a niece. R.I.P.

Sister M. Pulcheria

In the person of Sister M. Pulcheria God called to Himself the oldest member of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, in the ninety-second year of her age and the sixty-eighth of her religious life. For fifty years she was engaged in teaching—in St. Catharines, Merriton, St. Mary's School, Toronto, and for a very long period in St. Joseph's College School, where generations of young pupils learned to know, love, and revere her as a saint, "the kindest and gentlest of Sisters," while pupils of the last fifteen years were wont to describe her as the Sister who was always in the Chapel. Until a year ago when she was taken to St. Michael's Hospital and later to St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Sister Pulcheria lived at the Mother House. To her Sisters, young and old, she was ever a model of regularity, humility and fervour and the memory of her rare smile that so animated her pale and worn features as almost to reveal an inner beautiful light, will long be treasured by all who knew her.

Sister Pulcheria was born in the Township of Cavan, Ontario, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoolihan. Of her immediate family there survive two sisters, Mrs.

John E. Galvin, Peterborough; Mrs. Wm. Buck, Rochester, and two brothers, Mr. Thomas Hoolihan, Detroit, and Mr. Austin Hoolihan, Buffalo. Sister M. Seraphine, St. Joseph's Convent, Parry Sound, and Sister M. Marcelline, St. Joseph's Convent, Rochester, are nieces and Mr. F. J. Dwyer, Toronto, is a nephew; Mrs. Fred Hall, of Toronto, a niece. R.I.P.

Sister M. Stephanie Cumming

On March 31, Sister M. Stephanie of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, passed away at Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill. She had been in poor health for some years, but her condition became serious only on the Saturday before her death.

Sister M. Stephanie was born in Fergus, Ont., Anna Cumming, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cumming. She came to Toronto in her early twenties, took instruction in the Catholic religion and was baptized by the late Vicar General McCann. A few years later, in 1896, she entered St. Joseph's Community. Although thus doubly cut off from her family and relatives, she nevertheless always cherished a tender affection for them.

After completing her Novitate she was engaged in teaching at Lafontaine, Ontario, and for a longer period at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, where she also made use of her musical ability. Later when she became afflicted with acute deafness, she devoted most of her time to needle-work, making beautiful pieces of lace mostly for use in the Sanctuary. About ten years ago she had the added cross of a serious heart condition and then one year ago she became almost completely blind. Although naturally impetuous and enthusiastic, she accepted each new suffering patiently and with resignation to God's Holy Will. For the past few years her great joy was to play the organ for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel at 9.30 a.m., Wednesday, April 2nd, Rev. L. McCann, C.S.B., being celebrant, Rev. J. Noonan, deacon, and Rev. C. Carter, C.S.B., sub-deacon.

Alumnae

ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942

Honorary President
The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

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Mrs. E. F. Ellard

Vice-Presidents
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Mrs. Colin Grant Mrs. D. M. Goudy

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Mrs. W. E. Apted Mrs. Arthur Rogers Mrs. Robert Jones
Miss Jane Morin Miss Helen Hetherman

Historians
Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

The Sacred Heart Orphanage Tag Day was held this year on Easter Saturday, April 12th. The committee was headed by Mrs. J. P. Hynes and Mrs. George Davis, as co-chairmen. The Tag Day was a great success, total receipts being $7,832.-27, exceeding last year's total by $1,600.

St. Joseph's College Alumnae had district No. 57—Queen and Yonge, south side, east to Church and King and Yonge, north side, east to Church. Miss Viola Lyon and Miss Aurelie Way were Captains, assisted by Mrs. Leo Hall and Mrs. Colin Grant. The gratitude of the Captains is extended to all who worked and tagged for the Alumnae and particularly to the students of St. Joseph's College School.

Among the taggers were: Bessie Sinton, Rita McCabe,

Joan and Patricia McNamara, Vivian Trickey, Elaine Riley, Lucy Cunerty, Irene Fitzsimmons, Peggy Wismer, Jacqueline Smith, Patricia Cockburn, Constance Herbert, Claire Marie Wall, Mary Culotta, Murial Morris, Helen Cahill, Winnie Byrne, Ruth Rodden, June Harnett, Jane Kinney, Joan MacKenzie, Alice MacIsaac, Judy Pelletier, Lenore West, Mary Golden, Dorothy Kuebler, Madeline Brioux, Ethel Ivy, Carol Riley, Katherine MacDonald, Marjorie Nutson, Eileen Convey, Marilyn Johnson, Patricia Crawford, Mrs. G. A. Bartlan, Mrs. Wm. Barrett, Mrs. Robert Anderson.

Viola Lyon, Secretary.

St. Joseph's Junior Alumnae held a general meeting at St. Joseph's Convent, February 23rd. The President, Miss Margaret Conlin, presided. Plans were discussed for the annual dance and Miss Teresa Breen was appointed convener and Mrs. Norman Kasta assistant. It was decided to hold the dance at Eaton auditorium, April 16. After the meeting the girls attended Benediction in the Chapel. Lunch was then served in the reception rooms; Mrs. Fred Quinn and Miss Marie Leon poured tea.

* * *

On Sunday, March 23, the Alumnae attended Mass and received Holy Communion. Breakfast was served in the Cafeteria with Miss Patricia Walsh as convener. Reverend Joseph Keating, S.J., celebrated Mass and gave an interesting and impressive talk to the girls.

The general enthusiasm with which the girls entered into the plans for the dance made it a great success. The patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Conlin, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Ellard, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seitz, Mr. and Mrs. A. LaPrairie, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson and Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Tipping.

The committee in charge of the tickets: Misses Ratchford, Quinn, F. Walsh, P. Walsh, D. Daly, Hector, Seitz, Maloney, Marion, Lamb, Flanagan, Callahan ,McKay, Lahey, Cuthbert, LaPrairie, Morrison, Teolis, Conlin, Raynolds, Moffett and Shannon. Carnations were sold and the proceeds turned over to the Canadian War Service. Six hundred attended the dance. The special features of the evening were the Grand March, the Blackout Dance and the Lucky Spot Dance. The lucky spot prize was won by Miss Teresa Conlin.

* * *

Miss Marie Pharand, corresponding secretary of the Junior

Alumnae was married Easter Monday in the Sacred Heart Church to Mr. John Shirriff.

Miss Marie Doody on the executive of the Junior Alumnae was married in February to Mr. Robert William Hutchon.

Miss Mary Frawley was married April 16, to Mr. Donald Lamont.

Teresa Breen,
Secretary.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

June again! Graduation again! And what a graduation it is to be,—forty-eight young ladies faring forth with a good sound Catholic training from St. Joseph's College School. Goodness, gracious! Do you realize that this is the eighty-seventh graduation day of Alma Mater—or Alma grandmater! And each year the list grows. Convocation Hall for a second year! It isn't only that these graduates are blessed with so sound a training but the training continues with them, either as teachers in the Schools or mothers in the homes or minglers in the world and so congratulations to St. Joseph's College School and to its 1941 Graduates! Hold high the torch!

And congratulations to the Lilies too! What a lot of commendations I find in the letters this time! (You know, I hate to put all those exclamation signs in, but what can I do? I must talk that way, I suppose, and having been drilled in such things by Mother Irene in the far away past I can't break the habit of a lifetime, can I?) Anyway, here are a few of those praises for our other readers to see.

"To anyone familiar with Pastor—the recognition of the "Lilies" by the Holy See is a thing of real significance—something no one can quite grasp but which all can and do feel. We are living, all men know, in a great turning point in world history—and here is this unchanging witness in a changing world turning and smiling a benison on your little ever so humble "Lilies!" And that 'midst the world's greatest crisis. It has made me very happy . . . Your latest number is a splendid success."

"The St. Joseph Lilies" has arrived and it comes with the accustomed freshness and intellectual character."

"I congratulate you on your wonderful magazine. It is excellent; well written and well put out."

These are the days when I wish I had some sixth sense to direct me to the graduates or past pupils of S.J.C. whose names are among the lists of activities, engagements, weddings

and the ilk. I know I must miss so many but I can't begin to recognize all of our alumnae,—eighty-seven years of them and up to forty-eight at a graduation! Of course, all years did not record large numbers as now. I think Mae Power graduated alone and Frances Meehan was one of three or four, I remember. How our school has grown! (Now I could have said prosaically, "That is, no doubt, due to the wonderful growth of our school," but no, I must ejaculate!)

At all events, or 'tall events' as Dr. Teefy used to say, I see that the engagement has been announced of Laureen O'Brien (daughter of Mrs. Donel O'Brien (Flossie Mylie) to Wildred J. Weiler of Red Lake; and of June Petit (daughter of Louise Voisard) to Mr. Douglas Nasmith. June's brother, Gregory, is with the Redemptorists in Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Petit are now living in St. Catharines after some years in California.

And among the weddings I find Mary Frawley is now Mrs. D. H. L. Lamont, and that they are honeymooning in Bermuda; Caroline Teresa Power is Mrs. Paul Ernest Seufer in Seattle, Washington; Mary Doody is now Mrs. Bert Hutchon; Harriet Rachel Kelly is now Mrs. Wilfred Macdonald, and I'm sure I have missed many more.

Genevieve O'Brien (daughter of Mary O'Donoghue) is in training at St. Joseph's Hospital. Didn't another of Mary's daughters train there too?

Wasn't it sad to read of the death of Lena Côte? She was returning from a visit to Geraldine (Rudkins) Quinlan on Easter Sunday evening when she was stricken with a heart attack and died almost immediately. A priest appeared as the auto drove in to the side to get assistance.

(Geraldine has two daughters, Catharine and Joan).

Someone was asking about Nora (Welsh) Owens, sister of Rose,—she is now in Moncton, N.B., with her husband and her children, Elizabeth and Stephen.

When I saw Loretto Woodcock's writing I was all prepared for a nice long article over her signature, but not yet! But it was a good letter and, we hope, a forerunner of the promised article.

Mrs. Isadore Moreau (Beatrice Robitaille) has four children—three of them in school.

So our Lilies have gone on the Exchange list to Singapore, with the Malaya Catholic Leader, and was represented at the Catholic Truth Exhibit in Watertown, South Dakota.

Did Cardinal Villeneuve visit S.J.C. when he was in Toronto recently? I noticed several of our alumnae among the

assistants at the reception given him by the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Albert Matthews—among them Ruth Coffee and her sister Rita, Mrs. Gerald McGoey and Mrs. Peter Heenan, Jr.

Congratulations are in order to:
Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers (Nora Phelan) on the arrival of a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell (Mary Hurst), a son; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Patton (Rae Boyce, '31), a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McAlpine (K. McAuliffe, '30), daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bayles (Anne Morin, '32), a son; and to the family of Bettina Vegara, who are happy in her return home from France.

I wonder if you have space to print this clipping from a Ramsay, Illinois, paper? It is so very interesting that I am sure it will be gladly received by all our readers:

"Here's Utopia at Only Five Dollars a Month—Nazareth House in Ramsay, Ill. Among the poorest of the poor, seven miles from here, there is a farm—which rents for five dollars a month.

"Obscure and hardly known, even to residents in this part of the country, the farm is a veritable estate of charity so far as fervor and love for mankind is concerned. It is called Nazareth House and is under the patronage of the Blessed Mother.

"There the poor find some measure of physical relief and an infinite store of love, solicitude and the spiritual consolation that comes from hearts that are generous even when there is little material assistance with which to be prodigal.

"Conducted by Mrs. Carmen Delores Welch, a convert, Nazareth House extends its hospitality to poor transients in need of immediate assistance, while other charges live on the farm in small shacks that rent for five dollars a month or less. Many of these latter are WPA workers, while the others depend on relief, when they can get it.

"Forty dollars is the usual pay check for those on WPA and by the time the butcher and the baker is paid up, there isn't much left for clothing and shoes. There is always a waiting list of needs, shoes, clothing of all kinds, especially children's, and there are expectant mothers who can manage to pay the doctor when it comes time to call him but that is about all. Nazareth House helps by sewing used baby clothing and sheets.

"The day for Mrs. Welch begins, at four o'clock and sometimes ends at midnight. She doesn't know what to expect when she answers the door, a sick call perhaps, or someone

in need of the proper garments to attend a funeral. High school girls often come for shoes. On one occasion, a little high school girl came to see if there was such a thing as an evening dress she could borrow for her class play. She had to have one and there was no money to buy it. Nazareth House helped with such a dress sent in by a Washington, D.C., woman.

"Mrs. Welch is writing a book, "People Nobody Knows," which she hopes will sell well enough to keep the Nazareth House work going.

"In one family the three small children slept on the floor because there was but one bed and no money to buy another. A bed out-fit was found for them. Donations of money are small and average five to ten dollars per month.

"Over 1,000 garments, shoes, etc., have been given out in the last year and more could have gone to deserving persons, had they been available, according to Mrs. Welch. There is no telephone and no electric lights. The House did have a car—a fifteen dollar Ford—but a reckless driver damaged it beyond repair just two weeks ago."

And now, Sister, I must say good-bye if you are to have this letter in the June edition.

Happy summer to all!

Lovingly,
Gertrude Thompson.

May 12, 1941.

Dear Alma Mater and The Girls-At-Home,—

We are still at war, and it certainly is difficult to think of anything else when in all our activities, work or play, we are constantly reminded of its influence. There are few of us who have not already felt its heavy hand, and perhaps it is well that this reminder is not released for one minute until the awful strife is over and peace is restored to all. Of our Alumnae at the Front, I have no news this month, but hope to have some message from Peggy Reynolds for the September issue. Of the Alumnae of my own particular year, I have more to relate, because we have had a reunion! The "raison d'être" was Adele McGuane who visited in February from Los Angeles to revisit people and places which meant much to her during her sojourn at St. Joseph's. To travel such a distance for this purpose is a compliment to us, who count ourselves among her friends, and we did our best to make the memories of her visit very happy ones. Our re-union dinner, planned perfectly by Dorothy Chambers and

Catherine Flahiff was a gay affair, and there was much reminiscing done by everyone. Daisie (Callaghan) Brain came from Oshawa; Olive (Griffin) Oulston, Nora (Phelan) Rogers, Orla Beer, Helen (Brunner) Kelly, Lillian (Boyce) Lillew, and your scribe who took a 24-hour leave and used every single hour of it too! The menu was perfect, since Dorothy had given it her personal supervision, and afterwards we gathered at Helen Kelly's home for an evening of just plain talk. To Adele we owe much, for she brought together a crowd of S.J.C.S. Alumnae, some of whom had not seen each other since school days. Adele left us after seven days in Toronto, and went back via New York and St. Louis. It was a flying visit—I don't know of anyone else who could cover such mileage in anything else but a plane in such a short time.

Daisie (Callaghan) Brain was delighted to have a visit from our former directress, Sister Immaculata, a few weeks ago; and I am sure Sister thoroughly enjoyed seeing Daisie's little family as much as I do whenever I get down that way. Barbara Hickey, who is with the Bank of Toronto here, spent her vacation this spring visiting Joan McKinnon in North Bay. Barbara seems to be taking her golf more seriously this year.

Mary Gallagher, who is on the staff at Osgoode Hall now, was the guest of Catherine Corkery for a few days during March. We hope to have Mary with us during the summer, for some of our jaunts to the Lakes.

Olive (O'Connell) Paquette drove up from Montreal for Easter, in her new Pontiac. Jeanne and "J.B.," her girl and boy, just took a sleep during the long trip, and didn't mind it a bit!

Dorothy Chambers and Catherine Flahiff do not spend many dull moments, and I find it difficult to follow their activities closely. They were among the First-Nighters at the Royal Alex. this winter, and followed the weekly presentations consistantly.

Margaret MacDonnell scored a real triumph here recently as Jessica in Monsignor O'Sullivan's "cut" presentation of The Merchant of Venice. It might be of interest to some of you to note that Mary Leavy's husband, Mr. Lloyd Hale, was the assistant director of this play. Margaret's vocal duet with "Lorenzo" left nothing to be desired, and even rated two encores! William E. Fox had the part of Bassanio in this eight-scene presentation and proved himself everything a "friend of Antonio" should be.

Margaret Fife was the Easter week-end guest of Marnie Corkery. Margery McNulty spent the holiday week-end in Hamilton.

Congratulations are in order to:

Maureen Rocke, '41 graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, who visited her home here in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers (Nora Phelan) on the arrival of their daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quilan (Jean Duffus) of Shawinigan Falls, Que., on the arrival of Judith Ann in April.

To Miss Joan Thompson, youngest daughter of our Mrs. Gertrude (O'Connor) Thompson, who is a '41 graduate of S.J.C.S.

To the Commercial Class of S.J.C.S., on their "TYP-LYTS" staff: Joanne Cozens, Editor-in-Chief; Kay Woods, Asst. Editor; Elaine O'Connor, Artist; Lenore McConkey, Business Manager; Marie Davis, Circulation Manager.

To Marilyn Johnson, the pupil of Miss Beatrice Conway, who distinguished herself at an entertainment given by the elocution pupils at the House of Providence.

To Miss Mary Golden, a vocal pupil of Sister Mary Gertrude, who also delighted the same audience with several varied numbers.

To Dora Racioppa, a pupil of Sister Mary Gertrude, who had the leading part (Josephine) in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pinafore" at Hart House during Easter Week. De La Salle Oaklands presented this operetta. Of Dora's part the Toronto news columns say, " 'Josephine' of Dora Racioppa was a pleasing surprise. She spoke her lines most fluently and clearly; her singing had many beautiful features and rich promise. Her 'Hours That Creep Into Space' was excellent. The trio part that followed had well-defined emotion in its upward surge. The part was one of the finest bits of opera, and she made a notable success of it. She received a distinct ovation from the enthusiastic audience who gave her an encore for her first solo, 'Sorry Her Lot,' and the second solo, also; she was recalled three times to sing again the trio, 'Never Mind the Why and Wherefore.' " Miss Joan Adams, Grade I, as Buttercup, received very favorable comment from the newspaper also.

Muriel and Lucille Reubens returned from New York for Easter and called at the Convent with their little niece, Marilyn. They had not yet completed plans as to whether they would remain in Toronto for radio work or return to New York.

Marion Horgan has taken a business position with Canadian Industries at Valleyfield.

Betty Cooper is attending Syracuse University, where her family is now now residing.

Rita Bannon has entered the Training School at St. Joseph's Hospital, London. Aileen McKay is taking music examinations this year in North Bay. Marian Hill, Beverly Brown, and Rita Roque, together with Doris Gonneau, are among alumnae in training at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Mary McCabe is taking a Physiotherapy course in St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto.

Our Editor has been more than kind this month in letting me get in under the line with this letter, late though it be. Mrs. Thompson, another of our ardent correspondents, is a very busy lady. I notice letters from a Mrs. T. coming to my Mother in connection with the Catholic Church Extension work in which they are both engaged. How these mothers with large families and big homes to look after find time for outside work is one of life's miracles. But the fact that they make time for such good work is the feature for their lives. Among other worries for Mother, our house has been in the hands of the carpenter, painter and plumber for three weeks, and still live in it!

Joan Lynch is joining our Golf Club this year, so I hope to see her more often. Nina Glover is also going to take up her game again, after an absence of two years.

The weather has been so advanced that the sport is away on this year—we should be so much the better players, I suppose, but after all I fail to see any improvement in my own game.

These last few lines are being written on "stolen time," so I must get back to the grind. I do hope that all Alumnae will have as pleasant a Summer as I hope to, and in as pretty a district as our little city lies.

Sincerely yours,

Hilda Sullivan.

Extract From Letter

Dear Sister Leonarda,—

Your note did make me feel I must respond to your request for news of our doings here. I was delighted to know I was remembered so cordially for we have had few contacts since I left St. Joseph's.

I always look forward to the "LILIES". It is a splendid magazine and I am so proud of it and I am sure it does a great deal of good. The articles are unexcelled by any magazine, and there is a variety to suit various tastes.

These times I meet very few Josephites. Mrs. J. O'Donogue (Marjorie Krausmann) and Evelyne Krausman her sister, I see occasionally at teas and entertainments. Mrs. Kelly (Catherine Delaney, Quebec) is now living in our parish, St. Ignatius of Loyola. She has a lovely family and yet has time to take over the presidency of our Altar Society, and handle it efficiently and tactfully.

My brother is in Iceland and we have my sister Mollie and her three children with us for 'the duration'. Her husband is spending strenuous nights and days in London, taking his part in the heroic fight for liberty. Molly's home was bombed and destroyed but although her husband's factory got a few they are still carrying on. Memories crowd upon me now when reading of the Battle of Britain of the three glorious months I spent there; and my visit to France. I was there the year Sister Agnes and you went home. I was in Hampstead Garden district and you were in Kensington. Then England was so lovely and her people so gay. It breaks my heart to think of all the beauty destroyed. My heartfelt sympathy to you and to Sr. Agnes in the stress and strain of these days when your dear ones are in danger from the Luftwaffe.

My warmest greetings to all the dear friends at St. Joseph's, especially Sr. Loretto.

(Mrs.) Jo Marion Fraser.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The latest news is that Mrs. Fraser's brother, after nine months in Iceland, has gone 'somewhere south.'

April 25, 1941

Dear Sister Leonarda,—

Your letter received this morning requesting news about my old class is very welcome indeed and not a bit difficult to answer. As you say, the circle of St. Joseph's Grads is ever widening, but while the members thereof may find it impossible to keep up a personal contact, they do keep track of each other. Uncanny? Not at all. When two St. Joseph's Old Girls meet on a street car or over a sales counter or at a tea, what subject precedes all others—meet they morning, noon or after dinner? Why the Good Old Class, of course.

If you should be walking down Yonge St. or the main aisle

in Simpson's and happen to be observing your fellow beings, you might see a scene enacted something like this. A superior secretary and a super sales clerk meet, pause a second and then with "Darling! Fancy meeting you here!" and "It's been simply ages!" Presto! they lose their present identities and become two "Old Girls with but a single question: "What are you (and everybody else) doing?"

From which just such an encounter I emerged only the other day with all the latest news about the class O'mine which started Form 1, St. Joseph's in 1932.

Pauline Rudin?—why, she's working in Eaton's and has good reason to know that if you stay in one place, all the world will pass by. Pauline knows all about everybody.

Cecilia Smith—she's at Varsity, of course. My goodness how that girl could do Algebra. And of course you know that Kay Bennett, and Mary Martin are there too.

Oh, Teresa Mei? Mrs. Jack Rook, please. Yes, our Teresa was the first of us to marry.

Elda Teolis—the baby of the form. Little "Dumps" graduated from College last year and is working in a dental supply office. Just imagine our "Dumps" all grown up!

Frances Walsh is a librarian, and a good one, although we hear she still manages to look about fifteen years old.

What about the career girls? Well, of course you know that Verona (Jack) Smith graduated from St. Joseph's Hospital with honors. (And she's the lass who hated Latin.) Audrey McGivney is a nurse also. Dorothy Sheehan, who was always laughing, is teaching school. She tells this one on herself—when she was at Normal she used to be mistaken for one of the children. Kay O'Neill really went ambitious . . . she took a special course at the College in Guelph . . . Frances Leo who always did do things different is doing us proud—she is going to be a dentist. Her sister, Marie (I never could tell them apart) is, we hear, taking a business course.

The world of finance has claimed many of our number. Dorothy O'Donnell, for instance and Barbara Walsh, Ruby Smith and Helen Rosenberg, Norma Taylor and Rita Kane (the inseperables) Rita White—both of them—are all now assets to their various offices. A while ago I met Kay Ryan down town and she confessed she was playing truant—from business school.

Our group did not neglect the Higher Things. Remember Mary Todd, the tall, quiet girl and Kay Cahill, the sweet one? They, with Eleanor Orsini, have entered religious life. The first mentioned is now Sister St. John Berchmans in the Mon-

astery of the Precious Blood, Toronto; while the other two are known now as Sister Imelda and Sister Marina, novices in St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

Agnes Vaughan, Isobel Conlin and Evelyn Thompson are at present staying at home and occasionally are prevailed upon to join their old friends for lunch down town.

And there they are, and I could ramble on for hours remembering things about each one, and would only I simply must get back to my dictaphone . . .

By the way, if you should ever see a minor disturbance in an elevator or a restaurant, don't go for the police. In fact, come on over and join in. It's probably a couple of St. Joseph's Grads who just haven't met for moons and moons!

You know where to find me Sister if you need me at any time.

Sincerely,

Rose Welsh.

Editor's Note—Rose is in the business world and liking it although occasionally she turns to her old ambition, 'journalism,' and she has had a few stories published already. Yes, under a nom de plume. Can you guess it?

April 27, 1941.

. . . I want to tell you of an interesting place in Washington, the Franciscan Monastery. In its grounds are represented many sacred places of the Holy Land and below the Church itself, a portion of the Roman catacombs. It has for its object the preservation and maintenance of the Holy Shrines of Palestine, the support of many churches, missions and schools there and in Egypt, Syria and Cyprus and the education of the missionaries for those distant places.

The entrance to the catacombs is from the Church. First you see a room that repersents the room in which Our Lord was born. To the right there is an arched doorway (in Romanesque fashion) that begins the passages of the catacombs. At certain places in the passages there are glass cases containing wax figures of some of the martyrs. I think the most impressive is that of Saint Sebastain. There is one of Saint Cecilia lying with her face down to the ground in her dying pose.

The gardens are the most beautiful I have ever seen and at this time of year are bright with spring flowers. Paths wend in and out the gardens with the Stations of the Cross at intervals.

The first Grotto you come to is the Grotto of Gethsemane. After that the Grotto of Lourdes quite the most impressive and beautiful place I have ever visited.

The Monastery covers quite a large amount of ground. People from all states come in thousands to visit the Monastery and some from neighboring states often make pilgrimages. Some day I hope you also might come to see this beautiful place.

I hope you will come here some day and I'll have the pleasure of taking you "to see things."

Love,
Patricia.

Excerpt from a letter to Joan Maloney and Sally Murray from Patricia Mitchell who now lives in Washington, D.C., with her parents. Patricia's little friends at S.J.C.S. will be interested in her description of the Franciscan Monastery.

May we offer condolences and prayers to

Miss Marie McEvaney '20,
Miss Catharine McGuinness and
Mrs. Shoniker (Hilda Wintermeyer '25) on the deaths of their mothers.
Mrs. Garfield Nutson (Gertrude Conlin), on the death of her husband.

and to Miss Catharine Sheedy, The Misses Gisele, Claire and Reine Marois and Mrs. Thomas Kelly (Helen Kramer) and Sister St. Raymond, on the deaths of their fathers and to the family of Flying Officer Donegal Phelan who was killed in an air accident recently,

Your prayers are requested for Bishop McDonald; Msgr. J. Kirby; Mr. W. O'Connor; Mrs. Rice; Mr. J. Blake; Mr. R. Mangan; Mrs. Tallion; Miss O'Neill; Mrs. Lyons; Mr. F. P. Henderson; Mr. S. McInerny; Mrs. Scanlon; Mrs. T. Cassidy; Captain Davies; Mr. F. Britton; Mr. Podger; Mr. Leonard; Mrs. Johnson; Mr. Dee; Mrs. McGuiness; Mrs. Roach; Mr. J. Kidd; Mr. R. Burke; Mr. D. Phelan; Mr. J. McGuirk; Mr. J. Tracey; Mr. Sullivan; Mrs. J. Flanagan; Mr. Kramer; Mr. Cudahy; Mr. W. Bell; Mrs. H. Kelly; Mrs. Carr.

Eternal Rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace



ELECTIONS—The dull days of the term-end were enlivened by nominations and elections. As usual during the intervening days the College came to life with a bewildering variety of posters, and slogans publishing many hitherto unknown qualities in the candidates. Election day passed quietly enough and the will of the people was manifested with the results shown in the accompanying list. The election of Grace Griffin as President of the Sodality, carried by acclamation, was particularly gratifying. Theresa Knowlton promises by her efficiency, to make a worthy successor to Evelyn Gore, as President of the Students' Administrative Council. Sheilagh Ryan as dramatic representative can be counted upon to provide us with a lively year in dramatics. The success of Mildred Ogle in debating during the past year, indicates special activities, and rumour has it that Mary Mogan will come back especially equipped to guide the French Club in its effort to use *la douce langue française.*

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL — President, Theresa Knowlton; Vice-President, Mary Claire Seitz; 2nd Year Representative, Bea. Dobie; 3rd Year Representative Ann Matheson; 4th Year Representative, Eileen Egan.

ATHLETIC SOCIETY—President, Mary Claire Seitz; Vice-President, Frances McBride; Secretary, Aileen McDonough.

SODALITY—President, Grace Griffin, Vice-President, Clare Havey; Secretary, Mary Kelly.

APOSTOLIC COMMITTEE—Mary Mogan.

PROGRAM AND PUBLICITY COMMITTEE—Carmela Luciani.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE—Margaret Maloney.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE COMMITTEE—President, Clare



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE HOUSE COMMITTEE.

SECOND ROW—Josephine Cecconi, Head Girl.
FIRST ROW—Mildred Ogle, Mary Mogan, Sue Mulcahy.

Havey; Vice-President, Mildred Ogle; Secretary, Kay Lawrence.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS—President, Mary Mogan; Vice-President, Agnes Futterer; Secretary, Anne Golden.

DEBATES—President, Mildred Ogle; Vice-President, Rita Burns.

DRAMATICS—Sheilagh Ryan.

THE BANQUET—The proximity of final examinations cast no visible shadows over the gaiety of this last event of the scholastic year. The College decked out in its best and the girls gay in formal dress, united to make this tribute to our graduates, the occasion for expressing some of the ideals which inspire our educational efforts. Father Sullivan's response to the toast to the University was a masterly exposition of the principles which have guided the University in the various stages of its development, and of the contribution of St. Michael's to the intellectual and spiritual life of the University. Father McLaughlin in his first address to us as President of the College, won our hearts by his words of appreciation of the work of the women of St. Michael's—words only too rarely heard by the co-eds of St. Michael's. Father McHenry, too, was an honoured guest, his presence enabling us to give some evidence of our gratitude for what Newman Club has meant to us during the year. Josephine Cecconi's response to the toast to the graduates voiced their sentiment towards their Alma Mater in a touching valedictory in which the usual note of regret was intensified by the uncertainty with which every graduate of 1941 must view the future. The prevailing note of the speeches, however, was one of courage, of appreciation of the good things of the past, and of consciousness that we do not face the future unprepared.

The graduates were presented with St. Michael's Class pins by the students of the College; and lest we should lose sight of the real persons in the haze of pleasant recollections, their frailties were made the subject of comic songs delivered by the members of the Freshman Class. So ended one of the rare occasions when faculty and students meet and mingle on a footing of equality and good-fellowship.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

SECOND ROW—Rita Burns, Second Year Representative; Irene Haffey, Fourth Year Representative; Josephine Cecconi, Third Year Representative.

FIRST ROW—Theresa Knowlton, Vice-President; Evelyn Gore, President; Mary Claire Seitz, First Year Representative.

PROGRAMME

TOASTS

Prayer for the Pope ..... Irene Haffey, 41

THE KING

THE UNIVERSITY

Glenise McKenna, '41.....Rev. B. F. Sullivan

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

Mary Trimble, '41.....Rev. T. P. McLaughlin

THE FACULTY

Evelyn Gore, '41.....Dr. Victoria Mueller

NEWMAN CLUB

Helen McKenna, '41.....Rev. J. E. McHenry

GRADUATES

Eileen Egan, '42.....Josephine Cecconi, '41

Toast Mistress.....Mildred Ogle, '42

* * *

COMMITTEE

Theresa Knowlton, '41—Convener
Peggy Brown, '42
Kathleen Lawrence, '42
Mary Mogan, '43
Mildred Ogle, '42

SLEEPING

Sleeping is a phase of one's existence that is foolish, yet very necessary at times.

Different people regard sleeping in different lights. The small child looks upon even a suggestion of a nap as a threat of punishment. There is something inexplicable about the dislike a child has for taking a nap or going to bed at night. Perhaps it is the fear of missing 'something'. No one seems to have analyzed this childish idiosyncrasy.

A young girl considers it a waste of time to stay in at night and go to bed early. When a parent suggests that she do so, she, in her modern artificial sophistication, thinks the idea old-fashioned.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SODALITY.

SECOND ROW—Mary Mogan, Vice-President; Grace Griffin, Secretary; Kay Lawrence.
FIRST ROW—Sheilagh Ryan, Glenise McKenna, President; Mildred Ogle.
ABSENT—Mary Martin.

An older person is the only one who really appreciates regular sleeping. Elderly men and women can think of no greater pleasure than to take a nap when there is nothing important taking place, especially in the afternoon. I have often seen my own grandparents lie down to rest, for want of something better to do.

Regardless of the different opinions on the merits and demerits of sleeping, I am sure everyone agrees that often a rest is "good for what ails you".

Genevieve M. Hopkins.

UNCHEERFULNESS BEFORE BREAKFAST PREFERRED.

Do you object to cheerfulness before breakfast? Well, I do, because I am a normal human being. To spring lightly out of bed, wide awake and cheerful, is done only by story-book characters or very healthy persons overflowing with vitality. Not even the younger generation jump happily out of bed. There is no task more difficult than getting a small person up—unless it is getting him to bed at night. Even this young person, without a care or a thought of hunger, is cross and grouchy before breakfast.

When adults arise with sleep still heavy upon their eyelids, yesterday's fatigue not quite gone, with the realization that the problems of another day have yet to be coped with, what wonder is there that they are not cheerful? That is the reason they like to be left alone to enjoy their coffee in silence, and to accustom themselves once again to routine and duty.

It is much easier to endure even the person who argues over trifling matters, than the person who is excessively pleasant before breakfast. Argument is better than amiability at such a time.

No doubt it is surprising to you, who have not given thought to the matter, that this is a serious problem. I believe that in the dining-room of every home, a sign "Cheerfulness Before Breakfast **Not** Allowed," should be placed. Perhaps this is the only means by which we might be able to enjoy ourselves in being as cross or as glum as we wish.

Agnes Moynihan.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FRENCH CLUB AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

SECOND ROW—Mary Mogan, Evelyn Gore, Paula Ladouceur, Mary Trimble.
FIRST ROW—Eileen Egan, President of "Le Cercle Français"; Mildred Ogle, President of the Literary Society.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1941

Few in number, making no pretense to unusual talent or achievement, the Class of '41 nevertheless leaves us with more than the usual wondering thought: "What will the College be without them?" Certain standards of conduct, certain intellectual and even physical qualities have become associated with the familiar appellation "St. Joe's girls". Whether they wished it or not the class of '41 meant that to us, and played their part in setting up an ideal which it will be our place to hold up to others. Apart from this the class of forty-one had a quality of its own, an independence of mind which almost eliminated class-spirit, and gave them an unusual hospitality to new-comers and new things, and an indifference to external success which did not make them indifferent to real values, for few have had a higher appreciation of the really worth-while things in life.—And now we shall say a word of each in particular as the well-known faces appear on our pages for the last time.



JOSEPHINE CECCONI—Came from South Porcupine in the far North, but soon became acclimatized at St. Joseph's. A lover of all good and beautiful things, from Dante to horses and riding, Jo has been the delight of her friends by her infectious laugh and her fundamental seriousness, besides this bearing her responsibilities as head girl with admirable serenity.



MARGARET CORKEY—Came from St. Peter's School, Peterborough, with a thirst for scientific research, which she carried from Household Economics to the Pass course, and which she will carry further if the opportunity offers itself. Her quiet humour has brightened any difficult moments on her path through college.



EVELYN GORE—Pursued learning in various parts of our Dominion, until she finally pitched her tent in Toronto until such time at least as the coveted B.A. degree will be hers or we hope much longer now. As head of the Students' Administrative Council of St. Joseph's College, Evelyn has shown efficiency and her excellent work in College, and her solidity of character, promise a successful career.



IRENE HAFFEY—has been a St. Joseph's girl from High School days. As a pioneer in Honour Music she found College Courses to present many a knotty problem, which she has solved with characteristic serenity. Extra-curricular music has taken up most of Irene's spare moments, but she has found time to cultivate rare friendships which brighten College life and are a treasure for the future.



GLENISE McKENNA—was introduced to St. Joseph's as the bearer of the K. of C. Scholarship. She came from St. Catharines Collegiate, bringing with her a taste for dramatics and debating which contended with Modern Languages for her interest. As director of dramatics and President of the Sodality she showed the necessary persistance and energy. Her success in Honour French and German indicates teaching.



HELEN McKENNA—came from Pincher Creek, Alberta; bringing with her breezy western ways, a culture which showed itself in dramatics and music as well as an appreciative, though not too laborious study of modern languages. Her favourite pursuit is the quest for leaves and extensions, of which she can absorb an unlimited number. Her plans for the future are her own secret, so far.



NORMA ROSS—Came to us this year from University College, so we had only a year to learn to know her. It did not take that long to discover her gracious personality and that she has a flair for modern languages, both of which augur well for a happy and successful future.



CELIA SMITH—Came from University College in Second Year but she had been a St. Joseph's girl from away back, and so was a welcome addition to the Class of '41. Psychology and History and her capacity for independent work points to a real "career" ahead.



MARY TRIMBLE—Permanent Class President came to St. Joseph's on the Fontbonne Scholarship and has honoured it by her University career. She has placed fine scholarship above even external success, though she had her share of that too. Her interest in everything literary made her a valued president of the Literary Society—(1939-40).



MARGARET KENNEY — (Occupational Therapy)—Came to University from Notre Dame Convent, Kingston. Her quiet serenity has made her a valued member of our circle and with her firmness and ability indicate a successful career in her chosen vocation.



LILLIAN KARMALSKA, B.A.—Came to the University from St. Joseph's Convent as winner of the Alumnae and Knights of Columbus Scholarship, entered M. and P., transferred to B. and M., where she graduated, and then entered medicine which she has decided is to be her life work. She now goes as interne to St. Michael's Hospital, where her enthusiasm will carry her to further successes.

AN OFFERING IN JUNE.

The glowing roses of glorious June
Are fresh, and sweet and fair,
The birds are piping a gladsome tune,
There's joy in the balmy air;
And I come to Thy altar, O Friend of mine,
With a gift I have called for Thee—
Bright flowers that ne'er shall fade or pine
In the long, long years to be.

The flowers I lay on Thy altar now
Are trust, and love and prayer;
The shadows removed from the gloomy brow,
The lifted load of care.
They are fairer far than the flowers of June,
Than the blossoms of hill or lea;
They are sweeter than sound of the thrush's tune,
They are priceless gifts to Thee.

D. O'Reilly.



The Retreat. At two o'clock on Friday, March the seventh, the Retreat at St. Joseph's College School was opened by a conference preached by the Retreat Master, Father T. O'Sullivan, C.SS.R. During the Retreat we had the great privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament in the Auditorium, and each day of the Retreat closed with Benediction there.

The time between the conferences was spent in prayer, recollection, and reading. One of the most impressive features of the Retreat was the Mass and General Communion in the Convent Chapel on Sunday morning.

The Retreat closed Sunday afternoon with the consecration of all the Retreatants to Our Lady followed by the Papal Blessing and Benediction.

The Silence, one of the essentials of every Retreat, was well kept and to judge from appearances, each girl was earnestly striving to win all the many graces of which a Retreat is such a prolific source.

Rita Plante, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

Our Patronage Novena. If you passed St. Joseph's statue any morning from the twenty-second of April to the thirtieth, you would observe an increased number of pupil visitors at the shrine. Also you would note the prayer-cards placed on the railing in front of the statue. These were being used by the students as their novena prayer in preparation for the Feast of the Patronage. As the kindly smile of St. Joseph meets that of his pleading children, we surmise that their prayer was already answered. Was the latter for help in school or the more important favour of a life lived for Our Lord as his was?

Anna Lawlor, I-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

Catholic Press Display. The display of Catholic literature shown in Madonna Hall during the first two weeks of March was prepared by the girls of forms III-D and I-D. The exhibit contained copies of currently popular Catholic fiction and biography and of magazines and pamphlets. The history of Catholic authorship was told pictorially on a painted frieze with panels representing the pro-



CATHOLIC PRESS EXHIBIT SHOWN IN NORTH EAST CORNER OF CLOISTER IN THE COLLEGE SCHOOL.

phets, the evangelists, the early Fathers of the Church, scholastic theologians, later apologists, and modern writers. The role of the Church in the Middle Ages in preserving the great masterpieces of literature was suggested by a model of a medieval monastery in the tiny scriptorium of which a miniature monk stood at his lectern copying manuscript. Posters and projects illustrated recent books of particular interest. The pupils had previously compiled from the branches of the Public Library to which they belonged lists of books available and suitable for student reading, and these were included in the display.

The interest which this exhibit aroused among the student

body proved indeed that it was achieving its purpose—to familiarize our girls with the riches that are theirs in the great treasures of Catholic writing.

Betty Wey, IV-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

The Royal Ontario Museum. One of the many advantages enjoyed by the students of St. Joseph's College School is its proximity to the Royal Ontario Museum.

We, Grade XI pupils, on many occasions have availed ourselves of the excellent facilities offered there to supplant our study of the Ancient and Mediaeval History. The very interesting instructions of the demonstrators and the first-hand contact with source material have broadened our interests and experience by bringing to our attention the artistic, scientific and other cultural achievements of past civilizations. It has given us an understanding of the sources and developments of European civilization and lead to an appreciation of our debt to the past, enabling us to better comprehend the world in which we live and in a manner that the most skilfully arranged text book cannot fulfill.

Wendell L. Willkie. The Willkies came to Toronto to-day and completely won the hearts of thousands of Canadians. Seldom in the city's history has such warm acclaim been given a visitor. Willkie shook hands with everyone while his charming wife was almost smothered by the wave of affection.

On Monday, March twenty-fourth, Wendell L. Willkie spoke before sixteen thousand people in Maple Leaf Gardens. In his speech he said that the United States will help England win this war. They will send food, ammunitions and money to the people of Great Britain.

Willkie was introduced by the Prime Minister of Canada, Mackenzie King, and was given a vote of thanks by Mitchell F. Hepburn.

From this day on, the memory of this historic visit will live in the hearts of the Canadian people, who in generations to come will still remember his words of encouragement, and freedom.

Joyce Bardwell, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

St. Joseph's Statue. On March 31, the corridors on the second floor of S.J.C.S. were filled with the students of lower high school.

After the singing of the school hymn—"Hail to Thee, Joseph," Reverend Father Burke blessed our large new statue of St. Joseph. The latter was decorated with carnations and vigil lights. Then, too, the lovely electric bud bulbs were



NEW SHRINE OF ST. JOSEPH IN COLLEGE SCHOOL
Corner of second floor corridor.

lit for the first time. The Litany of St. Joseph and the Act of Consecration were recited by all.

We feel now that he is even dearer to us than before, and since our consecration to him—that his interest in us also is doubled.

Anita Moreau, I-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

Dramatics. Congratulations to Mary Jane Dwyer and Annette Goldstein, pupils of Miss Beatrice Conway, who won medals for Creative Dramatics at the Peel Musical Festival.

Third Form in Retrospect. The year in Third Form is over! It has been, I think, a very pleasing and successful one, bringing to each one of us the joys, troubles, and wholesome hard work of another school year and leaving behind it, in each happy heart, the satisfying sense of having accomplished something worth while.

It has been packed with the excitement of basketball games and contests, with the laughs and frolics of parties, with the seriousness and good-will of busy workers, with the loving companionship of special friends, and the helpful guiding and teaching of the Sisters. We may or may not have gained a mine of information from the pages and pages of each baffling book, but we certainly have enriched ourselves with the great wealth of lessons which come from every enlightening experience.

This year is bursting with memories, memories of those first few days when we shyly entered III-B feeling very grown up and ladylike, memories of later more friendly times, memories of examination days and other less laborious, memories of periods filled with the humour of each mistaken answer, and memories of buzzing tongues and gay voices in the cosy, crowded cloakrooms.

Third year is like a very dear friend with whom we have been through thick and thin; a friend who has made us very happy and who has taught us great things; a friend who has quietly passed out of our life, leaving us a store of sweet memories.

Lucy Hopkins, III-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

III-D Visit the House of Providence. Just before school closed for the Easter holidays, III-D stole some hours from books and experiments to visit the House of Providence. Who could not choose between declensions and quadratic equations and sulphur gas, and a walk across town on a lovely April afternoon? But even then, they did not know the delightful tour of the whole house, through dormitories, recreation rooms and even the kitchen (where Sister remembered that an invasion of the cookie jar might, though perhaps not on the itinerary, might do no harm). As we talked it over afterwards, as III-D are accustomed to do, we soon agreed that what had impressed us most was the wonderful atmosphere of cheer and kindness in that

little world of men and women. The sign of Christ's charity is surely there.

Clare Marie Wall, III-D
St. Joseph's College School.

Ed. Note: The College School is giving attention to literary work and several classes have brought out "A Paper." St. Joseph Lilies congratulates Miss Joan Harding on her advertising page in Form I-B's Class Magazine, which shows talent and business acumen in the "lay out and content." We thank Joan for her kind words for the "Lilies."

The following pupils deserve special mention for their work: Lorraine Tracey, Genevieve Roux, Donna Tracey, Loretto Miller, Rosetown.

APRIL MORNING

The sullen skies were gloomy, dark and gray
And angry clouds frowned down upon the earth,
Then soon the flooded gates opened wide to give rebirth
To blue anemones first seen in May.
I heard a friendly robin-red-breast say
"Cheer-up, cheer-up and greet the day with mirth;
Let us give thanks for rain and all its worth,"
Quite suddenly my thoughts were bright and gay.
As the rain eased the robin flew on high,
His swift wings throwing off the sparkling drops.
As I gazed after him, the clouds rolled by.
Suddenly the sun shone through the tree-tops.
Earth was bathed in glory-summer was nigh.

Marjorie Barton, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School.

IN SILENCE

Oh, starlit sky in a moonless night
Or shadow and mystery are you
No cry of a bird in its wandering flight
In silence, and darkness in blue.

The cricket is still, no sound he makes
The sky is so dark and still
The wind blows not—this silence to break
And quiet around me lies the night.

Nellie Mizen, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School.

SPRING

An April morn is dawning,
A mist is in the air,
The bright and fragrant flowers,
Glow with sweetness everywhere.

The silver sunlight streams awake,
White mists in the twilight float,
In the magic of the spring, we pause to hear some birdie
Sing—a throbbing thing.

Theresa Faulkner, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School.

OUR FOUR "A."

Longo, in the country of Glo(uce)ster in Britain, a lady came walking through the Field and with a Hood on, until she reached a shop owned by a black-Smith called Arthur and another Smith called Cassidy.

"What can I do for you, Milady?" he said Dubieously.

"My Ford is stuck in the York Slynne on Gil's Moor," she replied.

Now, Arthur had a horse called Corry.

"Corri-gan pull the car out."

So the horse Doyled for a long time but still the Ford Foy'led to come out. The Smith said to her, "My Col(t)can get you there as quickly."

She Bart a'd the car for the colt, called Duffy, her hired man. Just then a Harnet stung the colt and she went Deruch(ing) down the road and she fell off and got a Com-lin) Cass(idy)ion.

Barbara Hood IV-A,
St. Joseph's College.

SPRING.

Little buds so tender,
Still sleeping on the trees,
Begin to stretch their leafy arms
And beckon to the breeze.

The grass becomes a carpet
And a home for living things —
For dandelions and buttercups
And birds with tender wings.

The sky becomes a paler blue
And fleecy clouds drift past,
A song of joy comes over me
As spring is here at last.

Esme Rosenback, I-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE ENQUIRING REPORTER.

Your enquiring reporter this month questioned as many "war guests" as possible in matters which we think will be interesting to the class. Our first attack was made on Jean Stewart of Wimbleton Park, London, England, who answered all our questions as well as she could. The following are some of the questions we asked Jean and the answers which she gave us:

Ques. When did you come to Canada?

Ans. I came out in June.

Q. Did anything of interest happen during the voyage?

A. I was on the ship in which Gracie Fields, the well-known English comedian, came to Canada. Also on the trip across our boat passed an Italian merchant ship which had been beached after the Italians entered the war.

Q. Where did you land?

A. In Montreal.

Q. Have you been in Toronto ever since your arrival?

A. No, I spent a week in Ottawa and a month in Detroit.

Q. How do you like school out here?

A. It is very nice but there is more work and far too much homework.

Q Do you often hear from your family?

A. Yes, I get a letter from them almost every week.

Q. This may seem a silly question, but do you prefer England to Canada?

A. I like Australia better than e'ther, because I was born there and lived there until I was seven.

Q. Do you know if the raids around your home are very severe?

A. Yes, the alarms sound continually during the day and my family spend every night in the air raid shelter.

Q. Have you any close relations in the armed forces?

A. Yes, my brother is a second mate in the Royal Navy.

Q. Did you find gas masks a bother?

A. Yes, I left mine on the bus about three times and we were sent home from school if we happened to forget them.

Q. Have you any friends or relations out here?

A. I have some cousins but I do not see them often.

At this point we ran out of questions and Jean could not think of anything more to tell us. We end our interview, wishing lots of luck and happiness to Jean Stewart in her new home.

Marcella Foy and Aileen Slyne, IV-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

SAD NEWS.

Many letters came to St. Joseph's during Easter holidays, but none bore a sadder message than the one which carried the news of the death, in Quebec, of Mr. Marois—the beloved father of three of our French pupils of last year. How sorry we felt!

With feelings of deepest sympathy St. Joseph's students, especially those of the boarding school, offer a word of consolation to them. We know the loss of such a good father is very hard, but the memory of his holy life will comfort you and give you courage to say: "Thy will be done."

Many fervent prayers were said for the repose of his soul. May Our Mother of Sorrows be with you to console you in your sadness!

Louise Simon, Commercial,
St. Joseph's College, School.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

They lay on the bush,—three perfect white roses, the personification of beauty. Ben Ahmed stood gazing at them lovingly. How carefully he had watched that bush, tending it himself, like a child, jealously guarding against any interference from the gardener. He had hoped it would bloom to-day, the anniversary of Rachel's death. He would carry it to-night to the rock sepulchre at the back of the garden, where she and the tiny boy lay sleeping. It was something to look forward to. The days were so lonely now. Since Rachel's death Ben Ahmed had kept to himself, trying to forget his grief. No one understood him; even the children feared to come near.

An exclamation caused him to turn. A little boy stood gazing, open-mouthed, lost in admiration of the flowers. The man gasped. It was the most beautiful child he had ever seen. The curls, shining like burnished gold, the finely-shaped little head, the ivory whiteness of his skin, all told of nobility. The big blue eyes shining with admiration, and the rosy lips, now parted in wonder, enhanced the picture Ben Ahmed never forgot. "Who art thou, child, that thou goest wandering about like this by thyself?" he asked. The little one smiled up at him fearlessly. Somehow that smile warmed the man's heart. His own little son might have been like this child, had he lived. "I am Jesus, son of Joseph, the carpenter," He said, "and I am looking for flowers." Ben Ahmed smiled back. "Flowers," he exclaimed, "Why, child, thou'rt surely not looking for flowers. Do not thy thoughts wander to play on such a morn as this?" Little Jesus shook his head. "It is my mother's birthday," he confided, "and I have been searching the fields and roadsides for flowers for her, but there are none to be found." Once more the Boy's eyes rested longingly on the roses, but he was too well-bred to ask for them.

Ben Ahmed's heart suddenly contracted. Should he give his roses to the little Boy? The beautiful roses were for Rachel; he loved them for her sake, and yet was it not better to give the joy of them to some mother yet on earth? "Here, Child," he said, hurriedly stripping off the blooms, "take these to thy mother, and may the good God bless thee in thy innocence."

Then suddenly those clear blue eyes gazed up into Ben Ahmed's, shining with a light that almost dazzled him, the tiny hand was lifted in blessing, and in a moment the Child was almost out of sight, the golden head bent lovingly over the flowers. But into the heart of Ben Ahmed there had stolen a wonderful feeling of peace and joy that had not been there for many long days. There were no roses for Rachel now, but that did not matter. She would have been pleased, he knew. He turned to go in, then stopped, stunned at what met his gaze. The bush was covered with roses.

Betty Todd, IV-B,
St. Joseph's College School

HISTORY.

"Why should I care whether Hannibal crossed the Alps or not? I am going to be a nurse, not a historian." How often have you heard a statement similar to this? Countless times, I'm sure. Well, I think they are very wrong. I believe that all history whether it tells of Hannibal's crossing the Alps, Hammurabie's laws or Alexander's triumphal march, has a direct influence on all of us. For these are all facts, facts of the progress that man has made in perfecting our civilization. If there had never been men like Hannibal, who by their courage accomplished feats seemingly impossible, there would be no democracy of which we are so proud. It was men like he who by their efforts have given us our heritage. How can we, whether doctor, nurse or secretary, expect to be good citizens if we do not know thoroughly the past history of democracy? How can we expect our children or our children's children, to respect and uphold the things we stand and live for if they know nothing of the struggle that man has made to obtain these things, which it is their duty to preserve. I am afraid that the person who made that "Why should I care" statement has thought only superficially on the subject.

What is history, exactly? The word history perhaps comes from the French word "histoire," meaning story, for it is a story, the story of a mankind, it is the everlasting story of the struggle between right and wrong, truth and error. You and I are just as much a part of history as Julius Caesar, we have perhaps not as vital a part to play as Caesar but still we are a part of history. Whether we are teachers, lawyers, scientists or just housewives, we are in our humble way aiding democracy and trying to make this world a better place to live in.

Try to think of what the world would be if we knew no history. Why, we would know nothing. We would know scarcely anything of religion, of science, or of languages; we would, in fact, know as much as the Cavemen or perhaps less. We would have no civilization as we know it, we would have none of the comforts which we have to-day. Nearly all our great scientists have been led to their discoveries by articles or books they have read by a scientist before them. For example, Edison, books led him to discover and enchain the great element of electricity.

There is still another view of history, the effect it has on a nation. For example, England—the English people now engaged in battle to death, are bolstered by their—yes, their history, their ancestors—great heroes such as Drake and Nelson fire them with the courage and initiative to fight for the things that they and their ancestors have built up by their labour. They intend to, and will make England, with God's help, secure for the generations to come.

We are all living at this time in a very historical era. Some of us perhaps it does not impress, others are proud of the fact that they are writing a burning page in history. Perhaps this war is the greatest example we have of the age old fight of truth and evil.

Should we not feel proud to think that in generations to come, the generations that we have helped to make the world secure for, will say when they read of us, as Mr. Churchill said, "this was their finest hour."

The Book of History began in the Garden of Eden and Our

Lord will write the final chapter on the day of Judgment. Let us hope that we have added a small bit of goodness to this story.

Barbara Gallivan, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE BLITZKRIEG.

Wheeeeeeeeee—Once more the wail of a siren warns the people of London that their nightly visitors have arrived. A few minutes ago these people were busy with their every-day occupations in shops, factories and offices and now they must give up the pleasures of a peaceful evening at home to spend the night in an air raid shelter. Regardless of age or class, all people are in this battle of Britain.

There are the old people, who should be spending their last years in comfort. There are young children who are being robbed of the proper care which young children should have. Mothers with infants, who do not care about themselves, but only for their children. In these shelters one sees mostly women and children, for the men are fighting and the young girls are doing men's tasks as ambulance drivers and air-raid wardens.

The air raid warden is an important person, for in his hands lies the task of ringing the siren which warns the people of their danger. On the coast are huge sound detectors which pick up the drone of planes from miles off. The man listening in on these radios London as soon as he hears the approaching planes. From London the warning is broadcast to the surrounding district. When the wardens receive word they ring the sirens and they must stay above to see that everyone is safely in an air raid shelter.

Another important person is the fireman. Bombs spread terrifying fires and the firemen have the task of keeping these under control. Many have lost their lives in fires but the firemen keep up their brave fight despite terrible odds.

The brave fight goes on. The men working anti-aircraft guns, huge searchlights streaking through the long night. Incendiary bombs screaming to earth do untold damage and claim many lives. Up in the sky the brave Royal Air Force courageously fights and pursues the German bombers.

While all this is going on, the people of London wait calmly in the shelters beneath. Many bring their beds and manage to get some sleep, while others are making tea and trying to be cheerful. This goes on through the long hours of the night until dawn, when suddenly a more pleasant sound reaches the ears of all—the All-Clear Signal. Now we see the London of the business world. People hurrying to work on buses, workers trying to repair the damage of the previous night, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Many of these people returned home to find that their homes have been destroyed, and some kind neighbour offered to shelter them until they could find a new home.

Thus, every day in London, people are dying, losing their homes, but they keep smiling, for they know in the end Britain will be victorious.

Teresa Munnelly, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

LAKE ST. JOHN.

I live in a charming little city, "Roberval," situated in an enchanting corner near Lake St. John. It is very dear to me because it is there that I was born and still live. The population is about 4,000 and all French Canadians. Roberval is not big but it is very gay.

The winter is cold and rigorous and much snow covers the ground. The summer is temperate; some times the days are very warm but the heat is not excessive, for the air is freshened by the lake.

Farming and manufacturing of lumber and pulp are the principal industries in this district. The great forests facilitate these businesses.

During summer many Americans come to hunt, fish and spend holidays in our city, which is marvelous in summer.

I invite readers to come and visit Lake St. John and I am sure they will return enchanted.

A French Girl From Roberval,
Theresa Gagnon,
St. Joseph's College School.

WHAT IS A LADY?

What is a lady? In the dictionary it is defined as "a woman of good breeding or social position; title of a woman of rank." But then I went "slumming" once and saw an old, decrepit woman leaving a store. As I entered the store the proprietor, a stout, jolly, red-faced person, greeted me with a broad grin and said, "There goes a real lady." I moved to the door and watched her descend the hill. There was something about the proud way she lifted her head and the gentle manner with which she smiled at the little "ragamuffins" playing on the sidewalk that reminded one of a queen. Her clothes were very old and worn, yet they were spotless and somehow managed to look like robes of state on her small, erect figure. As she passed down the street she bowed smilingly at all the people. Each returned her greeting with a friendly yet respectful smile. They treated her like a lady, for she had the indefinable something about her which comes from the inner self and marks a person of refinement.

Then the next night I visited the home of some very wealthy people and met a "woman of social position." She was not a lady. I did not know why. I liked her, yet somehow could not feel that same deference I had sensed when I gazed at the little old woman.

Then there is Mary. She is a girl of less than moderate means who lives in a tiny, cubby-hole of an apartment. She is tall and slim. She has golden-blond hair and a "peaches and cream" complexion. Her eyes are a deep, sombre brown but in their depths can be found a mischievous twinkle. She is kindly, gentle and loving. She treats rich and poor alike with the same love and affection for all. They call her a lady although she has no social standing or rank.

Joyce Moffet, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE FINEST HUMAN QUALITY.

The finest human quality I know, the quality that nearly everyone possesses even though he might not know it, the quality that is most needed in this world to-day, this quality that adds so much to our own happiness, helps us to understand and take with a smile the heart aches of life—You have guessed it. A sense of humour.

How would you define a sense of humour? Some think it is merely the ability to giggle cutely. Others, think it is the means of hurting other persons' feelings in a joking manner. To my mind, they are both wrong. To me a sense of humour is the art of being able to laugh at yourself. Do I hear someone saying that if that is all there is to it, it is simple? Sorry, but you are wrong. There is nothing harder than to laugh at yourself. Try it. Try laughing when you feel very low, if you can, then you have a sense of humour.

The English race are noted for their sense of humour; see how it is helping them to bear their trials in these tragic days. They could all give up in despair but instead they smile, even laugh. Do you think the people of the world to-day would respect and admire them so much if they were bearing up yet wailing about it instead of laughing? Perhaps I am overdoing this; you say you don't think it is only their sense of humour that is bolstering these English people. I wonder. It could, you say, be courage or the love of freedom, but who is courageous and cannot laugh, those who love freedom do not complain, rather they laugh.

I hear you saying that you have nothing to laugh at. Well, laugh anyway, laugh because it relaxes your face or laugh because it has an uplifting effect on your spirits, as good as any tonic.

Try smiling now. That's it. Now laugh. Fine! Feel better? I do. Remember:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

Barbara Gallivan, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

SUMMERTIME.

The time is fast approaching when we begin to think of our final exams and then summer holidays! After a year's work nearly everyone is glad to leave school for two months to enjoy the many things summer offers.

Some will go to summer homes, others to the country, in any case most of us intend to have fun.

Swimming is perhaps the most popular pastime with badminton and tennis close rivals for the young. For the less-fortunate grown-ups the occasional golf and baseball game with maybe two weeks' holiday, will serve to provide enjoyment.

However, everyone should look on the bright side this summer and be thankful that we are able to live in a democratic country.

Lenore Mackie, I-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE FINEST QUALITY IN A HUMAN BEING.

There have been great men in every sphere, Lincoln, Pasteur, Stanley, among many others, noted for their generosity to men.

But there was a man who lived in a small American town of Summerville. His name? His name is Uncle Bill Wright. Every town has an Uncle Bill. A man who gives everything for the love of giving and who takes nothing in return.

A story has been told of him that explains his simple philosophy of life. He had employed a boy who was new in town and who had previously been in jail. Some of the interfering people of town refused to buy at the store. For two weeks Jim and Uncle Bill played checkers. When one morning the store was invaded by townspeople who demanded that Uncle Bill drive Jim out of town.

"Before you do anything you will regret I would like to tell you something," he interrupted.

"I could point to anyone of you and remind you of something that wouldn't make you very proud. The only difference between you and Jim is that he paid for his mistake and is trying to make a new life. I once read in a book—it was a best seller too. There was a passage in it that went something like this: 'He who is clean cast the first stone.' Well, go ahead! What are you waiting for?" The shame faced crowd dispersed and Jim said, "Uncle Bill, how can I ever thank you? Now Sally and I can be married."

"Remember this, youngsters. People sometimes get things twisted. People who get things wrong, give them time and everything will turn out all right."

"I have an order to fill. Will you wait on me, Jim?" comes a small voice from Maria Jerks.

"Would I? That is music to my ears."

Uncle Bill chuckled and turned away.

"Yes, everything turns out all right."

Joan O'Grady, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

"AS THOU WILT."

(A Modern Version)

It was late afternoon as little Ned trudged through the deeply drifting snow. His ill-clad figure was cold, his fingers numb. A mile ahead lay the tiny Catholic Church to which he was going. Faster and faster blew the wind; slower and slower walked the boy until it seemed that he must lay down in the cold white snow and sleep. With a prayer, he stumbled on and after many minutes, reached the humble dwelling of the priest.

Ned knocked heavily upon the pine door and upon receiving no answer, he repeated the action. He was rewarded by the sound of approaching footsteps. Standing in the doorway was a tired but cheery-looking priest, neither young nor old in years. He gathered the little fellow into his gentle arms and led him inside.

As Ned warmed himself before the fire, the picture of the Sacred Heart above the mantle seemed to be smiling at him and

telling that he had succeeded. Father Jerome brought the child a glass of warm milk and settled himself beside Ned to hear his story.

For a moment words failed the little boy, but one glance at the picture above the mantlepiece and his tongue was loosened.

"Father, grandpa is sick and needs you. Please say you will go and help him. He doesn't want you, Father, but I know that if you speak to him, maybe, maybe he will go to confession before it is too late."

The priest patted Ned's head affectionately, and told him that he would go immediately. Together they went to the little church, prayed in silence, and then with the "Host" placed in its little container over the priest's heart, they set out. Father Jerome put his large hand through Ned's arm and guided him carefully over the snow.

In half an hour they came to a poor little cabin, sheltered in a grove of pine trees. Ned went inside and prepared the way for the priest. The weakened grandpa made no effort to prevent the priest from entering. Ned waited in the tiny parlour, his hands clasped in prayer, his lips moving slowly, his head reverently raised towards a picture of "The Last Supper".

After many minutes had elapsed, Father Jerome returned to Ned and told him that all was well. The priest remained with the boy a little longer and then made his way back to the mission.

As Ned knelt to say his prayers that evening, he suddenly realized that no other day could have been more appropriate for the return to Communion of his grandfather. To-day was Holy Thursday, the very day Christ had instituted the wonderful sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

Audrey Selke, IV-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

MATANE.

Visitors from the States and Canada who take advantage of the magnificent highway built by the Roads Department of Quebec to tour the Gaspé Peninsula, pass through Matane.

Matane, my home city, is a pretty little place situated 250 miles north-east of Quebec city on the south bank of the St. Lawrence and not very far from Gaspé. It is the most important centre east of Rimouski, and lies in a pretty valley between the River and Gaspé heights.

The population is about 6,000, the majority being French, but we have many English people among us who work for English companies.

The principal work is in connection with lumber. There are Price's Lumber Co., which makes building material, and the Hammermill Pulp Mills, which supplies pulp wood to many centres in Eastern Canada, and even to Thorold, St. Catharines and other places in Ontario.

If you, dear reader, make the "Gaspesia Tour," be sure to stop over at Matane for a few days' rest and then your trip will be truly enjoyable.

A French Girl,
Julienne Lafontaine,
St. Joseph's College School.

BOOK LORE.

"The Spartan" went down "Thirty-nine Steps" and saw "King Arthur and His Knights" talking to some "Little Men" and "Little Women." They were "Under the Greenwood Tree." At his "Journey's End" he said, "If I Were King," I would recommend the "Silence of Colonel Bramble" to the "Iron Duke." I never saw the "Beauty of Old England" but I spent many "A Day in Old Athens." I was once "Lost in the Jungle" in the "Country of the Dwarfs," which was "Down in Nova Scotia." I almost lost my head among the "Headhunters" in "Coldest Africa." In the country of the "Green Hill" I saw "The Ugly Duckling" who was policing the "Top of the World." His brother, "Jasmine," "Seventy Years a Showman," told me that when he was a "Boy on Horseback," "Queen Elizabeth" led a "Revolt in the Desert" against the "Pathfinders of the West." "'Voyages" to the "Canadian Cities of Romance" would be as "High An Adventure" to "A Wayfarer in Hungary" as the "Skyway to Asia" would be to a "Japanese Lady in Europe."

Exilda Desroches and Anne Harnett, IV-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

A SALUTE TO OUR FORCES.

Fight on, ye gallant sons of man,
For right, the day will win,
You on the land, in air, on sea,
An England there will always be!

We have faith, hope, and love
For our honoured Empire's cause,
And whatever may to her betide,
We will be found at England's side.

Betty Canham, I-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY!

What a rush this woman is in! The conductor can hardly open the door of the car fast enough for her. Alighting, she makes a dash, dodging traffic—and traffic dodging her. Chauffeurs apply brakes, pedestrians jump aside to avoid being knocked down. She is evidently in a great hurry. For what? A job? An appointment? We will have to follow her to find out.

She dashes through the door of the department store, causing such a draught that it knocks my hat off. Down the stairs to the basement she leaps, darts into a crowd of people and emerges in the front line like an All American Rugby star going through the line of scrimmage.

Now I know who she is—a bargain hunter! What does she want? I really do not think she knows herself.

Herbert Gasperdone, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

SUCH BLESSINGS.

Summertime's here at last,
School's almost in the past!
And with it birds and bees
And bright, green leaves on trees.

Blue skies and sunny days,
Let it be a hymn of praise—
To God, whose wondrous love
Sends such blessings from above.

Eleanore Baigent, I-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

SPRING COMES TO VANCOUVER.

"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
For the robin has come back
To tell me so."

Welcome, welcome, robin red-breast! I hear you, but I see you not. Oh! there you are, peeping from the blossoms of the wild cherry tree! You are early, but not the first. The venturesome little snowdrop has been with us for weeks, sturdy crocuses are nodding in friendly fashion to baby hyacinths, and golden daffodils are daintily swaying their pretty yellow heads.

Old King Sol has been most lavish. See Baby Sister basking on our summer verandah. Even dear old grandfather has been lured outdoors. Tiny tots are romping and playing with skipping rope, top and ball. But listen—listen: Another Southerner has arrived! A thrush is carolling in yonder blossoming pear tree!

March is still in early youth, but Spring is actually with us in Vancouver.

Norma McDonnell, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

JUST SCARED!

I'm in a safety zone! Yes, standing on a chair! What am I doing? I was putting wax on the floor for Mother when something moved towards me. A mouse? No, a thousand times worse! It moved towards me, hopping, jumping, changing colours! Nearer it came, now red! now brown! now green! big glassy eyes! wide-open mouth! long slimy body! I jumped to my feet and started to run—tripped—and landed, oh horrors! within two inches of this uncanny creature. With the last of my strength I jumped up here to safety!

Scared? Yes! What was it? One of my little brother's toads!

Frances Robi, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

THE THREE BEARS.

Once upon a time there were three hungry bears named Addie, Joey and Mussy. Early every morning they would go out and play ring around the Balkins until it was time for dinner, sharp at twelve.

One day Addie and Joey were searching for food in the nearby forest, when Addie spied a poor little Poley with his nurse, Rose. Immediately the two pounced on him. Addie being the greediest, bit off more than he could chew and choked. Just then Rose's sister, Lily, coming along, rushed to aid her. Although unprepared, Rose and Lily attacked the bears with the only weapons they had on hand—their umbrellas. So surprised were they at this unexpected resistence the bears momentarily stopped, giving the two girls a chance to return safely to their cottage in the woods.

All winter long the bears prowled near the cottage keeping the girls on the lookout but the latter did not starve as their Uncle Sam and their Cousin Jack, two brave hunters, kept them supplied.

During this time Joey, having his feet frozen, left for home. Upon Joey's departure the girls, especially Lily, became a little more daring. One day Lily was caught unaware by Addie and Mussey, who had just lately joined forces. So unexpected was this foul attack that Rose could do practically nothing to help her. A little while later Rose wrote a letter to Jack and Uncle Sam, asking them to aid her, because she was certain that Addie and Mussy would be back soon. Backed by Jack and Uncle Sam, Rose waited for the bears to return; this time not unprepared. A little while later Addie and Mussy, their minds filled with plans of assault, returned to the cottage. However, they were greatly surprised when they attacked the cottage and found that it wasn't so easy to take after all. Although the bears are still trying to defeat her, Rose is quite confident of victory.

Mary Duffy, IV-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

IS IT TRUE?

The rhythmic tick of the typewriters was suddenly disturbed by a smothered scream. Eileen Mulligan, our tall, rather well built College "freshie," emerged through the door, calling to Blanche to "Show it out, kill it, do something." She held onto the door-knob with all of her strength, terrorized. What could have caused the confusion? Our imaginations had deserted us. Looking through the glass, we saw Blanche, small, timid, ethereal at times, working away, quite undisturbed—her fingers keeping up the steady staccato on the typewriter keys. Something flying around Blanche's head attracted our attention. "It's a bee," shrieked Eileen. A little later Blanche calmly opened the door, stepped lightly into the class-room with "smiling morning face," showing no sign of distress, and stated, "Bees won't bother you, unless you bother them."

Marie Davis, Commercial,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE WAY MY WORRIES INCREASE AT NIGHT.

Have you ever been worried? Have you ever been in bed, and then remembered you forgot to do some of your homework? Well, I suppose, that happens to every High School boy now and then. Then again, how can it? I seem to take someone else's share, because I have worries nearly every night. They haunt me just as I am trying to doze off. My worries prey upon my mind and I cannot get to sleep.

The cause of my worries? Usually French, Latin or Literature. One of these subjects has not been finished, or more correctly, has not even been started. And once I start worrying about homework, I cannot get my mind off school. I remember that we had a history test the other day, and I did not do so well. Probably I will get a mark in the "teens!" Now that my mind is on examinations, the thought of something else startles me—a science test which we will have in the morning. Thinking of to-morrow, will I be given detention? Most probably for French or Latin. If I get through these subjects, then it will surely be for History.

Then the question of endurance arises. Can I endure the trials of the day? Can I resign myself to the monotony of the Literature lesson? Can I really study any more French or Latin vocabularies? Will my nervous system stand the strain of another hard day's work? I don't see how it can, as I never get much sleep anyway. Ah, sleep! If I could only get to sleep!

After worrying for some time, I become inert—I relax and finally do get to sleep. But my worries are not yet over. In the middle of the night, a dream confronts me which is usually concerned with the next day's work. My worst fears loom even larger, but it is only a dream and like other dreams, eventually comes to an end. I wake up at the insistent summons of my faithful "Big Ben," and (are all fifteen-year-old boys the same, I wonder), I find myself looking forward with enthusiasm to the joys and susprises the new day might bring.

Leslie Brown, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN.

Did you hear that, Old Friend, "I can't write with this?" Ridiculed! Spurned! you, my faithful pen! I am hurt—crushed. To me, there is no pen that can match you. It is true, you are eccentric at times and need a little encouragement—but still you are a good old pen.

Through gruesome, nerve-wrecking tests and playful doodlings, you have never once failed me. What matter it though you are somewhat bitten, and bent, and chipped, and battered.

Dear old pen, there are hard days ahead of us, much plodding to be done before final examinations, but I know you will not fail me. And Pen, just think of it, I promise you a long two months' summer vacation.

Vivian Verrall, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

APPLE WEEK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The fertile Okanagan Valley abounds in finest fruit, and in harvest time it is confronted with the problem of how to dispose of its apple crop.

To overcome this difficulty, a campaign was commenced a few years ago by the B.C. Products Bureau of the Vancouver Board of Trade, to provide a market for British Columbia apples. Now "Apple Week", is an annual affair. This year especially, when there is little or no European market, it has been necessary to make an extra effort to sell our apples at home.

A delightful feature of Apple Week is the day on which, during school hours, each pupil receives an apple wrapped in a paper which bears a number. First, there is the pleasure of eating that delicious apple in school; then, each day, ten "lucky numbers" are drawn, and announced over the radio in the evening. Those who have the numbers are given a large box of apples.

Another attraction of Apple Week this year was an "Air Raid" over our city—an air raid—but with none of the terrors that usually accompany them. No, indeed, it was all a part of Apple Week. Hundreds of pamphlets were dropped from a huge silver plane which circled above the city for several hours—pink, green, white and yellow pamphlets. In the evening, it was announced that pink was the lucky colour, and the happy holders of this colour received their boxes of apples.

By eating apples, we not only improve our health and increase the farmer's wealth, but also we build up good citizenship by our co-operation in Apple Week. Remember the slogan—"What B.C. grows, makes B.C. grow."

Anita Chisholm, Grade IX,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS.

It is really not very difficult. Many methods exist, but it is not easy to discern which is the most popular.

The "I want to be alone" attitude usually produces favourable and lasting results. Yes, be entirely wrapped up in yourself; have no interest in the lives of others—their happiness or sorrow. Carry this to the point of rudeness and it will have a remarkable effect in helping you to reach your goal.

For those of your friends who remain after this experiment, you might try the other extreme. Force your presence upon them any time—all the time, so that they will grasp the first opportunity to part company with you.

If after this you still have a few friends—do not despair. There still remain various ways of losing them. Try always being late for appointments or failing to appear at all. Or again, dispute every point of conversation and never, never acknowledge yourself the loser in an argument.

Now to summarize: merely make yourself as disagreeable and unpleasant as you can and before long you will find yourself free at last to centre all your thoughts, to lavish all your affection on Yourself—and then—what????

Regina Fagan, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.



An Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman were sheltering under an umbrella, which one got wet first?

None,—because it wasn't raining.

* * *

Policeman: "Do you know you are driving at 60 miles an hour?

Young Lady in car: "Oh, isn't that grand? And I only learned yesterday, too."

* * *

"Yes," said the boastful young man, "my family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror."

"I suppose," remarked the friend, "you'll be telling us that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah?"

"Certainly not," said the other. "My people had a boat of their own."

* * *

"Aren't you ever afraid of losing control of the car?"

"Constantly, I'm two instalments behind already."

* * *

The new baby was a powerful loudspeaker and was not to the liking of his little brother Tommy. One day Tommy said to his mother:

"Baby came from heaven, Mother, didn't he?"

"Yes," said his mother.

Tommy was silent a few moments, then remarked:

"I don't blame the angels for putting him out, do you?"

* * *

He had been celebrating and was on his way home. As he crossed the bridge he saw the reflection of the moon in the water. He gazed down at it with a dazed look on his face. A policeman approached him.

Policeman: "Now what is wrong?"

He: "What's that down there?"

Policeman: "Why that's the moon."

He: "Moon — moon — And how the deuce did I get up here?"

* * *

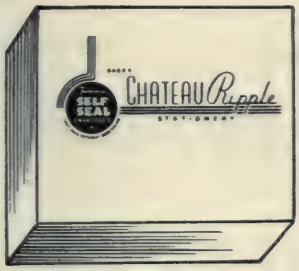
Wise: The Scotsman who is putting off buying an Atlas until world affairs are more settled.

* * *

Doctor: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. I shall send down a bottle of sleeping mixture."

Wife: "How shall I give it to him?"

Doctor: "Don't give it to him. Take it yourself."



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VOL. XXX. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1941 NO. 3

EDITORIAL

SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, PROTECTOR OF THE CHURCH.

"SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, defend us in battle," is the prayer of the Church every morning after Mass for over sixty years past; it is the inspiration and prayer of Pope Leo XIII when the worst storms gathered round Rome, the Sovereign Pontiff and the Church, and men spoke of the end of the Papacy.

This prayer was heard and the Pope set at liberty. Vatican City was created for the Pope to reside in with liberty and peace. The burden of temporal power that nearly wrecked the faith of Italy by anti-clericalism was removed in a most marvellous manner.

Papal Sovereignty was necessary for a thousand years when kings were supreme in the world and when the Pope, if not a king, would have been most abject and the mere plaything of Princes. God has invented a miraculous means to solve the seemingly insoluble problem of the Roman question and what to do with the Pope in Rome itself, the centre of Catholicity.

The Pope is still a King in his one hundred and eight acres and the world acknowledges his sovereignty now as King of Peace when the world is deluged with the blood of a universal war. The Pope had to fight Napoleon over a hundred years ago as King of the Papal States and he was the only one on the continent of Europe who resisted the great conqueror; but now war leaves him free when new dictators

are striving for world mastery. He is still a king, as Christ said of Himself, though his kingdom is not of this world.

We present our picture of Saint Michael and we pray him as a symbol and an instrument of God's power to protect the Church in the present world crisis. When sent by God he overcame Lucifer, routed from heaven itself his embattled followers, and cast them headlong as the Carmelite Blessed Baptist of Mantua (The Mantuan) said:

> "immo Satanum
> pessimis ex illis quos noctibus atque diebus
> tertribus in terras fama est et ex aethere
> lapsos."

"Thrice three days they fell from heaven," which Milton repeats as

> "Nine days they fell."

The prayer still goes on: "Saint Michael, defend us in battle," and we confidently await spiritual victories and not any longer the victories of the Papal States.

* * *

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT is the outlook of the Church and her influence over humanity? is the question that comes to the mind of every Catholic either consciously or unconsciously at this time of political world upheaval. The very framework of civilization is threatened with dissolution and a new world order is portended for Europe that is to be extended presumably to the whole world, where the state will engulf individual men and all their personal liberties and rights. Neither God nor human nature will be visible and only state laws will form the ground under our feet and the skies over our head. We shall fall down and worship before the State that has become divine and supreme.

This statement seems mere rhetoric and wild hyperbole

that could never be effected; and yet history tells us that it was the wide-spread realism that prevailed in all nations before the great change of world scene that was rung in by Christianity. The gods of paganism were mere symbols of the state, and paganism itself that prevailed over every country was to all intelligent persons only a symbol of the state, and religion and government were one.

Christians were persecuted for three hundred years as enemies of the state and rebels against the divinity of the Emperor. No matter how loyal they were in peace and war to the welfare of the state they were still expected to adore Caesar.

Adoration of Caesar has returned and also adoration of the State, which is but a curtain behind which stands Caesar. The Catholic Church stands for God and His revealed Religion that are superior to the State and Caesar, fostering and defending the rights of individuals and families that the state must not touch.

This is a condensed statement of the position taken and held by the Church from the very beginning and it may be called, when speaking roundly, the cause of all the opposition and persecution that the Church has suffered. What original heresy ever stood independent of state support and state worship? It was an axiom of the sixteenth century, the century of revolt: "Every state should have its own religion."

States in modern times have been abandoning their support of Christian sects and these petted heresies are perishing in consequence.

THE FORTUNE OF THE CHURCH IN THE DICTATORSHIPS.

After rejecting some national sect of Christianity states at present adopt downright atheism and paganism as we see in the two great countries now in deadly conflict. Russia has personified the sheer materialistic atheism of Marx and Hitler is following the mystic gods of Wagner's operas that have returned from Valhala with the crash of Wagner's music

expressing war and conquest and the original genius of Gothic tribes marching to victory.

The Valkyries are following the armies of Hitler to gather the spirits of his soldiers that fall in battle, and conduct them to the happy hunting grounds of Valhala. We are gathering in wild realism the theories of the three great innovators of the last century: Darwin, Marx and Wagner. Darwin erased the garden of Eden and the Divine origin of man, Marx continued the process by materialistic evolution of man from matter, and Wagner restored the heathen gods of the Goths as symbols of their own selves. The hope of the Church in dictatorships like Russia and Germany that persecute her is that violence is never long lived. "Nihil violentum continuum," is the old axiom: Nothing violent can last long.

The German Bishops are patiently laboring against the persecutions of Hitler and their calm religious patience will win even as it won against the high-handed conduct of Bismarck. The wilder the attacks on the Church, the shorter is their duration.

Mexico gave the latest exhibition of godless and utterly diabolical assault on the Church, that held the attention of the world while it lasted, and to human eyes seemed to mark the end of Christianity in Mexico. But lo—the storm has passed; the President of Mexico declares himself a Catholic and a friend, and Mexico, red with the doctrines of Communism and the blood of martyrs, is returning to its place in the Church, to the civilization that the missionaries brought her Indian ancestors and back also to the beautiful churches that the clergy built for them without any contribution on their part. The Church in Mexico is now poor in worldly goods and thus safe from politicians and fortune hunters.

THE CHURCH IN THE DEMOCRACIES.

Liberal governments assure peace and liberty to the Church and so on their very face are more favorable to the Church than dictatorships. Liberalism in government, however, easily

becomes indifferentism in religion and tolerance of all forms of religious worship by the State easily becomes contempt for them all. In liberal governments humanism, that is, the worship of human reason and human emotions, tends to displace all supernatural revelation and the divine faith that goes with it. Thus humanism, too, is a return of paganism by the evaporation of Christianity, and the state takes the place of God.

Divorce, race suicide, worship of nature and a general bad atmosphere is the greatest menace in the Church. Reckless laws of mere human emotion encouraging limitless divorce, race supression and even murder, under the name of euthanasia, that is painless death for incurable patients,—and the whole catalogue of freakish legislation beget an atmosphere that is as hostile to Christianity as active persecution.

The world now is moralizing over France which before its debacle of a year ago was worshipped as the ideal of modern culture and its complete humanism of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Poor France, a brilliant nation, is presented to the world as a prodigal son. Her brave armies deserved a better fate than this mad humanism inflicted upon them. Now she is accused of dictatorship because she is at the mercy of the great Dictator, Hitler. We have hope through Our Lady of Victory whom France is now honoring that she will after all her experiences of a hundred and fifty years become at last wise and return to Catholicity.

THE TRUE HOPE OF THE CHURCH.

The Church is a divine institution and leans on God, her founder, and all Catholics would not wish her success by the mere turn of world events or even the sagacity of her rulers. Every Catholic might say that if the Church is not of God she should naturally perish.

The present prevalence of irreligion and chaotic world politics is nothing to what the Church has gone through in former times when the Popes and the Hierarchy bowed their head in expectation of the end of the world. The air is so charged

at present with infidelity that we ask not what we shall do but what God is intending to do as a remedy for it all.

The Master said that before the end faith would fail on the earth and we ask therefore if the end is near now. We believe for most probable reasons that faith will flash out again by the indwelling Spirit of Pentecost that has so often conquered during two thousand years. The Church is just as God intended her to be, that is, the great ordinary instrument of the predestination of human souls even though some souls are saved by extraordinary means outside of her.

We think of predestination as the foresight and preparation of the means by which human souls are certainly sanctified, liberated from mundane evils and finally united with the Lord. When the last souls are saved out of a sinful world then the end will come both of Church and world.

ANTI-CLERICALISM, THE REAL DANGER.

It is strange, yet most true, to declare that the greatest concrete and proximate danger to the Church is anti-clericalism with its hostility to the clergy. This is apt to appear most in Catholic countries where the Church and the State are most closely associated.

The Church is naturally loyal to existing government and when wild revolutionists attack the government the Church is sure to be involved;—and there is only one step from attacking the clergy to rejecting the doctrines and government of the Church. Without attacking the priests and declaring them immoral or in some way hostile to the people our enemies would have no opening to assault the Church: thus in the concrete we may say that the priest is the Church. Every doctrine of the Church will readily show itself true and divine and time will vindicate her teachings as the past history of two thousand years has shown; but what will save the priests from slanderous attacks? And when the priest falls, the Church falls.

It was the devotion of the Irish to their priests that saved their faith and made Ireland the bright spot that she is in

the gloom of infidelity that is encircling Europe at the present time. In the United States and Canada it is the same, for the people have full confidence in their priests and nuns.

The clergy are human, therefore imperfect, but in comparison to the rest of the world they are bright angels of sincerity in the doctrines that they teach and also in heroic self-consecration to duty. The scandal of a priest or a nun is news because it is rare.

The great Emperor Constantine, newly converted from paganism, who set up the Church in all the glory of the Roman Empire, declared he would throw his cloak over a priest that had sinned to conceal the scandal he might give and the odium that might follow against the Church, for the priest is only an instrument of God and the scandal that he gives should not infect the doctrines that he teaches and the Church that he represents. The outbreak in Spain was merely a storm of anti-clericalism, for the priests were dragged in as political enemies even by blinded Catholics that still retained their hold on Catholicity.

Catholic Action is a new movement to keep clergy and laity in close co-operation and so make the Church proof against all her enemies. We can see thus that Catholics reverence the clergy even as the converted pagan Constantine from a high motive and not from ignorant simplicity. The Irish and the French Canadians saved their priests in time of persecution and their priests in turn have saved them both in religion and nationality. Loyalty to the Soggarth Aroon and to the devoted and self-immolating nun is not, let us repeat, ignorant simplicity but the wisdom of enlightened faith such as was shown by the highest minds.

VIKINGS IN WAR AND PEACE

(Part II)

By RT. REV. MONSIGNOR JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

IN the year 870 Harold "Fairhair" became sole King of Norway. He began to rule the wild chiefs of his domain according to the manner of the great King Charlemagne. He set laws upon them and taxes and tariffs of every kind. The independent chiefs could not stand this. They took their long war-boats and put to sea. They said farewell to the fiords of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and started to roam the world of waters. These hungry, dispossessed wanderers were soon heard of, all over the known world. They came to Iceland in 874. They combined together and attacked and raided the rich, well-settled lands of the continent. France, Italy, and Spain felt the power of their arms. A century passes, and we find their descendants taking service under the great Emperor at Byzantium, or Micklegarth! Their soldiers recruited and built up his famous regiment of "Varangian Guards," whose very name daunted his enemies! They fought the Greeks, the Bulgars, and the Schlavonians on the shores of the Black Sea. They left their triumphal Runes on the lion at the entrance to the arsenal at Venice. These great ocean-warriors terrorized with their

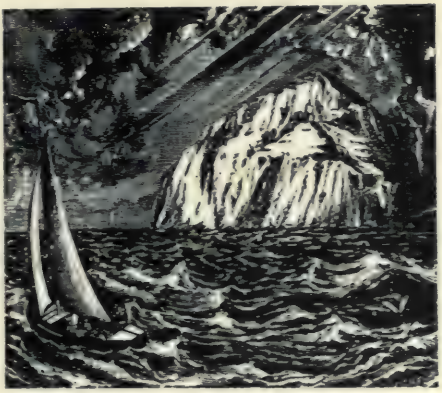


A Viking Warrior.

war-like exploits the whole of Christendom. They laid siege to Paris in their long, weird war-ships! Hear Chesterton on this feat:

"And Torr, out of his tiny boat,
Whose eyes beheld the Nile;
Wulf with his war-cry on his lips,
And Hacro, born in the eclipse,
Who blocked the Seine with battleships,
Round Paris on the Isle."

They were unbeatable at the sword, the battle-axe and the spear. It was afterwards said of them that they made themselves the aristocracy of every country they conquered. They were, in fine, *the Vikings*!



Ailsa Craig. An island about three miles in circumference, composed of igneous columnar rock.

* * * * *

As we were passing the strange islet called Ailsa Craig, Bjorn Sigmondson, the Dane, came out on deck. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Sigmondson," I said. "I wish you to say all you can in their favour."

"Of course you mean in favour of the Vikings?" said the Dane, pleasantly smiling. "Well, don't forget they were all pagans up to the year 1000 A.D., so we are now concerned with Pagan, not with Christian morals and customs. They were, admittedly, robbers and pirates, and so robbery and piracy in a good, straightforward, wholesale-way, as Sir George Dasent says, 'was honoured by them, and respected.' To do what lay before him, openly and like a man, without fear of either foes, fiends, or fates; to hold his own and speak his mind, and seek fame without respect of persons; to be free

and daring in all his deeds; to be gentle and generous to his friends and kinsmen; to be stern and grim to his foes, but even towards them to feel bound to fulfill all bounden duties; to be as forgiving to some as he was unyielding and unforgiving to others. To be no truce-breaker, nor talebearer, nor backbiter. To utter nothing against any man that he would not dare to tell him to his face. To turn no man from his door who sought food or shelter, even though he were a foe —these were the broad principles of the Northman's life and *modus agendi*."

"All this is granted by me, Mr. Sigmondson," I interposed, "yet with all these noble principles in action, the passion of revenge and the love of violence and blood, are so preponderating in the narrative of Viking life, entitled 'The Saga of Burna Njal,' that one wonders if there was time for any display whatever of the gentler feelings and virtues."

"Those same sad and regretful feelings," said Mr. Sigmondson, "take hold of my own heart when I consider pagan faults and short-comings. I can only answer you in the last words of Dasent's introduction to the 'Saga of Burnt Njal,' which are as follows:

" 'It is a comfort to find, after the whole fitful story has been worked out, after passing from page to page, every one of which reeks with gore, to find that after all, there were, even in that bloodthirsty Iceland of the tenth century, such things as peaceful old age and happy firesides, and loyal friendships.' "

* * * * *

"Tell us now, Mr. Sigmondson, some of the Norsemen's superstitions," I urged.

"The Northman," responded the Dane, "had belief in good giants and bad giants; in dark elves and bright elves, and in superhuman beings who filled the wide gulf that existed between himself and the gods. He believed, too, in wraiths and fetches, and guardian spirits, which he called *Fylgja* (singular) or *Fylgjar* (plural). To see one's own fylgja was a sure sign of one's own death.

"The Norsemen believed that some men had more than one shape, that they could take either the shapes of animals, as bears and wolves, and so work mischief; or that, without undergoing bodily change, an excess of rage and strength came over them, which made them equal in power to two or three other men in a battle. Such men were called *Hamrammir* or 'Shape-strong.'

"There was another class of men called *'Bareserks,'* who displayed supernatural strength when the battle-rage took them in its grip. The Bareserks were generally regarded as a public nuisance, and their extermination was approved of by all of common-sense."

* * * * *

"What about the superstition, Mr. Sigmondson," I asked, "of certain warriors who could not be wounded by iron weapons or could only be wounded in the legs or arms?"

"Certain men," continued the Dane, "were called *'fast'* or *'hard,'* so that the mere glance of their eyes was sufficient to turn the edge of the best sword, and others had the power even of withstanding the most deadly poison. They also believed in what was called *'Forspar'* (foretelling) and what was called *'Framsynn'* (*foresighted*). This is the superstition that in Scotland and Ireland is called 'second-sight.' Njal, the hero of the great 'Saga of Burnt Njal,' was a man of foresight and of foretelling. He was, we are told, one of the wisest of men and, at the same time, most just and honourable." The gift of second-sight ran in families, for Helgi, Njal's son, also possessed it. This was a deep-rooted superstition.

* * * * *

"I am delighted, Mr. Sigmondson," I said, "with the strange lore you dispense, regarding the beliefs and practices of your ancestors. Your ancestors and mine were, at one time, Pagans. The faults and failings of our Pagan ancestors

cannot be blamed on us who for a thousand years and more can boast of possessing the Christian religion with its morals and its saving laws. I trust, therefore, my friend, that you will not take it to heart, if I place before you the capital sin of which the Vikings were guilty in their daily lives. Here, in a few words, was the crime that cried aloud to Heaven for vengeance: When a child was born into any Viking family, it was laid on the bare ground, until the father of the family came and looked at it. If he found it was a strong child in lung and limb, he handed it over to the women, and commanded that it be reared. After it had passed the inspection, it was duly washed, signed with holy hammer of the god 'Thor,' and solemnly received into the family.



Viking Ship.

"If it were a weakly boy, and still more often, if it were a girl (no matter whether she were strong or weak), the infant was exposed to die, on a bleak hillside, by ravening wolves, or by the inclemency of the climate! This savage and unwritten law, which obtained in many other Pagan lands, was founded on a proverb which said that—'As Odin, the father of gods and men, was supreme in Asgard (Heaven) so in his own house every father of the race was also sovereign and supreme.' Those modern madmen, who want the old pagan religions back, in place of Christianity, may not boggle at accepting this tenet, which is comparable to the burning of the children of Carthage in the awful furnace of the dreaded

Baal-Ashtaroth! Certainly they will be making this world of ours a place of horror, and a realm devoid of hope, if they succeed in their iniquitous designs."

* * * * *

The Dane now came forward and announced that breakfast was ready in the morning-room. "Just before we go, I want you," I said, "to read aloud for us a poem of Chesterton. It is more or less an eulogy on our friends the Vikings." As I spoke, I placed an open book in his hand. Mr. Sigmondson glanced at the open pages, and I thought he winced a little, but in a fair round voice he read the following verses to our audience of half a dozen:

"And there was death on the Emperor
And night upon the Pope;
And Alfred, hiding in deep grass,
Hardened his heart with hope.

"A sea-folk blinder than the sea
Broke all about his land,
But Alfred up against them bare
And gripped the ground and grasped the air,
Staggered, and strove to stand!

"He bent them back with spear and spade,
With desperate dyke and wall,
With foemen leaning on his shield,
And roaring on him when he reeled
And no help came at all.

"The Northmen came about our land
A Christless chivalry,
Who knew not of the arch or pen
Great, beautiful, half-witted men,
From the sunrise and the sea.

"Misshapen ships stood on the deep,
Full of strange gold and fire;
And hairy men, as huge as sin,
With horned heads, came wading in
Through the long, low sea-mire.

"Our towns were shaken of tall kings
With scarlet beards like blood;
The world turned empty where they trod,
They took the kindly cross of God
And cut it up for wood!

"Their souls were drifting, as the sea,
And all good towns and lands,
They only saw with heavy eyes,
And broke with heavy hands.

"Their gods were sadder than the sea,
Gods of a wandering will,
Who cried for blood like beasts at night,
Sadly, from hill to hill!

"And naught was left King Alfred
But shameful tears of rage,
In the island, in the river,
In the end of all his age!

"In the island, in the river
He was broken to his knee;
And he read, writ with an iron pen,
That God had wearied of Wessex men,
And given their country, field and fen,
To the devils of the sea"

The tall Dane finished his noble reading, and there was a spontaneous burst of applause. I thought he looked at me reproachfully, and that his face was a little flushed, as he turned to go down the companion-way.

However, when I met him that afternoon, he was as cheerful and happy as ever, and made no allusion to Chesterton, or to his world-famous "Ballad of The White Horse."

DESCARTES AND TO-DAY

By REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE.

THERE is difficulty in getting some men to believe their bodies have a soul. Rene Descartes asked all men to believe that they were angels with a body. His philosophy has been called the angelic Incarnation.

Aristotle and St. Thomas after him, and all others of same thinking, taught: *Non est in intellectu quod prius non fuerit in sensu.* Our minds were given us as a clean sheet, and our knowledge is the result of intellectual abstraction from sense presentation. Descartes awoke from his slumber by the German stove to say this was all wrong. In his dreams he found out that man thought as an angel. Hence his contribution to the chaos of modern philosophy. Like Luther and Rousseau and others probably it would be better if that man had not only never dreamed but never been born.

But we must take things as they are and as we find them if we take them at all. Our only hope now in the face of the Cartesian fiasco is to point out the disastrous inroads it has made in modern life and to warn rising generations against it. We cannot stem the flood by wishful thinking of what might not have happened.

The case of Descartes is a classic example of the dynamite of the idea either for weal or for woe. The good or evil deeds of men may live long after them but their ideas live longer. The ideas of Descartes still make for falsehood in our day and what is not true or good makes for unhappiness and unreality.

At first sight it may appear difficult to hold Descartes responsible for a share in the modern mix-up of things. But if we can convict him of helping derailing mankind from the right thinking track we have done much toward his condemnation. It is a serious sin to deflect men from truth regardless of the quality of the falsehoods substituted. It offends

the Creator to discover man in another way than he was fashioned. It is a crime against the eternal fitness of things to label them other than they are.

Descartes tells us we gain our knowledge of things in a mode not becoming a rational animal. All our sense perception and its teamplay with the rational faculty is a myth and a monstrosity. We are angels, not men, and the trappings of our mortality are excess baggage and this body-conditioned spirit of ours is not that kind of spirit at all. We have intuition, innate ideas, not sense images and the sleight of hand work of the intellectus agens. Such a process is too mysterious to be explained, too prodigious a gift from our Maker. And so we are more easily explained by becoming what we are not—angelic beings—a tenth choir in that heavenly hierarchy. This flesh and blood was not given to us for the processes of knowledge. For what purpose we know not except as the object of reducing menus or so tailors and surgeons could ply their art and skill.

Descartes, besides drawing the blue prints of man's creation other than was in the Divine Mind, also made man the object of mankind's love and devotion. From now on not the geocentric or heliocentric or theocentric order is the vogue but the topsy-turveydom of his philosophy issues in the anthropocentic theory. Man from henceforth, now and forever, is to be the center of all things. The modern age has caught on to the tip and evidently likes the idea even though paying dearly on the line. Folly has always cost plenty.

Rene, the toast of 17th century France, was one of the unholy three who assisted at the birth of the modern world. The other two were Luther of the 16th and Rousseau of the 18th century. The brain-child that these three delivered was named Immanuel Kant for he furnished the academic structure for the doctrines of the three and waxed strong as the grown up mature offspring of all the subjectivism, rationalism, and scepticism of the modern world. From Kant went out a school of disciples that could mar the truth, the goodness and the beauty of a dozen worlds. There is a logic

to error as well as to truth and the legacy of error and evil has been handed down from generation to generation by men like Descartes and Kant.

This misguided French philosopher whose vision by the German stove recreated the human race aided modern man as he sallies forth to conquer the world in our machine age. The sons of Adam are no longer to depend on things outside of them. From now on they depend on man and will receive the image he imprints on them. The old Adam of the Garden of Eden is no longer the Adam we knew him to be even after the Fall. The prophet of Angelism with his new monstrosity, a two-footed angel, has a new creature wandering through the wilderness of the world harnessing the forces of nature wherever he finds them. But sad to say, angel and all as man is, Rene Descartes has unharnessed *him*. Perhaps Herman Hesse had some creature like this in mind when he compared modern man to the lost and howling steppenwolf. We now have the story of not a lost angel from heaven but one from earth and wandering in our dreary western world.

The human prairie wolf has been adequately described by Hesse and Peter Wust after him as a hungry, howling rational animal wandering in the loveless desert of our modern civilization—our western world. It is in that once lovely place built by Christian faith and the Christian order that men like Luther and Descartes have cut man loose from his ontological moorings.

Man, since their day, has become conscious of a self-sufficiency that has issued in the rankest rationalism and materialism. Armed with an independence that spurns natural and supernatural ties he is a new-made Adam in the 19th and 20th century world he surveys. To be sure, Descartes gave a lot to science. We must not underestimate so clever a man. As a mathematician and a physicist he was very great. It would be wrong to cast any aspersion on his faith and as far as we know, its practice. We have no quarrel with his faith, his morals or his science. It is with the Cartesian method—his knowledge—that we laugh him to scorn and cry

out from the housetops to a world that he bewildered and deceived. It is with the unscientific theory of knowledge with its awful aftermath in the realm of faith, morals and knowledge that we weep over. We cry out to a stricken world wounded all over with metaphysical thorns to desert such men as the high-priest and prophet of Angelism and to hurry back not to an angel of darkness but to the Angel of the Schools.

Rene Descartes was popular in his day and for a long spell afterwards. All innovators and radicals are the toast of their day. Anyone who starts tearing down an age-old order would be welcomed and liked. Mankind tires of monotony even though it be truth. The revolt against the Church and the philosophia Perennis are well known cases of man's desire for novelty. The Cartesian, like all innovations, at least many of them, has ended with Frankenstein catastrophe. Like all movements having some truth or half or apparent truths it appealed and made headway. But all dangerous doctrines do not view things in their entirety and like all quackery and charlatanism, end by doing more harm than good. There was a man once who crawled under his house with an acetylene torch to thaw out a frozen water pipe. His success was so great that he burned the house down and he himself was devoured in the holocaust.

Our modern world in so many ways has shown the devouring method of specious and misguided reforms. From Luther to Volstead, Hitler and Stalin, the agitators with their bungling methods, have been legion. Not the least amongst these has been the "angelic" philosopher. He turned man's mind inside out. And the mind that set its image and impress on modern times has turned them inside out as well.

THE LIVING VOICE

By REVEREND PATRICK O'CONNOR.

PEOPLE who tried to talk pidgin English to Don Wu were making a mistake. The man who came into the store in Chicago's Chinatown and said, "Me wantee nicee radio, cheap. Can do?" felt foolish when the slim, serious-faced Chinese translated the words for him. "You want a good radio. Inexpensive. Yes." Often, indeed, he would say "ladio" and always he spoke a little throatily and with a foreign cadence.

In Don Wu's pocketbook there was a precious page clipped from an old *China Year Book*. It had the following item, pencil-marked.

"WU CHAO-TAN. English rendering, Don C. Wu. Born, 1895; native of Tienmen, Hupeh. Studied Hankow, Shanghai. S. B. Massachusetts Inst. of Tech., Boston, 1927. Professor, Wu-Han University, 1929-30. Technical adviser, Minister of Communications, Nanking, 1930. Member of staff, Station XGOC, Shanghai, 1930-1931."

There was a great deal between the lines of that entry. The laborious years in Hankow and Shanghai when Don Wu was learning English and the elements of electricity. His ambitious journey to America as a student beneficiary of the Boxer Indemnity Fund. His years in Boston, studying radio at M.I.T., working in a Chinese restaurant for his meals, experimenting and reading long after midnight. Then his proud return to China and his first position. The clipping said nothing about his marriage or the death of his young wife and child from cholera. After that his promising career in China had lost its appeal. He went from one post to another. When the Shanghai station sent him to America to purchase equipment, he came, did his business and resolved not to go back.

His radio shop in Chicago would not hold him long. He knew that himself. His heart was aching with some hunger and he would be restless until it was satisfied.

One day he rode in to the Loop and sought out a store

that had religious statues, candlesticks and books in the window. He had noticed it before; now he identified it and entered.

"I want the book about Christ," he said. "Bible? Gospel? How much?"

He had heard a religious radio address the previous Sunday evening and it had impressed him. Now he took a copy of the New Testament in his hands, examined it carefully, almost suspiciously, "I will buy it," he said, paid his fifty cents and was gone.

He remembered, as a young lad in China, seeing missionaries and instinctively fearing them. In Hankow he had read a few tracts and in Shanghai he had gone once or twice to the Y.M.C.A. Coming to America as a student, he had been too fascinated by the material achievements that he saw and too eager for success to enquire about Christianity. He never mentioned religion nor was it mentioned to him. So, having made no contact with any Church, he returned to China neither a believer in his father's paganism nor a Christian. He had no religion.

Now, entering middle age, he felt the need for an answer to life's riddle. But what was the true answer?

The radio talk he had heard made him think. "Perhaps the answer is Christ." He would see for himself. He would read what Christ actually said and did.

Serious-faced, solitary among the crowds, he brought his book home from the Loop and leaving the store in the care of his young employee, he retired to his back room, made tea and began to read.

He began at the beginning, with St. Matthew's Gospel. In the very first chapter he was tempted to give up but, frowning, he continued. As he read on, the frown faded and his eyes shone. "Not in bread alone doth man live . . .Blessed are the poor in spirit . . . Blessed are they that mourn . . . Blessed are the peace-makers."

Don Wu laid down the book, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and closed his eyes. He had come upon something as bright

as summer sunrise. It gave him a sense of discovery, reminding him of the time when, as a child, he had shouted with excitement on noticing the first tiny light-green rice shoots in his father's field in spring.

Gustily he drank some tea and returned to the little book.

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand . . . Be glad and rejoice for your reward is very great in heaven . . . Our Father, Who art in heaven."

He did not understand it all. But he understood much of it, with both head and heart. All of it had a note of certainty and peace and consolation unlike anything else he had ever heard or imagined. Perhaps . . . perhaps Christ was the whole answer.

Keeping his thoughts to himself, Don Wu went on selling radio sets and tubes, making repairs, trading in the old for the new. In slack moments and at night he read his little book through, finding patches of illumination and much that was obscure in the Acts, Epistles and Apocalypse. He liked to read about Saul and what happened on the road to Damascus. The Gospels he re-read many times. One midnight the conviction burst into flame within him. Christ was indeed the answer. Christ had all that was really wise in the classics of China and he had infinitely more. The old sages spoke as men who had to think things out and they were sometimes unsure. Christ spoke from His own knowledge. Some man had said it well. Christ had the words of eternal life.

But—and Wu's face slipped into the weary frown that came so easily to him in recent years—it was nineteen centuries ago that Christ lived and spoke on the earth. How was a man of this generation to find him? No ministers, no hymn-meetings or icecream socials would do. Only Christ Himself. Catholic or Protestant Church, Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, they all looked alike at Don Wu's distance. They talked about Christ. His need was to hear Christ talk.

One evening in a roundabout way, he revealed some of his thoughts to an old man of the Wang family, who kept a little store near by. The old man listened.

"Christ? I have heard of Him. Some *Mei-kuei* people pray to Him."

"He was very wise and good," said Wu eagerly. "His teachings make life sweet."

"How can they make life sweet?" asked the old man in matter-of-fact tones.

"In many ways," answered Wu, wistfully. He was thinking of his father twice beggared by floods back in Tienmen, of his brother kidnapped by bandits, of his young wife and child dead of cholera in Nanking. Such things are terrible, crushing . . . unless you learn that blessed are they that mourn, unless you know of the joy in heaven that no man can take from you.

"If you can read the book about Christ, then you have all the teaching you want from Him," said Wang, after a pause.

"But a book is only a book. It leaves much unsaid. It tells you that it is incomplete. I would like to hear Christ speaking to me."

Old Wang unscrewed his pipe.

"Your radio brings you voices from across the earth," he said slowly. "Will it not bring you a voice from the past?"

Wu started to answer but checked himself.

"I am going," said Mr. Wang, rising. "There is a letter from Canton down at the hall. I want to hear it."

"Walk slowly," said Wu, from the door. Then he came and stood in front of his radio set, thinking deeply.

Two weeks later, Don Wu asked for an interview with the chief technician of a radio manufacturing concern with which he did business.

"Clever fellow, that Chinese," said the technician. "Yeah, I'll see him."

But this interview with Wu tried his patience.

"Of course it's possible," he said testily. "In fact, it's likely that sound waves from the voices of the past are still vibrating somewhere in the ether. But nobody outside a novel or an insane asylum would hope to pick them up."

"Yes," said Wu, in an expressionless tone that increased the other's impatience.

"You don't seem very convinced," he snapped. "Good-night, man, doesn't every child know that a voice speaking now must connect with a transmitter before our best receiver can get it? How on earth can you place a transmitter before a voice that spoke nearly two thousand years ago? It's a fantastic idea and you know very well it's not practical."

"No," said Wu in the same level tone.

"What do you mean?" demanded the technician, looking at him dubiously. "For a man of your training and intelligence—"

"The voice I want to get is the voice of Christ," said Wu with throaty earnestness. "He has great power, He can fix a transmitter to take the voice waves. He can invent, if He wants to. I think He will."

"H'm." The technician was looking at his watch. "I see I'm dealing with a religious mystic, not a scientist," he said.

"Not a scientist?" Indignantly, with something of a hiss. "*You* are not a scientist because you will not allow for a fact."

"What fact?"

"Christ has promised that His word would not pass away. He said that all His sheep will hear His voice. He is true, He is good. That is a fact. As real as—as an antenna or a thermionic tube!" Wu paused, breathless.

"I don't want to sound irreverent, above all to a Chinese," said the other, rising. "I'm sorry I'm so busy to-day. See you some other time." Then, as the door closed, "Crazy! Plumb crazy!"

That night Don Wu unearthed all his old notebooks and manuals; the following week saw him beginning a round of the libraries. After a while he spent most of his time in his workshop.

Six weeks later a "For Rent" sign appeared in the store window. The former tenant, Don C. Wu, had gone out of business and left Chicago, the agent said. Old Mr. Wang had an address for mail. It was in Paris, France.

Wu arrived in Paris with two suitcases. He had brought a good-sized wooden box, too, but it had gone on to Marseilles under bond.

In Paris he stayed with a Chinese whom he had known in Nanking. One evening he hinted at his dream—of constructing a receiving set that would find and amplify the voice waves of the speech of Christ.

His friend laid his chopsticks across his bowl and laughed gently.

"Why not the voice of Confucius or even Sun Yat-sen?" he asked. "Why not all the voices of the dead?"

"They would have to be put on a carrier wave, radiated by a transmitter," said Wu, patiently. "I do not expect to get those voices."

"Then why expect to get the voice of Christ?" queried the other, with a gesture of hands and shoulders that he had learned in France.

"Because He has power that the others do not have. And He has promised."

"What?"

"That if I seek Him, I will find Him. That His followers will hear His voice."

"*Ai-yah!* So you are a believer in Christ?"

"Yes . . . I suppose I am," answered Wu slowly.

Clearly his friend thought him odd, so Wu did not stay long in Paris. Anyhow he was anxious to finish his journey and begin his experiments. So one morning he left from the Gare de Lyon with a ticket for Marseilles in his pocket.

"Be sure to learn the language that Christ spoke. Otherwise you will not be able to understand Him," was the parting thrust from his friend.

As the train was gathering speed, Wu grasped the truth behind that jibe. He sat back in his third-class seat and closed his eyes in weary dejection. What language did Christ use? Where could it be learned?

A steerage passage on a ship to Jaffa, the chief port of Palestine, brought him near to his goal. He was thin and worn now, but his face was as stolid as if he were coming to sell merchandise. No one would guess the sense of approaching climax that he felt, nor his intermittent struggles with

the thought that perhaps he was an utter fool. He would read and re-read the Gospels in the book he had bought that momentous day in Chicago. Yes, Christ was too wise, too good, not to be true. He would not fail him. . .

Passing through France, as often in America, he had noticed priests. He knew that they worshipped Christ and spoke of Him. But had they themselves heard Him? Did they feel the need he felt, of hearing Christ's living voice, even though it came through an instrument? He often glanced at them curiously. They seemed sure of themselves, at peace inwardly and outwardly. What way had they found?

He had trouble with the authorities at Jaffa. For a while it seemed that he would not be allowed to bring his precious box ashore. He was coming as a tourist and student, was he? The British officials were suspicious but finally they allowed him to land, with his case of parts for a receiving set that he would build himself. It was understood that he was staying only thirty days.

A friendly, if puzzled, travel agent guided him to a bus that would take him up to Tiberias, beside the Sea of Galilee. That was about ninety miles away, north and east. Would he not go to Jerusalem? No; the answer was laconic and definite. Whatever this American-educated Chinese wanted to do in Tiberias, it apparently meant more to him than sightseeing. The tourist agent said nothing. You meet all kinds of people in the travel business, he told himself, for the eleven hundred and seventeenth time.

In the office in Jaffa, Wu met a solution to a harassing problem. A young Zionist, native of New York and graduate of the Hebrew University, came calling for mail. He was also looking for tourists to guide. Accosted by the serious-faced Wu, he gave prompt, businesslike answers. Yes, he had studied Aramaic, the language spoken in the time of Christ. He could understand it, he thought, but nobody spoke it now except some Syrians in their religious services.

"Aramaic on the radio? Whadyamean?" he asked.

Wu explained deprecatingly that he was going to spend a while in Galilee—he would stay in the hotel in Tiberias—and he would listen in on his radio a good deal. He would try to get a—a program in Aramaic and he would pay for the assistance of an interpreter.

"I don't know how you'll get a program like that, unless they broadcast some Maronite celebration from up in Syria. But I'll come. Same fee as for a private tour and all expenses as well. Okey?"

Wu took his address, promised to telegraph when he was ready for him and climbed aboard the bus. Over modern roads it would take him up to Caesarea and then across to Tiberias.

To be in Palestine, even the troubled Palestine of to-day, was fascinating to Wu. He remembered the place names he had seen in the Gospels. Now, as his bus passed old ruins, new towns and little Arab villages, he would turn around in his seat to look back at signs that told how many kilometers it was to Jerusalem, Samaria and Nazareth. But Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, the lakeside hills where the very air had often vibrated with the words of Christ . . . perhaps still vibrated with them . . . that was the place he longed for. The cities and other towns would be interesting, too, no doubt, but they would have too much disturbance, too much electrical machinery to cause interference.

In the little flat-roofed hotel in Tiberias they all agreed that the sallow little man who had registered as Don C. Wu, of Chicago, gave no trouble to anybody but he acted peculiarly. He ate little, rarely spoke, hardly ever went out. In his room, where he spent most of his time, he was putting something together. One Arab boy said it was the insides of an automobile; another felt sure it was a home-made radio. Wu often sent for a little kettle of boiling water; he had brought his own tea and made it in his own way. Sometimes, in the evening, he would go out on the flat roof and stand there, looking out over the little town and the dark green palm trees, the bare hillsides and the blue waters on which Arab fishermen sailed as once the Apostles did.

He was ten days in Tiberias when one afternoon, excitedly, he sent a wire for the Aramaic student to come from Jaffa. The Zionist came, not quite at his ease. Wu told him that he had been assembling his radio set; that it would be ready this evening and that he wanted to have the interpreter at hand . . . in case it worked.

It did not work. The interpreter spent most of the night in Wu's room, watching the little Chinese manipulating the uncased skeleton of a queer-looking radio. The tubes glowed but no sound came. Then the tubes went black. Next morning the Zionist went back to Jaffa, pleased with his fee but troubled by a sense of futility.

"What are you trying to get? Let me hire a radio for you? he had said impatiently to Wu. But if the little Chinese was crazy, he was also stubborn.

"I will send for you again," he had said as they parted. "I am trying to make a radio that will be different. For frequencies that are different. This place is the best place to try. I think there is . . . something in the air."

But the precious days slipped by and success seemed as remote as ever. Wu looked worn, dejected. The people in the hotel were used to him now; he paid his bills regularly and clearly he was harmless. One morning, from his window, he saw two Arabs pointing up at his room and laughing.

Huddled in a chair before a bewildering assembly of coils, tubes, wires and knobs, he counted the days left to him. Only five more. The authorities would be looking him up soon. Pitiless memory recalled the faces and words of the men who had warned him against this extraordinary experiment. Had he made a great mistake? This radio set that he had hopefully built to catch the voice of nineteen centuries ago had brought no sound whatever. He thumbed the leaves of the Gospel again . . . No, he was not a fool to trust in Christ! He would fast, he would pray, and he would try again. He would dismantle the entire set and reconstruct it. In three days he could have it ready for a last attempt. Christ, Who had promised to let people hear His voice, would not fail

him. Wu was seeking to hear, perhaps in a strange way. But it was the best way he knew. . .

A couple of days later, when another wire came to Jaffa, the young Zionist was tempted to ignore it. But on second thoughts he came. Tourist business was slack. A smiling, bowing, confident Wu received him.

"Get the set to work yet?" asked the interpreter.

"Not yet," smiled Wu. "I will be finished with my repairs to-night. I feel sure it will work. So I want to be ready and have you here."

Stifling his irritation, the young man went into the hotel and sat down to wait. After nightfall he went upstairs and seated himself in Wu's room, still waiting.

Wu pressed a switch, turned a knob. Dimly a tube glowed. No sound came. The interpreter sat back, resigned to another night like the last.

The long hours passed. Twice a low hum, followed by a series of squeaks, came from the radio and Wu called excitedly to his dozing companion. The man sat up with a start but there was no more to hear and nothing to translate. He dozed off again.

Night began to pale over Galilee. The stillness and the twilight of dawn came upon the hills and the lake. A faint red, as from an unseen sanctuary lamp, touched the low eastern sky. Sparrows chattered outside the window. It was just at such an hour that the Risen Christ had stood upon these shores of Galilee and spoken to His weary disciples.

The sleeping Zionist stirred in his chair, breathing heavily. Wu, tired, disheveled, with eyes bloodshot from the long vigil, once more pinched the dials with his sensitive fingers.

Suddenly he quivered to attention. From the low-humming radio a voice had spoken! It was far away and indistinct but a real voice.

The interpreter woke up with blinking eyes and open mouth.

What did he say? What is it?" panted Wu, breathless.

"I don't know." The other's words were thick with sleep. "But it's not Aramaic. I'm pretty sure."

The voice had faded away now. With dry, parted lips Wu knelt in tense suspense, his right hand frozen to a dial. Then the voice came back, strong and resonant.

" . . . *begging all to come to the peace of a tranquil conscience . . . the peace that the world cannot give, that which alone will calm every unrest and quench every fear. Peace I leave with you. My peace I give you. But since peace without must come from peace within, it is necessary above all to have peace in your conscience. If you have that peace, guard it. If . . .*"

Again the voice faded out. In wild wonderment Wu stared at his interpreter and waited. The radio crackled and hummed. The two listeners held their breath. Then words came again but it was a different voice.

" . . . Station HVJ, Vatican City, Rome. You have just heard an address given in seven languages, including English, by His Holiness Pope Pius the Twelfth, Vicar of Christ, speaking to the world from St. Peter's . . ."

The man from Jaffa barked a short laugh.

"So that's what you've got," he said unpleasantly. "You've built yourself an ordinary shortwave set and barely got that Vatican City station from Rome. That's all, after your time and money and experimenting. Just the Pope of Rome!"

But Don Wu was not paying any attention to him. He was smiling out at the sky and the lake and the sunrise. Because once more he had the great sense of discovery. It was like the time long ago in China when, as a little child, he had shouted with excitement, one Spring day, on seeing the first green rice-shoots sprouting in his father's field.

THE CHRIST BOY AMONG THE DOCTORS

By REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S.T.D.

HOFFMAN'S "Christ Among the Doctors" is a popular religious picture. In it we see in the background the elderly scribes, be-whiskered and with a look of perplexity on their grave faces. In the commanding position stands the



THE CHRIST BOY IN THE TEMPLE.

white, luminous, youthful figure of the Christ Boy, modestly yet majestically pouring out limpid streams of sublime truth. Other artists who have given us on canvas their conception of this strange Gospel scene include Da Vinci, Dobson, Dore, Durer, Giotto, Hunt, Lafon, Luini, Mazzolino, Veronese, Tissot. Holman Hunt's famous picture is a representation of the Boy Jesus addressing His Blessed Mother with some of the Doctors in the back-ground. This latter phase of the scene is also delineated by Tissot.

Who are the Doctors in the scene? They are the Scribes or experts in Jewish sacred laws and ordinances. They arose

in Palestine after the Captivity and already for several centuries were a class differentiated from the priests who reserved their attention to sacrificial and ritualistic functions. A learned body trained in scribal schools devoted themselves to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, especially the sacred laws contained in the Pentateuch, which they called the Torah or Law of Moses. These explained the intricacies of "the commandments and justifications of the Lord" (Lk. 1-6). They also elaborated what they called a hedge around the Law by preserving oral traditions and interpretations which they claimed went back to Esdras and even to Moses himself. With their contention that oral tradition was of equal standing with the sacred text, the Saviour of the Public Ministry took sharp issue. He asserted that the oral tradition of the scribes was opposed to the spirit of the Inspired Word, and He condemned these fabricators of laws for their hypocrisy in making heavy burdens for the people which they themselves eluded by subterfuges. Scribes were to be found among the leaders of the sect of the Pharisees and some of them got into the Sanhedrin. One of the best of the Scribes who flourished in our Lord's time and who could have been one of the Doctors among whom the Christ Boy sat was Gamaliel. He was the teacher of St. Paul and gave the advice to the Sanhedrin not to molest the Apostles (Acts V-34). Our Divine Lord counseled the people to follow the advice of the Scribes but not their example. The wisdom of some of them is enshrined in the pages of the Old Testament, since it was inspired by the Holy Ghost. And it was a group of these experts in the Scriptures who were privileged to be selected to witness the twelve year old Saviour give His evangelical prelude anticipating the Public Ministry by eighteen years.

The Gospel narrative sketches the scene thus: "It came to pass that after three days they (the Parents) found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers. And seeing Him

they wondered" (Luke 11, 46-48). Especially in the Hall of Polished Stone at the southwest corner of the sacred edifice, when great crowds were in the Holy City for the great feasts, the learned doctors of the Law discoursed on erudite subjects to an entranced audience. We know from the Gospels that Our Divine Lord took advantage of this practice to preach to the people within the sacred precincts before, during, and after the feasts: "He was teaching daily in the temple" (Lk. XIX, 47). The scene with which we are concerned does not portray merely a class of pupils around a teacher. The Gospel text does not say that the Christ Boy was among the pupils; it does say expressly that He was sitting "in the midst of the teachers" themselves, meaning in a central position among these learned men.

What was he doing? He was hearing them, He was propounding questions to them, and in turn He was giving answers to their questions. The effect not only on the Doctors but also on all others who were listening is thus summarily described: "And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom (intelligence) and His answers." Here is a case where the Greek word used in the text is not adequately expressed by a single English word, but requires several. The word which is translated "astonished" signifies to be beside oneself with wonder, to be bewildered or stupefied with astonishment because of a preternatural miraculous occurrence. So that the learned rabbis and all who were witnessing the scene were looking at the Boy Jesus as at a great prodigy displaying most inexplicable, preternatural intelligence.

The Virgin Mother and St. Joseph, who had joined the outskirts of the crowd around the Christ Boy, also joined in the bewilderment. There is a different word used to express their wonderment. It denotes a combination of the feelings of shock, fear and amazement, and can be translated "awe-struck." This extreme reaction of the "Parents" to the scene that greeted their eyes can be explained by the fact that it was entirely unexpected, for they had grown accustomed to His acting as an ordinary boy. Several times before He had

come with them to the Holy City on pilgrimages to celebrate the Passover, and yet He had returned with them to the home town to live an ordinary life. Not suspecting that anything out of the ordinary was going to happen on the visit of Christ's twelfth year, they had not taken the trouble, which they considered needless, to find out if He was with the contingent from Nazareth as it started homewards, for He knew the place and time of departure of their group of a few hundred pilgrims. Accordingly, at the end of the first day's journey when Mary and Joseph inquired for the Boy Jesus among relatives, friends and neighbours in the caravan, it was with consternation that they found Him missing. And it was with extreme anxiety and solicitude that they sought Him through the crowds on the way back to Jerusalem, through the suburbs and through the streets of the Holy City. Then with hearts torn with care and sorrow, they suddenly came across the scene among the Doctors, the Christ Boy, modest in mien and behaviour, sitting in a central position among these learned men discoursing with them. The out-standing feature of the scene was the fact that these famous teachers of Israel were wearing a look of utter stupefaction and amazement at the preternatural intelligence He was displaying. No wonder these parents were momentarily stunned with awe. This shock to the "Parents" speaks eloquently for the extraordinary character of the affair; for they knew Him better than anybody else; and hence a mere display of precocity would not account for this attack of great amazement which the scene brought to them.

The twelve-year-old Jesus had deliberately stayed behind when the group from Nazareth had left for home. It must have been on the day of departure that He commenced the discussion with the Doctors. It was an ordinary occurrence for a boy to question the Jewish experts of the law, for these men loved to be consulted from any quarter; but this proved to be no ordinary affair. It continued during several hours each day for several days—to be sure, not at night when the temple was closed. It was a free discussion and of course not a lecture. He proposed questions which led through intricate

and important problems. At first the Scribes did not suspect the depth and directive force of those questions. At first too they began to ask one another for the answer to some of the Christ Boy's difficult questions. When no answer could be given by the leading rabbis of Israel, to the profound astonishment of all, the beardless Youth Who had proposed the subtle questions began to answer them, and answered them lucidly and perfectly. The best and sincerest of the scribes became most interested as did also many of the audience. As the Christ Boy continued to meet questions with additional questions and thus to lead on the discussion, His masterly control over erudite subjects and the brilliant flashes of His combinative insight into dark problems were gradually being evidenced. From His position among the audience He was invited to take a seat in the center of the learned teachers themselves, which He did gracefully and modestly. The keenness of His mind and His insight into the most baffling problems convinced these masters that in this mere Boy they had found their master. And a great part of their amazement arose from the fact that there was no haughtiness about this Boy prodigy but rather a winning modesty of bearing and a kind forbearance toward the opinions of others, which made a happy combination with the honeyed words of wisdom and grace that fell from His lips. Who is this Boy that speaks with such words in a guttural Galilean accent? Where did He come from? How did He acquire this profound knowledge and how explain this powerful intellect? How appealing is His modesty and how captivating His words that warm the human heart and lead it to God! In His display of heavenly wisdom, in His elucidations of the approach of God's kingdom, how marvellous, how miraculous! Never did anyone speak like this Boy before! Questions and exclamations of intense bewilderment were expressed on all sides among the Doctors and the audience.

In all sober history there is nothing like the account of the Christ Boy among the Doctors. Lately there has been a tendency to minimize the episode, to dwarf it to the mere showing of precocity and flashes of budding genius. Yet the Evangelist, here as elsewhere our infallible guide, uses the

strongest word to express the astonishment of the learned jurists, a word which indicates that the occurrence they witnessed was inexplicable by natural causes. Hoffman's picture does not do justice to the Gospel wording in depicting the great astonishment of the Doctors, as indeed cold canvas always fails in portraying the strongest human emotions. Besides, Hoffman has the Christ Boy and the Doctors standing, whereas the Gospel record says they were all sitting.

Some of the Fathers of the Church characterizes the scene with the word "disputing." Pointing out that from the one fountain of knowledge flows the art of questioning wisely as well as that of answering wisely, Origen states that "Christ needed first to propound erudite questions to the Doctors, so that afterwards He might reply to their questions. At one time Jesus questions, at another He replies. However wonderful may be the question, yet much more marvellous is the reply." In the same strain writes St. Jerome, who remarks that the Christ Boy in the temple "interrogating the elders on questions of the law rather taught while He prudently asked questions." Likewise the Syrian scholar, St. Ephraim (Hymn on the Nativity, 11) expresses the same thought: "Our Lord lowered Himself and asked that He might hear and learn what He knew, that He might by His questions reveal the treasure of His helpful graces."

How we should like to know the topics that were discussed between the Boy Jesus and the Doctors! It has been suggested that they were scriptural subjects, intricate points of the law, knotty paschal questions, or pressing problems concerning the Messiah. Some have thought that specimens of the discussion may be found in the accounts of the Public Ministry such as the encounter between the Saviour and the jurist that produced the parable of the Good Samaritan. Would the reply of the Christ Boy to His Mother's anxious question be a specimen? It was a pithy saying that was to be understood only in the light of His entire life.

We may be sure that the subjects of discussion were not frivolous matters, nor were they taken at random; but rather they had order and purpose, and were constructive as well as

informative. Before the preaching of St. John the Baptist the Scribes sat in the chair of Moses, and under God's providence were the official guides of the Chosen People. To a group of these official teachers the youthful Messiah devoted a few days of instruction in His own way by question and answer. It was an evangelical prelude to the great message which the Jewish nation was to hear proclaimed on the hillsides of Palestine twenty years afterwards. Thus in taking part in the training of some of the official advisers of the Jews, the Christ Boy was taking a part in the great work of preparation for the kingdom of God, the work to which the Baptist dedicated his life and for which the Prophets had done their share.

The Christ Boy was Himself preparing soil for the sowing. Who can tell where the Gospel seedlings which He planted in the minds of the group of jurists and their audience, may have fructified? In a young Lazarus? In Gamaliel? In a parent of a future Apostle? The Holy Ghost had inspired holy Simeon and the prophetess Anna to recognize the great Messiah in the Infant of forty days. Through their science of astrology or astronomy the Magi had been led by God from the East to adore the Divine Child. Now the Son of God, Wisdom Himself, when twelve years of age, breaks the long silence of the Hidden Life to take a hand in the cause of truth and grace with the experts of the Sacred Scriptures in the House of God.

St. Gregory the Great points out that the Christ Boy by asking questions to learn the opinion of the Doctors, gives us all an example of modesty and as well of devotion to studies. The young especially can follow this example in their application to school work and in the improving of their minds. A great source of edification is the Boy Jesus delivering His evangelical prelude at the expense of sorrow and solicitude to those nearest and dearest to Him. What sacrifices we should gladly make for the sake of the good news which means salvation and life for humanity! Indeed preparing men's souls for God's grace by teaching and preaching is one of our greatest duties and privileges.

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESSES

By REVEREND H. B. LAUDENBACH, LL.D.

TO THE outsider from our Faith Eucharistic meetings on the modern scale are, or course, an anomaly. He just doesn't know what it's all about.

We must not forget that we are putting before the general public in these Congresses, the Greatest Sacramental Mystery of the Church. One which, in the Catacomb days, was part and the larger part of the "Arcana," i.e., the beliefs that were not to be publicized for fear of desecration.

Now the best way to learn is to define. That is why our Catechisms are largely made up of definitions, which fix the mind in a clear way on certain and often mystical truths. The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. five, p. 592, gives us a fine definition on our subject, by Rev. Thomas F. Meehan, "They (Eucharistic Congresses) are gatherings of ecclesiastics and laymen for the purpose of celebrating and glorifying the Holy Eucharist and of seeking the best means to spread its knowledge and love throughout the world."

Like all important things, these Congresses had humble and small beginnings. Bishop Gaston of Segur, a deeply religious prelate, had the first on record at Lille, in France, June 21, 1881. We deal therefore with a really modern affair. The idea of these meetings was a prelude also of the Eucharistic Revival which afterwards made such gallant strides towards "popularizing" the Mass and Communion under the saintly Pius the Tenth. Avignon, the 70-year-old place of exile of the Papacy followed in '82, then Liege in '83.

The international character of the institution developed early: Fribourg, in Switzerland, had the next one in '85. Then again a return to France, Toulouse in '86. The sixth Congress was at Paris in the great memorial Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre. Antwerp, in Belgium, entertained the next in 1890.

Jerusalem, the birth-place of the Mass, was chosen in 1893.

The re-union of the Orient was one of the main topics in the sessions. Rheims, in France, was the recipient of the sacred gathering in '94. Place was given in the deliberations to the Social question and its many problems. Paray-le-Monial, the City of the Sacred Heart, and of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque was the scene of the Congress in '97. The eleventh in the series, the best organized and best attended, was in Brussels in 1898. Lourdes, the home of Eucharistic miracles, had the 12th in 1899. Angers, in France, in 1901, and Namurs, in Belgium, 1902, were chosen as the locations for the next two conventions. France again had the privilege of greeting the Lord in 1904 at Angouleme.

Since the Pope of the Eucharist, the Tenth Pius, had expressed the desire to have the Congress in Rome, it was celebrated there with unusual splendor in June, 1905. The Pope said the opening Mass, special audience to the delegates was granted and the Pontiff carried the Monstrance at the closing procession. Tournai, in Belgium, saw the 17th Congress in 1906, Metz, in Lorraine, in 1907.

The international character of the gatherings was stressed when the 19th Congress assembled in London in 1908. It was rightly regarded as a religious triumph. France had expelled all Orders, confiscated churches, bishops' houses, rectories and seminaries by the hundreds: 350 years had elapsed since a Papal Legate had been seen in "Merrie England," once Mary's Dowry. The Cardinals of Baltimore, of Ireland, of Toledo, Milan, France and Belgium attended. The Government asked that the Procession be omitted. It took some time to overcome the popular and three-century old calumny that the Eucharist was an "idolatrous" action.

Since the last 33 years the Congress has indeed circled the globe. It went to the thundering and tremendously advertised Chicago; Montreal made a magnificent showing; Australia had the procession on ships; Hungary, Vienna, even South America, at Buenos Aires, had enormous successes with the inspiring programs laid out by the International Committee, headed by the Bishop of Namur, Heylen.

The Congress is by now biennial; in between, there are

National ones, amongst which must be picked out for "honorable mention" the polyglot and picturesque Cleveland affair a few years ago.

The latest celebration of St. Paul is fresh in our memory; the "Golden West" lived up to its reputation of hospitality and produced a great and unique Congress indeed. It may not be so well known that it had the added glory of an international Congress since the one scheduled for Nice, in France, was impossible and the official holding of it transferred to the Northwest of far-off America, next to the borderland of Canada. This feature of the Congress was not publicized very much, but to the best of our knowledge was a *fait accompli.*

We have possibly tired our readers with too many figures and dates. But to know the inside story of our subject we needs must understand its beginnings and growth. As we remarked at the start of this simple narrative, all things grow naturally when they are destined to mature fruits. "God fulfills himself in many ways." In every country where the Congress met, the earnestness in the participants, their evident faith, their real love for Him who is the History of the world, have impressed non-Catholics as well as our own. For in promoting the Holy Eucharist, we bring to the notice of the world at large the fact that there are things hidden from our eyes, which all the learning of the world cannot know.

There is much international duplicity and dishonesty rampant these days. We hardly know any more to whom to turn in our distress, in the turmoil and propaganda of nations.

The Catholic finds comfort and virile truth in the promise of the King of Kings that He will be with us all days to the crack of doom. The daily Sacrifice reminds us of His Presence and of His omnipotent judgment on the puny efforts of those who think to rule all the world in their own way. The Eucharistic Congresses have brought Him into the market-places of the world and have accentuated His might and power and glory. Blest then all those who hear and listen and follow in His steps; they shall ne'er be confounded.

THE PROFESSOR PLAYS THE HORSES

By REV. LOUIS KIRCHNER.

PROFESSOR LESH, Dean of Classical Languages at Lebanon Academy, was doodling. Now, doodling, which ranges from nose twitching to knuckle cracking, is the prerogative of gangling sophomores. Professor Lesh was not a sophomore.

Dean Lesh was an A number one knuckle cracker. Even sophisticated seniors were said to envy his fast one-two thumb crackler, while gullible freshmen gaped at the simultaneous four knuckle crack. Yes, the revered dean took win, place, and show in the great knuckle handicap.

* * * * * *

Marian Dodd, girl most unlikely to succeed, put four manicured fingers over her mouth and whispered to Kay Keeler:

"Listen to old Lesh cracking it out up there. What's he going in for? An endurance record?"

"Not so loud," warned Kay.

"Why the old boy can't hear me with that racket he's making," rejoined Marian, louder than before.

A few of the boys on the other side of the room began laughing. They admired Marian and knew that by laughing at her wise remarks they could gain favor with her.

Dean Lesh looked up from his book. Doodlers, you see, never concentrate on their doodling. The pure bred hundred per cent doodler is at his best when thoroughly absorbed in some problem. Such a problem had been confronting the dean when he was disturbed by the laugh in the back of the room.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Breen?" he queried with the mien of a young boy seeking information most valuable.

"Nothing," answered Breen, who was not going to act the coward in the presence of his girl friend.

The professor rapped on the desk.

"Boys and girls," he said, "I would like to call to your attention the case of Mr. Breen. You have just heard Mr. Breen state quite clearly that he was laughing at nothing. He admits he had no reason to laugh. People who do things without a reason are said by the Latins to be irrationales."

The class was all attention. They knew all this was merely the introduction to some biting remark by the professor. Dean Lesh continued:

"That means they have lost their reason. The state provides homes for such unfortunates."

The professor turned back to his book while Mr. Breen tried to brave out his humiliation by smiling at Marian, but she was busily occupied with her Latin Composition and gave him no notice.

Presently the bell rang and the professor dismissed the Latin study period. He would have to face them again in the afternoon, at which time they would take atrocious liberties with his dear Latin language. He cracked his knuckles and walked out of the class.

* * * * * *

Mr. Breen had not been gifted with any surplus of gray matter, but he did have a bulldog ferocity and goatlike stubbornness which rarely let him forget an injury. He approached Marian Dodd before the afternoon Latin class.

"Hi-ya Marian?" he greeted her.

Marian gave him a look that hovered around absolute zero.

"I'm all right," she sneered. "But you certainly looked like a fool this morning. He said you were crazy and you let him get away with it."

"That's what you think," he rejoined. "Wait till this class is over. He's not getting away with anything."

Mr. Breen had clashed with Dean Lesh before and in-

variably the latter sent Breen away, sadder but not wiser. Marian, therefore, looked dubiously at the boastful young fellow and walked away.

* * * * * *

The professor's class was half over when Mr. Breen, as though casting caution to the winds, threw his hand up. The dean, cracking his knuckles fast and furious, looked towards the waving hand.

"Well, Mr. Breen?" he asked with the boredom of the tired teacher.

"You said this morning that people who act without reason are crazy, Didn't you, professor?" queried Mr. Breen.

"I did," replied the professor. "If my language was a bit difficult for you to understand, do not worry about it. We all sympathize with you, Mr. Breen."

The class snickered, then froze into frightened silence as Breen asked boldly.

"Have you any reason for cracking your knuckles?" As if regretting his own bold rashness, Breen sat down and smiled weakly. The professer stood in silence save for the ominous cracking sound that issued from his hands. Realizing what he was doing, he forcefully pulled his hands apart and put one in each pocket. He turned, went to his desk, and sat down. As if in sorrowing grief he placed his shaggy head upon the wooden desk. The class grew uneasy. Angry looks were cast upon Mr. Breen.

* * * * * *

After a three-minute eternity the professor raised his head. He took up the book which he had been studying that morning and from it he drew an envelope, stamped and addressed. Facing the class very wearily he took from the envelope a letter. Slowly he unfolded it.

"It was not my wish that you should ever know the contents of this letter, but since a pointed question closely concerned with the matter in this message has come up, I ask

your indulgence for a minute as I read you the contents." He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. Most of the girls and a few boys sniffled.

"Dear Professor Lesh:

I am sending you the diagnosis of your case, which was brought to my attention some weeks ago. It is with regrets that I inform you that arterio-schizophrenic paranoia is affecting you. This condition can have resulted only from intense worry and useless sacrifice for those with whom you deal. In plain language, Professor, this condition which is most manifest in your tendency to break bones (knuckle cracking)—this condition is the result of one thing. You are killing yourself for the sake of your pupils. Professor, are they worth it?

Sincerely,

Dr. Lloyd, Brain Specialist."

There was no noise as the professor quietly folded the letter and laid it on his desk.

"Does that answer the question?" he asked the class.

The girls cried openly, the boys, even Mr. Breen, coughed loudly. The dean again blew his nose.

A jarring bell rang, breaking a spell. The class filed out, each individual glancing anxiously at the professor, still seated at his desk.

* * * * * *

Alone in the room, the professor once more opened the letter. He smiled as he read to himself:

"Dear Lesh:

Enclosed find your winnings in the Derby handicap. I don't know how you do it but you sure can pick them. That Latin to show, Irrational to place, and Knuckle Cracker to win. Congratulations.

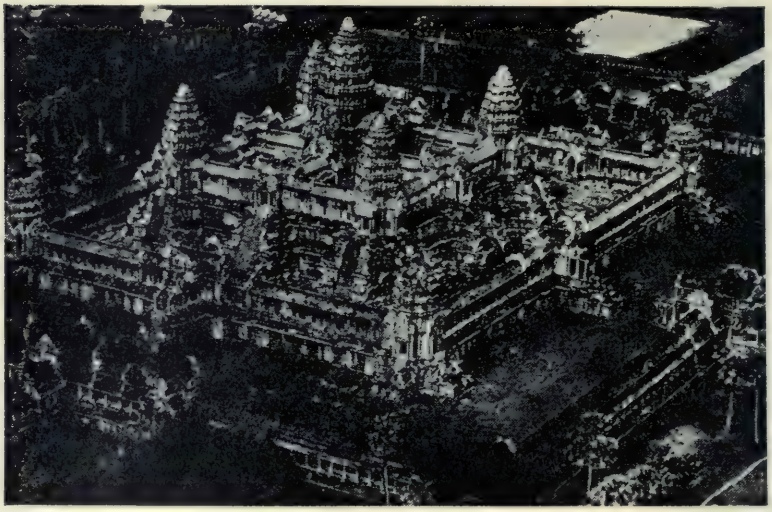
Yours,

Lloyd."

ANGKOR—THE TEMPLE AND THE CITY

By F. ST. G. SPENDLOVE, F.R.G.S.

IT MIGHT be expected that the present disturbed condition of world affairs might make the wonderful group of ruins known as Angkor, in French Indo-China, return to the obscurity in which it has slumbered for so long. Such is not



AERIAL VIEW OF ANGKOR WAT.

the case, however, for the recent difference of opinion between Thailand (Siam) and French Indo-China on the matter of boundaries has brought Angkor again into public notice, as it lies on the new frontier between the two countries. Angkor to most of us is just a name, but one likely to produce day-dreams, perhaps none of which would equal the reality. The great temple and city in the jungles of Cambodia are unsurpassed, and even to-day, when the temple's images are scattered and the city is overgrown by the forest, when no proud processions of elephants pass through the monumental gates, they still have a strange fascination.

Since many people are vague about the position of Cambodia, it may be well to say that it is between India and China, and adjoins Thailand to the south. It can be reached from Saigon, the seaport of Indo-China, or from Bangkok, the capital of Thailand. Now that the frontier has been moved forward to the vicinity of Angkor, the Thai railroad may be extended to the ruins.

Some two thousand years ago, colonists came from India to Indo-China, bringing with them the Sanskrit language and the Hindu religion. They settled themselves in the new land traversed by the Mekong River, in the neighbourhood of the great lake of Tonlé Sap. The country was fertile, a golden land rich in all materials needed to build a great empire. The aborigines made docile slaves. It was a pleasant land and they throve in it. Cambodia was a country well situated to receive cultural influences. India, of the Gupta period, particularly in the fourth and fifth centuries A.D.,was outstanding as a cultural centre of Buddhist art, the inspiration of the whole Buddhist world. Chinese art owes much to it. China itself, under the T'ang emperors (A.D. 618-906), reached its own highest level of artistic development in many ways. This was the true Renaissance of China, a wonderful springtime of art. Indo-China, situated between China and India, received cultural influences from both and also from Java, an important centre of Buddhist art. History shows that civilization as well as merchandise can be carried by coastal shipping and along caravan routes. The brief but incredibly brilliant flowering of Khmer culture was undoubtedly greatly inspired by other countries. The foreign influences were harmonized and recast by native genius, and elaborated to splendid heights of achievement.

The kings of the Khmers (for so the new people were called) probably maintained a close relationship with their subjects in the early days, as would be natural in those who had shared common dangers and privations. Gradually, however, the realm extended far beyond the borders of present-day Cambodia, and the kings became more and more remote from their



ANGKOR WAT: VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL FACADE.



ANGKOR THOM: SIVA HEADS FROM THE BAYON.



ANGKOR WAT: GALLERY OF BAS-RELIEFS.

subjects, no longer mere human beings but semi-divinities who might not even be gazed upon. They developed the qualities of pride and ruthlessness which were necessary to produce those structures at which the world has marvelled ever since. Though the first buildings had been simple towers and pyramids, temples with galleries were introduced and elaborated, to a degree ever greater. One capital succeeded another, and each was more splendid. Finally the stage was set for the creation of the culminating point of Khmer architecture, the temple (*wat*) of Angkor, the Capital city, which combines all the previous forms of their structures. It was constructed in the first half of the twelfth century or earlier, and still stands in very fair repair, being the only Khmer structure to escape the inroads of tropical jungle growth. Khmer genius produced nothing greater, and a decline in taste set in which expressed itself in the great profusion of ornament in the later buildings, lacking the restraint that characterizes great art.

The great temple lies less than a mile to the south of the royal city within a rectangular park surrounded by a moat 250 yards in width, with a circumference of almost three and a half miles. On the west side of the park a paved causeway, leading over the moat and through a splendid gate formed of three huge central porches, extends a further quarter of a mile to the entrance of the temple itself. The entrance leads into the square colonnaded gallery of bas-reliefs, almost a mile in circumference. This wonderful Khmer picture-gallery consists of representatives of Hindu mythology ("The Churning of the Ocean of Milk"), army processions, and the rewards and punishments of the future life. The main building of the temple is in three stories, connected by steep exterior staircases of a type the visitor soon learns to know and dread. The stories sharply increase in height as they rise, culminating in the great central tower which is in the middle of the grid-iron arrangement of the third story galleries. The central tower, and the four subsidiary towers surmounting the splendid frontons of the third story, are like eight-storied pagodas.

Flat surfaces throughout the building are covered with carvings, ranging from the great epic series of the first gallery to the innumerable floral mouldings and pillar capitals. The walls are also enlivened with scores of the dainty celestial dancers (*apsarases*), with their high triple-towered headdresses and elaborate jewellery.

After the completion of the Wat, the Khmer kings apparently set to work to rebuild their capital city, and Angkor Thom, built in the early thirteenth century on the site of earlier cities, was the result. It was a great metropolis, capable of holding a million inhabitants, and even the approaches were splendid. The city moat was over three hundred feet wide and spanned by five great bridges edged by long files of seated stone genii holding a *naga* (serpent) a hundred and fifty feet in length. The wall of the city was from twenty to thirty feet in height, pierced by five gateways with openings twenty-five feet high and surmounted by triple towers with four-fold heads of Siva. From one of the gates a highway fifty feet wide ran straight to the royal palace; from the other gates highways of equal width terminated in the temple of Bayon, the exact centre of the city. The walls of the city formed a square, each side of which measured nearly two and a quarter miles.

The most spectacular building in the city was certainly the temple of Bayon, which not only formed the city's centre but also dominated it by size and grandeur. Although much ruined, it is still very remarkable and impressive, although lacking the austere perfection of Angkor Wat. It was apparently built at the same time as the city, and shares the defects of later Khmer buildings. The temple faces east, and consists of a great rectangle of galleries with colonnades, within which is a smaller rectangle enclosing a cruciform structure which surrounds the central tower, a huge structure about a hundred and fifty feet high with a circular base. Surmounting the galleries are fifty subsidiary towers with quadruple Siva heads measuring six and a half feet in height. There are a hundred and seventy-two of these heads, utterly im-

personal and aloof in expression as if despising the entire human race and ignoring time itself. The temple's sanctuary is a small, dark room under the great dome, connected with the terrace by eight corridors. The first story of the temple is ornamented with a wonderful series of bas-reliefs as at Angkor Wat, but this time concerned with every-day life as well as the affairs of divinities and princes. There is reason to think that the Bayon was built as a Buddhist temple, and the broken pieces of a great image of Buddha, probably contemporary with the temple, was found within it in recent excavations.

The only account of Angkor at the period of its greatest splendor was given by Chou Ta-Kuan, a Chinese who visited the city in 1296 and spent a year within it. Although not an ambassador, he accompanied an embassy from the Emperor of China to the Khmer king. He describes the great gates and the bridges flanked by "great and terrible generals in stone." Chou was an acute observer, and recorded the customs and occupations of the people with considerable detail. The twice-daily appearance of the Khmer monarch at a window of the palace to receive the petitions of the people was described, as also were the gorgeous Khmer New Year celebrations. In the splendid processions, the king stood erect upon an elephant caparisoned in gold, holding the sacred sword in his hand, and surrounded by men bearing white umbrellas with golden handles. Thousands of courtiers and palace attendants made up the procession, many of them carrying golden vessels and implements used in palace life.

The Khmer civilization was overthrown by savage attacks from Siam in the 14th century, Angkor Thom being sacked and its people slain or enslaved. The Khmer kings had shown no mercy in their conquests and no mercy was shown to them. That such glory should end in desolation and ruin proves that spiritual qualities are a more enduring foundation for a state than material splendor. History is full of such incidents, each with the same moral.

The present-day Cambodians are not ambitious, and do not consider themselves as being the descendants and heirs

of the Khmers. They say that the great temples and cities "were built by the gods." The French protectorate has brought great benefits to the country and its people. It is very gratifying that Angkor seems likely to continue under French conservation, which has more than justified itself by results.

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT WORDS

Rostrum. Literally it means "that which gnaws or bites." It originally meant the beak of a bird. Later it was applied to the beak or prow of a ship. After a naval victory the Romans took the ornamental beaks or prows off captured ships, and used them to decorate the speaker's platform in the Forum.

Fuchsias were named after their discoverer, Leonard Fuchs; and *dahlias* were named after Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru.

Trivial is an interesting word. It comes from the Latin *tri,* three, and *via,* a way—literally "three roads." At first it may not be evident why a thing associated with three roads and their junction should be "trivial," but anyone who has encountered the loafers who frequent such corners, and heard their idle gossip and shallow talk, will readily understand why such a spot should breed that which is *trivial.*

Sincere is from two Latin words *sine cera,* meaning "without wax." Roman marble workers frequently apply wax to a chipped part of a stone to conceal a defect—perhaps of workmanship. In time the words *sine cera* began to appear in contracts, stipulating that the work should be carried out by skilled and careful artizans without any deception—without wax.

"She was the *cynosure* of all eyes." *Cynosure* means literally "a dog's tail." How can we reconcile this? In the old charts of the heavens the constellation known as "The Lesser Bear" was called also "Cynosure," because the Bear had a tail upraised like that of a dog. Furthermore, the chief star in the tail was the Pole Star, toward which the *eyes of all mariners were carefully directed.*

ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

By REV. MYLES V. RONAN, M.R.I.A., F.R.Hist.S.

IX.

THE HIGH CROSSES.

IN TREATING of the Irish High Crosses three things have to be considered: their form, their representation of Christ, and the subjects of the panels.

The form is a cross in circle with a long shaft—a Latin cross. Though the cross in circle is not of Irish origin, yet the treatment on the Irish Crosses is distinctively Irish. The cross in circle is a development of the Monogram of Christ, XP (the two first letters of the Greek word for Christ). In the Roman Catacombs the Monogram accompanies a fresco of the Virgin and Child. On the sarcophagi of Ravens it is enclosed in a circular band, the symbol of eternity, and finally becomes a cross in circle. Though the idea came from Coptic Art, through Byzantium, yet Ravenna settled the form for the West.



High Cross of Durrow.

The Irish sculptors were in touch with the Art of the East, Italy, and Gaul, and adopted many of their forms. Their development of the cross in circle was to go through some stages. We have it on rude stones and on grave slabs. The best examples of the grave slabs have been found in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, which belonged originally to the cemetery of the Celtic church of St. Patrick *in insula,* namely, on the island of the River Poddle formed by its two branches. They are probably of the 7th century. Altogether eight of these stones have been recovered, three of

which are built into the triforium ceiling of the cathedral built about 1225, and one marked the site of St. Patrick's Well. Some of them have the vertical arm of the cross reaching a few inches below the circle and on some of them are found cups and bosses which are borrowed from pagan inscribed stones.

These pagan symbols are also found on stones in the ancient cemeteries around the Celtic churches of Tully and Rathmichil in south Co. Dublin. The grave slab that is the link between these cross-in-circle stones with pagan symbols and the standing High Cross is in the graveyard of the Celtic church of St. Begnet, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. Besides the pagan symbols of concentric circles, cups, etc., it has the cross-in-circle with the vertical arm prolonged into a Latin cross. Here we have the material for the High Cross—the cross in circle and the long shaft. We do not know who developed the tomb-slab into the standing High Cross, or where the latter was fashioned. We shall return to this point later.

So far there was no attempt at iconography or figure treatment. To explain this feature of the Irish High Crosses we must again go back to Rome and Ravenna. In the centre of the ornamental, but disguised, cross on the ceiling of the Roman catacombs there was sometimes portrayed a shepherd with sheep—the Good Shepherd—for the consolation of the persecuted Christians, yet we must see in this arrangement of the Good Shepherd in the centre of the ornamental cross the Shepherd that laid down His life for His sheep. The symbolism is undoubtedly there.

In Ravenna, in the churches erected after A.D. 313, when freedom was granted to the Church, the artists became bolder in their portrayal of symbolism. On the ceilings of 5th and 6th century churches they represented in mosaic the modified Monogram of Christ, or cross-in-circle, and sometimes the figure of a lamb, supported by four angels, with the figures of the Evangelists adjacent. The symbolism is clear; Christ is the Lamb that was slain and the Evangelists bore testimony. The symbol was no longer that of the Good Shepherd, but

the more precise form of the Victim of the Sacrifice. Moreover, the Victim was enclosed in a circle, the symbol of eternity, as a rebuff to the Arians, who had made Ravenna their headquarters, and, by their mosaic representations in the churches, wished to make Christ a mere man.

The revolt of the Church of Ravenna against the Arians, which saved the Church of the West from this abominable heresy, had its repercussions in Ireland. All the evidence of the Irish High Crosses goes to confirm the opinion that the Irish sculptors, aware of the Arian heresy, made every effort to show, in their carvings, that Christ was foreshadowed in the Old Testament as the Messiah, that He was a worker of miracles, that He laid down His life on the cross for the salvation of men, and that He would come to judge the world as the King of Glory. That was the real glory of the Irish Crosses—apart from the artistic treatment—to show the Divinity of Christ. The Irish sculptors were faithful followers of the early Christian artists. I am afraid that this aspect of our Crosses has not received the attention it deserves, probably from the want of a proper appreciation of early Christian Art in Rome and Ravenna.

Gradually the Church lost her reluctance to portray Christ on the Cross. The earliest representation in Ireland belongs to the late 7th or early 8th century and is found on the Cross of Cardonagh, Co. Donegal. It does not occupy the centre of the cross; the figure is clad in long robe, the feet are separated, and the arms are extended horizontally. Again, the treatment is symbolical. The crosses of this period are profusely ornamented with Irish patterns.

For the next development in the High Cross we must proceed to Leinster. The extant crosses are in seven places—usually associated with ancient monasteries—the chief of which are Moone, Castledermot, Kilcullen—and belong to the 9th century. They are of granite from the mountain range running down through south Co. Dublin and Wicklow. A new feature is that Christ is represented within the circle of the cross, but not Christ in agony or nailed to the cross,

and He is clad in the long robe. The treatment is still symbolical.

The shaft is divided into panels in which are sculptured various scenes from the Old and the New Testament. This iconography resembles that of the Roman sarcophagi of the 5th century rather than the more developed form of the 8th century. If there were earlier examples of this type in Leinster than the 9th century they have been lost.

The Irish High Cross went on developing in other places; there was, no doubt, friendly intercourse and rivalry in this matter between the monasteries throughout the country.

A second group of crosses belonging to the early 10th century, the chief of which are Clonmacnoise, Monasterboice, and Durrow (Offaly), represented the Last Judgment within the circle. On the other face of the cross, within the circle, is also represented the Redeemer as on the granite crosses. In Ireland alone, at this early date, do we find the subject of the Last Judgment carved on stone. Christ appears as Judge, with cross on left shoulder and flowered sceptre on right shoulder, and with attendant angels sounding trumpets. It is symbolic of Christ the King, the cross being the symbol of His Kingship, "God ruling nations from a tree," as the *Vexilla Regis* sings.

The Cross of SS. Patrick and Colmchille at Kells (middle 10th century) represents the Judge also in this manner but surrounded by the symbols of the four Evangelists. We have already seen how the Art of Ravenna portrayed somewhat similar features. Another feature of this cross is that St. Matthew (man) holds aloft a medallion containing the Lamb of God. We have seen also how a ceiling of the 6th century church of San Vitale in Ravenna portrays the Lamb in circle which is held up by angels whilst the symbols of the Evangelists are adjacent.

After the middle 10th century the representation of the Last Judgment disappears suddenly, without leaving a trace in later crosses. The next group of crosses, that of Ulster (late 10th century) confines itself chiefly to Old and New Tes-

tament subjects and to the story of SS. Paul and Anthony, the hermits of the Egyptian desert, which was so dear to the Irish monks—this story is also portrayed on the early crosses, and shows Coptic influence.

On the crosses of the 11th and 12th centuries there is a reversion to the 8th century decorative type of interlaced pattern, etc., and a revival of the epic texts of Irish literature belonging to the period before the coming of the Norsemen; the motifs are built on Irish traditions. The 11th century was the period of Brian Boru, when foreign influence came to a standstill and Irish Art was developed on strictly Irish lines. The fact that the crosses of this period are found in the south and south-west of Ireland, the territory of the O'Brien power, points to Brian's influence. Irish Romanesque architecture of this period confirms the urge for the development of Irish Art on more strictly Irish lines.



Base of the High Cross, Tuam.

It will be useful now to consider some of the details of the Irish Crosses. One of the most interesting features is the robing of Christ. It was not intended to be historically correct. In the 8th and 9th centuries He is clad in long robe; in the 10th century the figure is swathed in twisted clothes with an ornamental band over the feet. This band has led some to think that His feet were tied with cords, and thus to miss the whole symbolical representation. In the 11th and 12th centuries there is a return to the fully robed Christ. In the present state of our information it is difficult to assign any definite reason for this divergence, except the whim of the sculptor.

Two of the 12th century crosses show, however, a return to continental influence; again, the reason is not apparent, for the crosses are as far apart as Tuam, in the west of Ire-

land, and Glendaloch in the extreme east. The influence came from Gaul, and the pattern is the Limoges crucifixion. The new features are Christ with crown and deep waist-cloth, bearded and with head slightly inclined to His right side, and not confined to the circle but stretching down the shaft. For the first time, on the Irish High Crosses, Christ is represented as crucified, but with this symbolical reminder that He is King, with the crown on His head.

After the 12th century the Irish High Cross becomes only a ghost of its former self—a rude inscribing of the figure of Christ within the circle and down the shaft, and intended merely as a sign-post to important churches.

With regard to the robed Christ, it may be of interest to remark that Ireland had resisted continental influence, and adhered strictly to symbolism. Even as early as the 8th century we find on a fresco in the underground church of St. Clemente, Rome, the crucified Christ portrayed with deep waist-cloth. The desire for anatomical representation had already made itself felt in Rome. It was an early effort, but it does not, however, seem to have influenced Roman Art in this direction for some centuries.

Ireland was true to the earlier Roman influence, and the panels of her crosses copied faithfully the subjects painted on the walls of the Roman Catacombs and sculptured on the tombs, namely, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Miracle at Cana, the Multiplication of the Loaves, Noah and the Ark, Adam and Eve, Abraham and Isaac, and scenes from the Passion of Our Lord. Additional subjects were the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, the Baptism of Christ, the Sellers chased from the Temple,the Transfiguration, the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, David and His Harp, etc.

The representation of the Baptism of Christ on the Broken Cross of Kells is of special interest. Two rivers, Jor and Dan, issue from two little discs, cross the panel like a thick cord, and entwine themselves round the legs of St. John the Baptist, Christ, and the assistants. According to an Irish geographical tradition, the Jordan was formed of two rivers that took their source in circular pools.

Though most of the crosses have weathered badly during a thousand years, yet it has to be admitted that the figure sculpture never rose above mediocrity. Sculptors and illuminators excelled rather at ornamental work. They did not pretend to be realists in Art—indeed there were many contemporary artists like them in England and on the Continent. Like the early Roman Christian artists, the Irish sculptors were concerned with symbolising the great truths and making their panels summaries of the Christian Faith for the enlightenment and edification of the faithful.



High Cross of Muiredach Monasterboice.

Though our Irish illuminated MSS. and metal work have suffered enormously at the hands of invaders and robbers, yet our High Crosses seem to have been more fortunate. They still exist more or less on their original sites, landmarks and testimonies of the glorious days of Irish Faith and Art, the best centuries of Ireland's history.

MY JOURNEY'S END.

My journey's end! Dear Lord,
What will it bring to me?
A smile, a sweet embrace?
What matter then the cross,
If 'tis the way of finding Thee!

S.M.L.

The Book of Kells

By RT. REV. MONSIGNOR DOLLARD, D.P., Litt.D.
("SLIEVE-NA-MON")

A WONDROUS book, that after all the years
Flashes in beauty rare without a flaw!
Those wildering lines that conquer nature's law
Were traced by art angelic power that nears!
Mayhap those Irish monks were prophet seers,
And heavenly models used to guide their skill,
Else why our souls do holy raptures thrill
And, as we gaze, high anthems greet our ears?

Proud boast of Ireland, monument sublime
Of patient faith, and reverence for God's word.
No jewel like to this the Nations hold;
Unsullied by the blood and tears of Time;
Meet type of Erin's Faith, to-day unblurred
By modern fraud—unblemished as of old!

The Waiting Christ

I STAND no longer at the door and knock,
Man has destroyed the temple stone by stone,
His heart, once heavenly, has become his own,
Open, no precious casket to unlock.
And if I walk among the fields, men mock
Me still, or pass Me by, unloved, unknown,
Through fields of lilies wandering alone,
A solitary Shepherd with no flock.

Proud, insolent (was ever grief like Mine?),
They triumph in their self-inflicted ban,
Heedless of their own hurt, blind to their loss.
Yet will they come to Me, rebuild the shrine:
Patiently waiting for the soul of man
I hang in silent love upon the Cross.

A. F. Gerald.

Mary's Nativity

HAIL, thou little morning star,
Heralding redemption's sun;
Dost thou know how glad we are
As we view thee, radiant one?

Hail, God Father's dearest daughter,
Future Mother of the Christ;
Dost not need baptism's water,
Cam'st in heavenly beauty guised.

Hail, O Spirit's little spouse,
Whom His love and wisdom chose;
Hail, thou little golden house,
Blessed vessel, mystic rose

Hail, the angels' new-born queen,
Queen of martyrs and all saints:
Fairest woman-child e'er seen,
Free from faintest mortal taints.

F.M.L.

The Summer Angelus

A CALL to prayer
When all the woods are still:
Silent the air,
Silent upon the shore
The sea sleeps. The blue hill
Faints in heat's shimmering haze.
To God on High be praise
And evermore
On earth peace and goodwill.

A. F. Gerald.

Loch Lomond

IN the nocturnal silence
I see with memory's eye
A sapphire, emerald-studded,
Beneath the doomed sky.
Hemmed in by heathered mountains,
The waters gleam and dance:
Oh, what a glorious setting
For legend and romance—
Loch Lomond!

From Inversmaid to Balloch
The verdure-covered slopes
Reach down to lower levels
Beside the shady copse;
By trailing woodland footpaths
Bluebells, and brake, and fern
Adorn the fragrant hillsides,
With here and there a burn—
Loch Lomond!

Back from the lapping waters
That play on shore-lined sands,
As watchful guard on duty,
Ben Lomond, star-crowned, stands;
With daisies in the meadows
And gorse on mountaincrest,
Was ever so much beauty
In narrow limits pressed?
Loch Lomond!

H. W. Barker.



St. Joseph Lilies offers most sincere congratulations to the Reverend Joseph A. McDonagh in the signal honour, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, recently bestowed upon him by Our Holy Father. St. Joseph's is particularly interested because this child of an ideal home, as a boy received his early training outside that home, under the guidance of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Sisters have always found him loyal, self-sacrificing in giving his best when called upon, keenly interested in all our undertakings and rejoicing with us when God crowned our work with success.

During the years of his priesthood, having bent all his energies to carry out as perfectly as possible the duties assigned to him, a wider field has now been handed over to his care. May Our Lord give him strength to extend God's kingdom over the vast fields where missionaries are struggling with discouraging difficulties and may he by his boundless enthusiasm for God's glory and by his joyous confidence in God's help, be an encouragement to them in the dark and trying hours which will inevitably fall to their lot.

On the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption the inspirational Ceremony of Final and First Profession occurred before the conventual Mass in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel. Rev. J. Keating, S.J., who preached the Retreat Exercises, officiated by delegation of the Archbishop.

Sister Mary Thomas Finucan, Primate, Saskatchewan, and Sister Mary Ellen Boes, Winnipeg, Manitoba, made perpetual vows, and Sister M. Viola Neff, St. Eustache, Manitoba, Sister M. Matilda Gibbons, Gilford, Ontario, and Sister M. Clarine Bradley, Toronto, made their first annual vows.

At nine o'clock, Right Reverend Monsignor McCann conducted the Ceremony of Reception of the Holy Habit. In the sermon delivered by Rev. Father Keating, the parents were congratulated and were reminded that their daughters had made a true evaluation of life. The Reverend Speaker

pointed out the marked contrast between the turmoil and fearful uncertainty of the world and the peaceful and happy security of religion.

The young ladies who received the habit were: Miss Margaret Leese, Winnipeg (Sister Mary Devota); Miss Veronica O'Leary, Lindsay (Sister Mary St. Hugh); and Miss Loyola McCann, Ottawa (Sister Loyola Marie).

At the close of the ceremony, Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B. Very Rev. Dean Cullinane, Rev. F. Mogan, Rev. J. Crothers, Rev. L. McBride, Rev. J. E. McHenry, Rev. L. A. Markle, Rev. F. McGinn and Rev. H. MacMillan were present in the sanctuary.

The seventeenth of August marked a memorable occasion at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, when the fiftieth anniversary of Sister M. Hilda's entrance into religion was happily celebrated.

The Jubilee High Mass was sung by the Reverend Ralph Egan, cousin of the jubilarian. In addition to the joy-giving music of the Mass the Profession Hymn and the triumphant "Jubilantes" were inspiringly rendered by the Community choir. The sanctuary floral decorations in artistic colour scheme, were particularly attractive and appropriate for one who was for many years Sacristan.

To join in the celebration through the day Rev. Mother General, Sister Bernadine, sister of the Jubilarian (Sister Leonia and Sister Casimir of the Community have predeceased her) and sisters from the Community Houses were present, together with many other friends, to spend the day with the dear Jubilarian.

We extend congratulations to Sister Hilda, together with prayerful good wishes that she may come joyously to her Diamond Jubilee Day, the happy augury of Eternal Day in Heaven.

On the Feast of the Assumption at the Mother House a Mass was celebrated for and assisted at by the following sisters, who marked the 25th anniversary of their profession: Sister M. Anastasia, House of Providence; Sister M. Gerarda, Sacred Heart Orphanage; Sister St. Edward, St. Joseph's Hospital; Sister M. Carmela, St. Michael's Hospital; Sister M. Paschal, St. Michael's Hospital; and Sister M. Estelle, St. Patrick's Convent, Vancouver, B.C.

Sincere congratulations to the Rev. Denis O'Connor, Pastor of St. John's Church, Toronto, who marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on June 17th. Ad multos annos.

From July 7 to July 20 the Annual Catechetical Schools in the Archdiocese were in operation. There were centers in the city at the following schools: Holy Name, St. Basil's, St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Peter's, St. Francis, St. Michael's, and St. Paul's.

At St. Patrick's a noon day lunch was supplied to the children in attendance to counteract the attractions offered by other organizations working in the district and the effort was highly successful for over 100 public school children attended regularly.

In St. Catharines centers were operated at St. Nicholas', St. Mary's and St. Joseph's.

Thorold, Barrie, Orillia and Oshawa also had vacation schools under our direction.

We were also engaged at New Toronto, Long Branch, Bradford, Toronto Gore, Phelpston, Mount St. Louis, Fairvalley and Uptergrove.

In August four sisters went to the parish of Grimsby when the children had finished the fruit harvest.

In the West also Catechetical instruction occupied the month of July. The Sisters from Rosetown Convent conducted schools at Brock, Plato and Eston, in the Diocese of Saskatoon.

Among our summer visitors were two Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi from Gros Pin, Quebec. This is not the first time that we have been associated with the Sisters of this Community. Founded in Lyons, the early part of the 19th century, many of its members have pleasant memories of their former teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons. Sister Marie Helen (Hélène Darte) and Sister Teresa Carmel (Margaret Flahiff), Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, called. The former was visiting her mother.

The bonne entente movement between Quebec and Ontario has had its repercussions during the summer at our College. Mesdames Jobin and Sevigny of Quebec City spent a pleasant two months with us, acquiring facility in the use of English.

Sometimes we in justifiable pride when casting a glance over the works of the Congregation, forget to include our summary work in Foreign Mission Fields. The Congregation of St. Joseph of Toronto have found ample scope for our activities in our own far-flung Dominion without venturing abroad, but Sisters of St. Joseph from dioceses in the United States have established centres of active service in what promised to be very fertile lands. In these war-torn times the most interesting of these is situated in the Province of Hunan, China, where Sisters of St. Joseph of Pittsburg (among whom is a very interesting little native Chinese, Sister Theresa Joseph Ling), are bravely trying to carry on their work in Orphanage, School and Hospital in spite of unwelcome attention from Japanese bombers. To date there have been nineteen actual air-raids on their district as a result of which the ruined hospital has been moved and re-established in any convenient shelter until the next raid forces another migration. In spite of danger and hardships, however, like true daughters of Mother St. John, the Sisters salvage equipment and confidently, almost gaily, trusting in Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls, "carry on" His work of bringing comfort and peace to the souls and bodies of those still outside the Fold.

We hope in a later issue to give a more detailed account of the Mission work carried on.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

Early in July the lady residents of the institution enjoyed a picnic at the Farm.

Two classes from the College School visited us and were much interested in a tour of the buildings. Before leaving they gave an enjoyable musical programme.

Several rooms are vacant temporarily for a few weeks while their occupants are at Martyrs' Shrine, Midland.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

The students of St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis Street, won twenty-three prizes at the Educational Art Exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition this year and five more of the coveted trophies were awarded to pupils of St. Francis' School.

* * *

In a recent original play-writing contest, conducted by the Milk Foundation, Toronto, for the pupils of Ontario Schools,

Miss Olive Ennis, 121 Carlton Ave., was one of the six winners Miss Ennis' play, entitled "New Life," won her this distinction. The young dramatist is attending Grade IX of St. Joseph's High School.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

Not only the Undergraduate Association of the Schools of Nursing chose Toronto Island for a picnic but each of the classes did so too.

The Graduating Class of '41 donated $50 for aid to the British Nurses.

The Forty-seventh Annual Graduation Exercises were held at the College School auditorium. Dr. J. X. Robert acted as chairman, opening a delightful musical programme with an appropriate address. Before the Exercises the class group photo had been taken in the College School grounds and at the end of the programme the nurses returned to their Residence at St. Michael's Hospital, where a reception was held. Many of the graduates brought their friends on a tour of St. Michael's Hospital. Benediction at 7.30 p.m. in the Hospital Chapel ended Graduation Day.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

Music Results.

Grade I—A. Cowden, Honours; N. Byrne, Pass.
Grade II—J. Crea, First Class Honours.
Grade IV—J. O'Connor, Pass.
Grade VI—B. Cowden, Honours; J. Morris, Pass.
Grade VIII—G. Allen, Pass.
Grade IX—M. Baran, Honours.

* * *

Our Closing Exercises were held in St. Mary's Hall, June 6th. The Rhythm Band was conducted by one of our three-year-olds, and the many piano solos, duets and ensembles were much appreciated. The Melody Band, led by a six-year-old, Ross Hughes, dressed as a Soldier Boy, was well received. Before the final number of the programme the list of pupils receiving diplomas was read, after which the Rev. Father James congratulated both pupils and parents.

The recital closed with "God Save the King" by our full Melody Band, while every child stood at attention during the entire singing.

The Class Piano Closing Exercises took place June 27th, at which Sister Superior distributed prizes.

The Garden Party on June 18th was a great success. Father J. Walsh favored us with his presence. Many of the parents joined in the games and fun.

HOLY ROSARY SCHOOL, THOROLD, ONT.

In June, the Ontario Paper Company sponsored an essay and poster contest in connection with the Victory Loan Campaign. Five schools competed. Kathleen Young of Holy Rosary's Grade VII won the first prize, in the essay contest, and Norma Battle, second prize. In the poster contest Billy Black won second place with his poster—a newsboy selling Victory Bonds.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE, SCARBORO.

Another year of earnest work has been completed by the pupils. On June 26th reports were given and prizes were distributed to those ranking first in each grade. Diplomas were awarded to the Entrance pupils: Ruth Daniels, Marie Faubert, James Douglas, John Flynn and Wilfred Harrison. John Flynn gave a vote of thanks to Sister Superior and Sisters.

On June 23rd the Music Class gave a recital which showed evidences of excellent training and faithful practice, after which prizes were awarded.

On June the 26th a Farewell Party was given in honour of the Graduates. After luncheon a tribute from Grade VII was spoken to the Graduates and Prophecies were read. Marie Faubert graciously replied. Sister Superior presented each with a little souvenir and reminded them ever to be loyal to the principles inculcated during their school days at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

PRINCE RUPERT.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

The following were successful in examinations held recently by the Toronto Conservatory of Music in Prince Rupert. Names are given in order of merit:

Piano.

Grade IX—Pass: Peggy Large.
Grade VIII—Pass: Alestair Crerar.

Grade VII—Pass: Dorothy Kergin, Sheila McRae.
Grade VI—Honors: Norma Watt.
Grade IV—First Class Honours: Gwendolyn McRae; Honours: Bernie DeJong.
Grade III—Honours: Mary Adcock, George Gillis (equal), Allan Forman.

The successful candidates in theory examinations held recently by the Toronto Conservatory of Music in Prince Rupert, in order of merit are:

Grade V—Counterpart. Pass: Frances Moore, Marie Amadio, Mary Pustuk (equal).
Grade IV—Harmony. Honours: Audrey Sessions.
Grade III—Harmony. Honours: Peggy Large.
History—Honours: Audrey Sessions.
Grade II—First Class Honours: Sheila McRae, Norma Watt.
Grade I—First Class Honours: Gwendolyn McRae, Lydia Watt (equal).

The Silver Cup presented by the Prince Rupert Music Club was won by Gwendolyn McRae. This is the seventh year in the last ten that this cup has been won by one of the Academy pupils.

* * *

The following candidates have completed the commercial course at St. Joseph's Academy:

Honours—Itu Kanaya, Martha Dahlie and Evelyn Martinsun (equal), Margaret Adama, Jean Krause.
Pass—Marie Amadio, Noreen Gibson, Fern LeClair.
The medal for typewriting was won by Marie Amadio.

* * *

In late June the pupils of the Academy entertained their parents and friends at a Musical Recital.

The programme which commenced with the singing of "O Canada" by the audience, opened its numbers by selections by the junior pupils which with the musical offerings of the advanced students met with most favorable comment. A recitation showing forth the difficulty of "Ten Little Fingers," by Miss Lily Sylvester, and rendering Gounod's "Ave Maria" by Miss Yvonne Riffou, accompanied by Miss Marie Amadio, were pleasant interludes in the program.

At the close of the recital the awards of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, won by the children, were distributed.

A feature of the evening was the display of the work of the Sewing Classes of the Annunciation School.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

The Diocesan Eucharistic Congress was held this year, June 20-22. On the first day, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at Holy Rosary Cathedral. The next day there was a special Mass for the children, and on Sunday, the final day, an Open Air Mass at Mission City. On the beautiful grounds of the Indian School situated on the banks of the Fraser River, almost seven thousand Catholics assembled from all parts of the diocese for this inspiring event. Special train service was arranged from Vancouver with two coaches for St. Patrick's parishioners. Mission City is, as its name suggests, the scene of the first Indian mission of the Oblate Fathers in British Columbia. What a far cry from that difficult pioneering to the throngs in attendance at the Mass on June 22nd!

* * *

The introduction of our new Auxiliary Bishop Jennings to Vancouver synchronized with the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress. A reception was held for His Excellency in Vancouver Hotel at which Mayor Cornett and other representative men of the city extended a cordial welcome and large numbers of clergy and people attended. On July 23rd Bishop Jennings and Father Miles visited us at the Convent, and we were glad to meet His Excellency before he leaves for his future home in Kamloops.

* * *

On July 7th we had a visit from Fathers Keenan and Lahey, S.J. Father Lahey conducted our annual Retreat, beginning on August third. Father Keenan gave us a report on the three graduates of our school who are now in the Jesuit Novitiate at Guelph—Aloysius Schretlen, Barry Connolly and Bill Kearns.

* * *

Four of our Sisters have been teaching Catechism on Vancouver Island—two at Comox, and two at Cumberland, Mine 88, and surrounding districts. All have their headquarters at St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox.

Our music examinations took place on July 2nd, Sir Ernest MacMillan conducting them. Sir Ernest is spending the summer in Vancouver, having taken a cottage on the north shore of Burrard Inlet. Open air symphony concerts in Malkin Bowl, Stanley Park, are under his direction.

RESULTS OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS.

A.T.C.M. (Teachers')—Pass: Theresa Pavitt.
Grade VIII—Honours: Marie A. Bernhart, Theresa Okawa.
Grade VI—Honours: Rosemary Lautsch, Frances Hirota.
Grade IV—Pass: Ruth Pattison, Margaret Donn.
Grade III—Honours: Ikida Sachiko; Pass: Faryl Hopwood, Emil Jacobs.
Grade II—Honours: Joan Hewitt, Barbara Bergot.
Grade I—First Class Honours: Louise Lautsch; Pass: Teddy Cebula.

THEORY.

Grade V., Counterpoint—Honours: Jessie Gibson.
Form—Pass: Theresa Kurisu.
History—Honours: Theresa Kurisu; Pass: Joanne Bettin.
Grade II—First Class Honours: Shirley Kibler; Pass: Martin Gray, Marion Crellin.
Grade I—Pass: Doris Avery, Betty Vaughan.

* * *

The results of the Senior and Junior Matriculation examinations were published on July 21st. Again this year they were very gratifying. In Junior Matriculation a Provincial Scholarship granted by the Royal Institution awarded by the University of British Columbia was won by Louis Holroyd with an average of ninety-one per cent. Louis has been a pupil of St. Patrick's since Primary Class and our pride in his attainments mingles with regret in seeing him pass on to University, where he seeks new honours in the scientific field. Seven of the eleven students who completed Junior Matriculation are the proud recipients of congratulatory letters from the Honourable Dr. Weir, Minister of Education, having obtained First Class Honours—eighty per cent. or over—in their examinations.

The list of successful students follows:

Senior Matriculation.

Complete—Agnes Carey, Rose Marie Yzerman.
Partial—Mona Dunnigan.

Junior Matriculation.

Complete (Grade XII)—Margaret Barry, Thesesa Bertrand, Mary Campbell, Frank Delaney, Edmund Fagan, Rita Goulet, Louis Holroyd, Bill Kilty, Dorothy McDonald, Hugh McPherson, James Tonner.

Partial (Grade XI)—Mary Barry, Fern Beaucamp, Leslie Brown, Helen Byron, Joy Deering, Helen Erickson, Regina Fagan, Herbet Gasperdone, Norma Gemmill, Raymond Marcotte, Norma McDonell, Norma O'Malley, Frances Robi, Vivian Verrall, Dorothy Walz, Mable Wong.

* * *

The Red Cross exhibit of the School was displayed in the auditorium. What an array of socks, scarfs, caps and quilts! Most of the material was supplied by the children themselves.

* * *

In May Miss Irma Wright gave a demonstration on her typewriter for the benefit of the Commercial Class with the result that there is a decided improvement in typewriting.

* * *

Nine of our Commercial students were successful in all their examinations while two were successful in Bookkeeping.

* * *

This year the Senior Matriculation Class of St. Patrick's High School produced a very creditable "Class Book" of which they are justly proud. We publish a poem taken from it and regret space does not permit us to print several other selections.

ST. JOSEPH'S ELOQUENCE.

So oft thou did'st with angels speak,
And send thy heart on high,
A silent man, of aspect meek
Thou seemst to mortal eye.

But lords angelic at thy prayer
To thee from heaven were sent!
Thy heart,—to men so silent e'er,
With God was eloquent!

Alumnae

ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942

Honorary President
The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

President
Mrs. E. F. Ellard

Vice-Presidents
Mrs. Leo Hall Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist Mrs. B. J. Unser
Mrs. Colin Grant Mrs. D. M. Goudy

Recording Secretary
Miss Viola Lyon

Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Gerald Dunn

Press Secretary
Miss Viola Lyon

Treasurer
Miss Mabel Abrey

Counsellors
Mrs. W. E. Apted Mrs. Arthur Rogers Mrs. Robert Jones
Miss Jane Morin Miss Helen Hetherman

Historians
Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association entertained the convent school graduates of 1941 at a reception and garden tea on Sunday, June 8th. A group of young ladies of the Junior Alumnae and Members of the Senior Alumnae assisted at the tea table, which was presided over by Mrs. C. Tipping, Mrs. G. O'Brien, Mrs. A. Thompson and Mrs. W. Gilchrist.

Red, white and blue bows were sold during the afternoon and St. Michael's College school band was present. The president, Mrs. E. F. Ellard, received the parents and friends of the graduates, assisted by Mrs. Leo Hall, Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist and Mrs. Colin Grant. After tea Benediction was given in the convent school chapel.

Viola Lyon, Secretary.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

Where does summer go that it must needs be speeding along so fast, I wonder. It seems only to have begun when along came your gentle reminder that August was speeding along in July's dust and September Lilies were being pressed. (Accidental pun!)

Anyway it has been a lovely summer as the Creator arranged it, if only there were no destroyers to spoil it!

I am glad you had a little trip and are feeling rested and better generally. I enjoyed your account of Father Coakley's Church in Pittsburg. Is he not the Father Coakley who has written a couple of articles for the Lilies? You said you were enclosing a clipping describing the church but I cannot find it among the enclosures. But I do remember some of the features— . . in building the Sacred Heart church the pastor aimed at having a practical building in which the liturgy of the Church could be carried out appropriately and with becoming dignity . . . Woven into the design was an effort to teach the doctrines of the Church and since one of the root ideas is that the Church is an Ark of Salvation the symbolism of a ship is carried out . . . Before the high altar is a projection of the world. All the countries of the world are stretched in flat relief at the feet of the priest as he ascends to say Mass. The floor resembles a stained glass window transferred to the pavement . . . rich colored windows of jewel glass let in the light. The pieces of colored glass are held together by leads of varying thicknesses. There is no enamel or paint on the glass which like the strained glass windows of old have their color as part of their physical properties . . . heated walls, eliminating radiators . . . floor of the sanctuary heated . . . system not new but the system of the house of St. Cecilia in Rome about 1,700 odd years ago and adopted to the needs of the Church to-day . . . heated water in the Baptismal Font . . . electric device confessionals for deaf persons to facilitate their confessions . . . night prayers are said there nightly.

Thank you for enclosing the postal card from Blanche Jennings Thompson. I would love to meet her. Her appreciation of the Lilies, editorials and articles, is gratifying and encouraging, you say, but not surprising, say we all. It is certainly a splendid magazine and may it thrive!

I had hoped you would come out yourself to spur me on with these items of news from the alumnae. I long for some one who has the gift of expressing beauty on the printed page to come and say for me all I long to say about the view from

our cliff. But perhaps you will come before "we" go to press. If you could bring Sister Agnes along she could add color to your account. Good idea!

Anyway I shall try to recount the news which has reached my desk.

Let's start with—

CONGRATULATIONS AND FELICITATIONS.

To Very Reverend Joseph McDonagh, upon his appointment from Rome to the Presidency of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

To Very Reverend James M. Reardon (who has contributed articles to our Lilies) on his appointment from Rome to the high rank of Protonotary Apostolic of the Holy See, for meritorious service.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred J. Weiler of Red Lake who were married recently.

Mrs. Weiler was Miss Mary Laureen O'Brien, daughter of Mrs. Donal O'Brien (Florence Miley) both of whom are alumnae of S.J.C.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vernon Duncan, recently married in Toronto. Mrs. Duncan was Miss Margaret Veronica Driscoll.

To Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh (the bride was Miss Alice Peace), who were wed recently.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Alexandre Fournier—the bride was Miss Helen Agnes Tallon. Cornwall, Ontario.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jos. B. McAndrew—the bride, Miss Mary Grace Cooney, St. Catharines, Ontario.

To Dr. and Mrs. Bede Harrison, Washington, Pa., the bride was Miss Veronica Ashbrook. (Lucy Ashbrook, her sister, is now Mother Margaret Mary of the Good Shepherd Convent in Wheeling, and Ellen Ashbrook is now Mrs. Furbur and has a daughter, Mary Ellen).

To Mr. and Mrs. Larry O. Thompson (the bride was Miss Mary Macdonald), who were married recently in Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, on the birth of a daughter, in March. Mrs. Rogers was our Norah Phelan.

To Mr. and Mrs. Melville Betram Northcott—the bride was Miss Eileen Kelly.

To Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Hynes—the bride was Miss Peggy Hart, whose grandmother was one of our early graduates. The groom's sister, Margaret, is also an alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tenney—Mrs. Tenny was a pupil

of S.J.C. as a young child before her family moved to Halifax.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Edwards, who were married on Sept. 8th at Newman Club. The bride was Miss Marie Crean.

To Mr. and Mrs. Aiden Crean, who were married on September 6th. The bride was Miss Patricia Wittman.

VISITORS TO S.J.C.

Mrs. Fred. Mugele (Helen McGrath) was in Toronto this summer, visiting her father, who was ill. Her two children, Marie Stella and Charles Frederick, were with her.

Mrs. A. V. Cloney, of Rochester, on her way home from having made a retreat at Niagara Falls.

Sister Gonzaga (Gertrude Bunyan), of St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro.

Sister St. David (Edna Mulligan), of Peterboro, en route to North Bay.

Father Bunyon of Massey, brother of Sr. Gonzaga.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Caldwell (Eileen Phillips), who have moved to Quebec.

Misses Helen Duggan and Emily Foy (who teaches in Port Hope), who were in the city correcting papers.

Loretto Bradley, Bernita Miller, Mrs. Jack Street (Aileen MacDonell), Mrs. Rory Egan (Rita Burke), Christine Kennedy, Gertrude Mulcahy, Dorothy Jansen, Wilhelmina Wiacek, who called when in Toronto.

Marion Mitchell—home from New York for a visit.

I am enclosing a clipping which I am sure will be of interest to our readers, concerning the "Church of Broadway." Will you insert it here, please.

The Church of the Holy Innocents on West 37th St., just of Broadway, is also called the "Church of Broadway," because it serves many Catholic Broadwayites This church boasts the famous "The Return Crucifix," before which the poet, Joyce Kilmer, knelt, prayed and received the gift of faith. The story of this crucifix begins at the outbreak of World War No 1.

Dusk had fallen over Manhattan that evening of 1914. Chambers, the artist, had entered this church for a visit, when his attention was arrested by a man kneeling at the foot of the large crucifix. The sincere expression of the man reflected a contrite weeping spirit. This not only touched Chambers, but also inspired him with the idea for a painting. He hastily made a sketch of the scene on an envelope. A

fraternal approach won the man's consent to pose for the painting in his studio.

A frank admission to Chambers revealed that the man was a contrite prodigal son, who had just returned to his Father's house after an absence since his boyhood in Brittany A few days later, the humble penitent sailed for Europe to join the French army. After the Armistice of 1918, the French prodigal wrote, saying that he had resigned command of his regiment in order to serve in the monastic army of God . . . Who knows how many lives have begun again at the foot of "The Return Crucifix" in the "Church of Broadway?"

* * *

I know this letter is a poor jumbled affair and I apologize for it, but it is like making a patchwork quilt, putting all the small items, so unrelated, in one letter.

I am writing in the garden, which faces the highway and it is like watching a slow-motion picture. The order has gone out for motorists to reduce speed, saving gasoline for war uses, and I have been thinking how much more enjoyment we will get from even so little slowing-up. Maybe now we will see the beauty of the country as we drive along, and what a world of good to our own and our fellow-travellers' nerves!

Well, good-night, and as our charming Queen said the other night, "May God bless you all!"

Yours sincerely,

Gertrude Thompson.

August 19, 1941.

Dear Alma Mater and the Girls-at-Home:

Hasn't it been the loveliest summer? And after such a glorious spring, too. It is amazing the damage the sun does, and most of us get a goodly share of it during the hot months. If you have a "Golfer's" tan, our sympathy goes out to you, for that is one of the worst types—early in May you have acquired a ring around your neck (your sweater neck), a pair of rings on your arms (sport shirt sleeves), and a pair around your ankles. The job from then on is to even up the score when you get out swimming and canoeing. And of course this is where the sympathy comes in, for you generally finish the season with the same rings very much in evidence. However, good luck in your efforts with the cucumber lotion, etc. (we, ourselves, are doing nicely in that regard, thank you).

Alumnae news, which should be plentiful this time of year, does not seem to be crowding other topics out, but we will probably have a harvest of it as soon as this issue is on the press, and by December it is no longer news.

Heard the other day that Marnie Corkery has taken a temporary position with the Royal Bank here in Peterborough. Catherine is on vacation now, and has as her guest at the lake Mary Gallagher.

We regret the loss of Margaret MacDonnel as Separate School nurse here. However, St. Michael's Hospital is gaining a good teacher and we will be seeing Margaret frequently, we hope.

Lucile McAlpine was married recently to Mr. Thomas Kielty, at Marysville.

Rosemary Griffin's marriage, on August 16th, to Mr. R. Starks of Rochester, was a charming event.

Eileen Conlin of St. Catharines was married the same month to Mr. Michael Walsh, and was a lovely bride.

Grace Cooney was married in June to Mr. J. B. McAndrews of St. Catharines; they honeymooned in Quebec.

So many Canadians have been finding out more and more of their native land this year. We hear of the boat trips down the Saguenay, up to Port Arthur, and even up the Pacific coast being sold out weeks in advance, to say nothing of the reservations at lake resorts.

"Gray Gables," at Welland, has been taken over by the Notre Dame Sisters, so that the Catholic girls of that district will have increased facilities for Catholic education.

Zita Nolan (I do not know her married name) was here from New York on a visit to Mary Hayes.

Among interesting autumn weddings will be that of Marie Crean, M.A., to Mr. H. J. Edwards, B.Sc. (Queen's), on September 8th, at Newman Club, by Father Bondy. And in the same family Marie's brother Aiden Crean to Patricia Wittman, on September 6th, at St. Monica's church. Patricia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wittman, whose other daughter Jean graduated from S.J.C.S. this year.

Mary Maloney (Sr. Mary Henry) of the Grey Nuns at Pembroke, spent a week at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake while visiting her parents in Toronto.

A note from Mrs. Ray Lawlor of Detroit: "'Joan is away at camp for a month; she is an outdoor girl. She boards five days a week at the Sacred Heart Convent, for it is lonely out here, and transportation is poor. The children and I

spent two months in Fort Lauderdale (Fla.), last winter. . . . Ann is getting stronger; she will be five soon."

We assume that by December issue, many of our alumnae will have joined the Women's Active Corps in the Air Force or Army. So many girls are leaving positions in Offices here for work in the Active Forces, and we hope our "scouts" in various sections will report such moves on the part of our alumnae.

Monica Reynolds, who has been overseas one year now with the 15th Canadian Field Hospital as Dietitian, is having some exciting experiences. Her Majesty the Queen, on a recent visit to Peg's hospital, toured the Diet Kitchen and greeted Peggy and her staff in their own quarters. Imagine greeting that gracious lady personally, and she chats with her subjects as if they were all old friends. The Duke of Kent was also a visitor to the Field Hospital—which all goes to break any "monotony" in the Battle of Britain. There have been some excellent stage shows, in spite of the war, according to Peg, and she was down to Stratford-on-Avon for the anniversary and accompanying celebrations of the Immortal Bard's birthday. The Shakespearean Players were presenting his "Twelfth Night" at that time.

My news seems to be petering out, and I hope that other correspondents will help the "Alumnae" section along this month. I hear we can expect a message from Rose Welsh, and of course Mrs. Thompson is most generous, always, with her time and work for "The Lilies": and with a wedding in the family too (Larry, Mrs. Thompson's eldest son, was married on August 2nd).

Best of luck to everyone.

Hilda Sullivan.

Perhaps once in the lifetime of every little girl there has stolen into her heart a wish that she might go and live with the Eskimo where there would be interminable days of sleighing and skating. One of the little pupils of St. Joseph's College School, Priscilla Ann Orford, had that pleasure for four years while her father, Dr. T. J. Orford, was in charge of the hospital at Pangnirtung, Arctic Circle. The Doctor has now returned to Moosonee for another period of five years but before leaving, he very kindly brought to the Convent a film depicting life in the Arctic, particularly around Pangnirtung and interesting scenes from the every-day routine of the Eskimo. Next year Priscilla Ann is bringing her sister Rosleyne to S.J.C.S. with her and some day in the future little three-

year-old Mary Judith, who is a real Arctic baby, may join her big sisters.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

. . . We had our first trial blackout on the night of Ascension Thursday. The city was a wonderful sight from a vantage point on the top landing of the fire-escape, facing Burrard Inlet and the north shore. To see every light snap off simultaneously and then the searchlights licking the sky, picking up the planes and following them along was almost too poignant for one with imagination. The planes differed from the stars only in their movement and when they began to drop flares, I was scared of my life they'd turn out to be incendiary bombs.

. . . On arrival, we were given five days' landing leave. I spent four days in Scotland at Lochgoilhead, Argyllshire. The drive from Lanark was beautiful, along Loch Lomond and Loch Long. I was fascinated by this wild and rugged country. On my way back to camp, stayed a day in London and managed to tour through the House of Commons, and saw a Privy Council Session in the House of Lords, the 'judges in wigs and all.'

Your Prayers Are Requested For:

Mrs. Neville, Mr. P. Kenny, Mr. A. Stephen, Mr. L. Byrne, Mrs. J. Ryan, Mrs. Connolly, Miss M. McDonagh, Mrs. Miller, Miss G. Hutchinson, Mrs. Flood, Mrs. Meyers, Mr. Miley, Mr. R. O'Rourke, Mr. E. Jordon, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. C. Regan, Mr. S. Martin, Mr. McGraw.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace!

Book Reviews

AS THE MORNING RISING. By Sigrid Van Sweringen.—Benziger Bros.

This novel, a delightful romance, describes vividly, in charming literary style, the life of Mother Seton to her thirtieth year, the time of her conversion. It is a splendid portrayal of her girlhood with its painfully touching experiences under the dominance of her stepmother; of her girlhood when she moved in the best society of New York with all its fascination; of her maturity to womanhood and the unfolding of a delightful romance which was to prepare her both spiritually and intellectually for the great work that God had planned for her.

Though this book is based on historical background it is a fine novel, a true love story, a book for all lovers of both history and fiction, a book for everyone, young or old.

Sr. St. Luke, C.S.J.

* * *

MATT TALBOT—THE IRISH WORKER'S GLORY.—Rev. F. Cassidy.—Burns, Oates and Washbourne Ltd.—Dublin. Paper cover. pp. 69.—40c.

This little volume being a series of studies rather than a biography, gives a brief sketch of Matt Talbot's life. It is a remarkable interpretation of what God has wrought in the very sanctuary of his soul. Though this volume is small, it is a wonderful exposition of what God's grace, a good racial and family inheritance, a good Christian education and a strong will can do toward breaking even the strongest of bad habits and toward acquiring and cultivating the virtues opposing these bad habits irrespective of one's environment. Matt Talbot's associates were largely men at the docks and in lumber yards, and it was there that he reached such eminent sanctity.

Sr. St. Luke, C.S.J.

GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN. By Willa Cather.

This book is one of two volumes in which reminiscenses of the childhood of famous women are recorded. The facts that have made up these tales have been gathered from libraries, from old manuscripts and from the lips of peasants.

Marie Antoinette, one of the many brave heroines of this book was the Queen of Louis XVI of France. The French people mistrusted her due to her close relationship with Austria.

She was brought to trial and denied with dignity all accusations made against her. On Oct. 16, 1793, she was guillotined.

Willa Cather's genius and imagination help her to make more vivid her descriptions of the terrible conditions of France during the revolution. This book is intriguing and adventuresome and really a work of art. It is a book of melody, colour and romance and is well worth reading.

Marie Dougherty.

* * *

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. By Richard Llewellyn.

Among modern authors few can surpass the creative genius of Richard Llewellyn. On to the pages of his latest book his pen drips, with clearness, wisdom, humour, and sadness in such a way as to give the reader several hours of delightful entertainment.

"How Green Was My Valley" takes the reader to Wales when the mine unions were in the embryo stage, and London considered the industrial seat of the world.

It is the life story of the Morgan family, typical Welsh miners, and Llewellyn deals with them, their friends, their hates and their happiness. The plot is full and absorbing. The descriptions authentic and pleasant.

Some may find a few of the Welsh expressions confusing, but not sufficient to cause distress.

Olive Ennis.



RESULTS OF FINAL EXAMINATION IN ARTS, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MAY, 1941.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND MEDALS

Gold medal in the Pass Course (Third Year)—Sister M. Emilie.

Scholarship in the General Course (Third Year)—Theresa Knowlton.

Scholarship in Music (First Year)—Sister M. Corine.

The Alliance Française Silver Medal in French—Anne Golden.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—HONOUR COURSE

English Language and Literature: Class II.—Mary Trimble.

Modern Languages (French and German): Class III.—Glenise McKenna.

Music: Class III—Irene Haffey.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—PASS COURSE

Grade A—Sister M. Emilie.

Grade B—Evelyn Gore, Anne McBride, Norma Ross.

Grade C—Josephine Cecconi, Margaret Corkery, Mary Veronica O'Neill.

Pass—Helen McKenna, Cecilia Smith (History).

THIRD YEAR—HONOUR COURSE

Modern Languages: Class II—Eileen Egan.

Household Economics: Class II—Elizabeth Kirby, Sister Marie Christine.

General Course: "Grade A"—Theresa Knowlton.

SECOND YEAR—HONOUR COURSE

English Language and Literature: Class II—Mary Mogan.

SECOND YEAR—PASS COURSE

Grade B—Catherine Cooke, Grace Griffin, Mary Kelly, Kathleen Lawrence.



SOUTH WEST CORNER, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Grade C—Virginia Dwyer, Sheilagh Ryan.

Pass—Margaret Browne (Economics), Rita Burns (Biology), Mary Martin (Political Science), Ann Matheson (Household Science), Mildred Ogle (Political Science).

FIRST YEAR—HONOUR COURSE

English Language and Literature: Class III—Beatrice Dobie, Mary Mooney; B.L.—Clare Havey.

Modern Languages: Class III—Mary Flannery, Agnes Futterer, Anne Golden.

Music: Class I—Sister M. Corine.

Household Economics: Class II—Rina Aimone, Violet Pluta; B.L.—Joanne Hughes, Mary Sebert (English).

FIRST YEAR—PASS COURSE

Grade B—Carmela Luciani, Aileen McDonough.

Grade C—Beatrice Foley, Jean Lahey (Spanish), Colleen Roach, Mary Taylor.

Pass—Jane Hornell (Chemistry), Marie Rose Reid (English).

Aegrotat—Mary Claire Seitz.

* * *

Bachelor of Library Course: Elinor Donnelly.

Diploma in Occupational Therapy: Margaret Kenney.

Physical and Health Education: First Year, Pass—Mary Arnold (Biology).

Household Science: First Year, Pass—P. A. Brost (Chemistry).

COMMENCEMENT WEEK—1941.

BACCALAUREATE MASS. This crowning week of the College students' career was fittingly introduced by a High Mass accompanied by all the solemnity which only the sacred liturgy can impart. The presence of His Grace Archbishop McGuigan in the sanctuary and of the entire faculty of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies and of St. Michael's College in academic robes imparted dignity and colour to the simple Gregorian office.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. L. A. Markle, whose presence recalled the fact that this year the first class from St. Augustine's Seminary to register at St. Michael's College receive their degrees. Taking his inspiration from the

Liturgy of the Mass, Dr. Markle revealed the presence of the spiritual and mystical in all intellectual achievements.

* * *

CONVOCATION. The conferring of degrees in Convocation Hall of the University is naturally the central event of Commencement Week. Marshalled by the Man-at-arms bearing the symbol of office the venerable Chancellor of the Uni-



CONVOCATION HALL, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

versity and the President, followed by the Board of Governors, the Senate and Staff, in academic robes representing the principal universities of Europe, United States and Canada, and by the members of the graduating class in Arts, crossed the campus to Convocation Hall, which was filled with their friends.

The ceremony in which each student is received by the Chancellor and invested with the bachelor's hood, partakes in its simplicity of the character of the original religious ceremony.

* * *

THE GARDEN PARTY AT THE UNIVERSITY. In the quadrangle of University College the students were received by the President of the University and Mrs. Cody, and the

President and Vice-President of the Students' Administrative Council, after which the students of all the colleges mingled in a great throng in the warm June sunshine.

* * *

RECEPTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE. This gathering of the new graduates and their friends in their home Colleges is always most informal. After being received by the Superior and staff they wandered through the rooms and finally found their way to the terrace and gardens, where tea was served by the undergraduates.

* * *

BENEDICTION. At seven o'clock all assembled in the beautifully decorated College Chapel, where for some minutes of that crowded day there was communion of their souls with the Master whose teaching had guided them up to this moment and whose Benediction was the crown of their endeavours.

* * *

RECEPTION AND BALL AT HART HOUSE. The central social event of Commencement week is Hart House Ball. The last and most brilliant of those which the undergraduate years of the Students had witnessed. The knowledge that it was the last lent a new and somewhat pensive pleasure to the hours which passed so swiftly.



MEMORIAL TOWER AND HART HOUSE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.



WAR ACTIVITIES OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

MASS AND GENERAL COMMUNION. For the students of St. Joseph's College the closing event of Commencement Week is that last Mass and Communion in the College chapel. This year the Mass was celebrated by Rev. Kevin Corkery, and the sermon was preached by Very Reverend Father McLaughlin, President of St. Michael's College. The noble and inspiring words of one whom each student has learned in a year to consider a personal friend, will long remain in their memories.

Breakfast on the verandah has become an institution when the weather permits and this year a bright sun lit up the tables decorated with pink roses and the two blues of St. Michael's College. Gifts from the Superior awaited each graduate and the spirit of this final gathering was one of pure gaiety.

* * *

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE COMMUNION BREAKFAST. The customary luncheon in honour of the new graduates of St. Michael's was replaced by Mass in the Chapel of St. Joseph's College, followed by a buffet breakfast on the terrace. There was a good attendance, and the new arrangement was voted a success. A short business meeting was held in the Common Room afterwards.

* * *

CLOSED RETREAT OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES—June 24-25, was better attended than ever. The Director was the Rev. Fr. Bryan of Loyola College, Montreal. A pleasant reunion followed.

The experienced direction of Father Bryan was indeed a great privilege and much appreciated by the Retreatants. All have come to the conclusion time is too short for a real closed retreat.

HITCH-HIKING.

As soon as spring breaks forth from the icy garb of winter, young boys are consumed with wanderlust. It's hitch-hiking time again! On every main thoroughfare hitch-hikers gather to ride merrily on their way across the country.

I have not had much experience at the art of hitch-hiking, but I remember one occasion in my childhood when I tried my luck at it. I was spending a week with my cousin at her summer-home. Consequently my mother could not hear of my

little escapade. We started out early in the morning and walked until we reached an important intersection. There we stood for half an hour. It seemed that we were exceedingly early-risers. Not a car was to be seen on the road. After an interminable wait, along came a truck, loaded with huge boxes of strawberries piled high in the back. We jerked our thumbs in the approved manner. Naturally the driver stopped. He seemed to be a respectable person. Quickly we climbed into the back of the truck. We proceeded to eat the juicy, red strawberries to our hearts' content. In fact, we ate a quantity sufficient for the making of two or three large-sized pies. Truly, we became extremely ill. At last the truck jolted to a stop and we climbed down from our most uncomfortable perch, and sheepishly thanked the man for the ride. Then we "painfully" wended our way to the nearest telephone to inform my aunt of our plight. On reaching home, we made up our minds that this experience was a lesson well-earned. In fact, I never hitch-hiked again.

Ruth Sullivan.

Silhouette In 1759 Etienne de Silhouette was made Finance Minister of France. He was a mean cuss, and incurred the detestation of all the people. He aroused widespread dislike by levying land taxes and by reducing pensions. Thousands of cartoons and jibes and jokes were made at his expense. In those days, before the invention of photography, men in the streets, for a couple of centuries, would cut out of black paper your portrait or likeness in profile. It was a poor thing in comparison with an oil painting, and because of its meanness, insignificance, and worthlessness, it was termed in derision a "silhouette."



AERIAL VIEW OF UNIVERSITY STADIUM, ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE BACKGROUND.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE WOMEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM.

SECOND ROW—Aileen McNally, Anita McGrath, Mr. W. O'Brien, Coach; Florence Cooper, Aileen McDonagh.
FRONT ROW—Betty Nash, Captain; Annabel Machlin, Manager; Mary Claire Seitz.
Absent—Kay Bryden, Mary McGoey.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE WOMEN'S BADMINTON TEAM.

SECOND ROW—Betty Gowen, Joan Hughes, Florence Cooper.
FRONT ROW—Aileen McNally, Annabel Macklin, Frances McBride.



GRADUATION.

ON MAY 21st, St Joseph's College School held its eighty-seventh Graduation Exercises, in Convocation Hall of the University of Toronto. More than two thousand friends, among whom were many of the clergy, attended this very beautiful and impressive ceremony, when forty-nine students received graduation diplomas from their Alma Mater.

The pupils of the higher classes, numbering almost five hundred, were arranged on the platform and in the galleries on either side, forming a striking background in their school uniform to the graduates in their long white frocks. The choruses, which were directed by Mr. A. W. Whitehead, choral master of the school, with Dr. C. Peaker at the organ, were particularly well executed, and gave evidence of careful training and of great enthusiasm on the part of the young choristers. Miss Joan Thompson delivered a very beautiful valedictory, and pleased the entire audience by her charm and simplicity.

At the close of the Exercises, Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., M.A., addressed the graduates, reminding them of their responsibility as graduates of a Catholic School and exhorting them to put into practice the ideals set before them during their school years.

A reception and tea were held on the Convent grounds after the Graduation, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The graduates are as follows: Miss Loraine Arthur, Toronto; Miss Frances Marie Barry, Toronto; Miss Geraldine Helen Bourgard, Toronto; Miss Joan Patricia Brady, Toronto; Miss Rita Marie Campbell, Windsor; Miss Joan Noreen Casey, Toronto; Miss Elizabeth Patricia Condon, Toronto; Miss Mary Agnes Conlin, Toronto; Miss Joanne Rita Cozens, Toronto; Miss Anne Marie Duggan, Toronto; Miss Catherine Ellen Estabrook, Montreal; Miss Doris Margaret Mary Fahey, Toronto; Miss Mary Gertrude Gagnon, Roberval; Miss Aline Frances Gallagher, Brockville; Miss Mary Elizabeth German,

St. Joseph's College School Graduation

held in

Convocation Hall

University of Toronto

Toronto; Miss Marion Audrey Gilmore, Toronto; Miss Rose Helena Greenan, Toronto; Miss Monica Agnes Hamilton, Toronto; Miss Isabelle Winnifred Hogg, Toronto; Miss Marjorie Jean Jerome, Toronto; Miss Pauline Marie Knowlton, Toronto; Miss Eileen Kathleen Leone, Toronto; Miss Corine Adda Mason, Toronto; Miss Alice Loretto McIsaac, Toronto; Miss Helen Frances McGivney, Toronto; Miss Eleanor Irene Midwood, Scarboro Bluffs; Miss Mary Lorraine Mitchell, Toronto; Miss Kathleen Eleanor Moffet, Toronto; Miss Cecilia Harriet Noonan, White River; Miss Margaret Elizabeth O'Brien, Toronto; Miss Margaret Helen O'Connor, Toronto; Miss Mary Kathryn O'Donoghue, Toronto; Miss Geraldine Joan O'Leary, Toronto; Miss Ellen Elizabeth O'Neill, Toronto; Miss Grace Lillian Plunkett, Toronto; Miss Marjorie Joan Quigley, Toronto; Miss Marie Therese Roach, Toronto; Miss Yvonne Veronica Reuben, Toronto; Miss Josephine Louise Shanahan, Toronto; Miss Margaret Mary Seitz, Toronto; Miss Marie Therese Sirois, Toronto; Miss Angela Maria Spadoni, White River; Miss Patricia Mary Starr, Toronto; Miss Helen Phyllis Teolis, Toronto; Miss Joan Gertrude Thompson, Toronto; Miss Estelle Mary Tipping, Toronto; Miss Dorothea Lucy Ungara, Toronto; Miss Margaret Anne Wall, Toronto; Miss Margaret Jean Wittman, Toronto.

VALEDICTORY.

THE YEAR was 1854, when the first graduates of St. Joseph's stood, even as we, the graduates of 1941, stand, reluctant to say good-bye to St. Joseph's. They were young, as we are young; thrilled, as we are thrilled; demurer, perhaps, in their hoops and crinolines; as eager as we to tread the beckoning, untrod path ahead, yet loath to leave behind the dear familiar loveliness of St. Joseph's.

Eighty-seven years! Almost a century! Was the course the same in 1854? Were the lessons very different? Perhaps; but the gentle guidance and edifying example of the teachers differed not at all—the ideal is ageless, whatever the course, and our sisters have ever held to the ideal in education.

And now we graduates of 1941 stand as did the graduates of 1854 to bridge the intervening years. We linger on this long awaited day and know the same "heartache that lurks in lovely things," the remembered apple blossoms, that even in our day have given place to expanding wings that stretch forth to embrace more and still more eager students; happy,

happy moments in our cherished chapel; joyful recreations, zestful field days, recitals and demonstrations of prowess, even the bells that punctuated and regulated our lives—indeed, the day may yet dawn when we may list even "confidentials" and "finals" among the school girl joys to which we bid good-bye to-day.

To our dear parents and teachers we say that we have not forgotten in our happiness to-day the many sacrifices which you have made during these years, that we might reach this goal, and we thank you with all our hearts for the ideals of Catholic womanhood which you have instilled within us.

Though we say "Farewell, dear St. Joseph's," we hope to return home often as alumnae of which you will always be proud, and this hope shall brighten our future as memory gilds the past.

May St. Joseph listen well to the words of our hymn, and —"watch o'er his children forever and aye . . forever and aye."

Joan Thompson.

EXAMINATION RESULTS—1941.

PIANO.

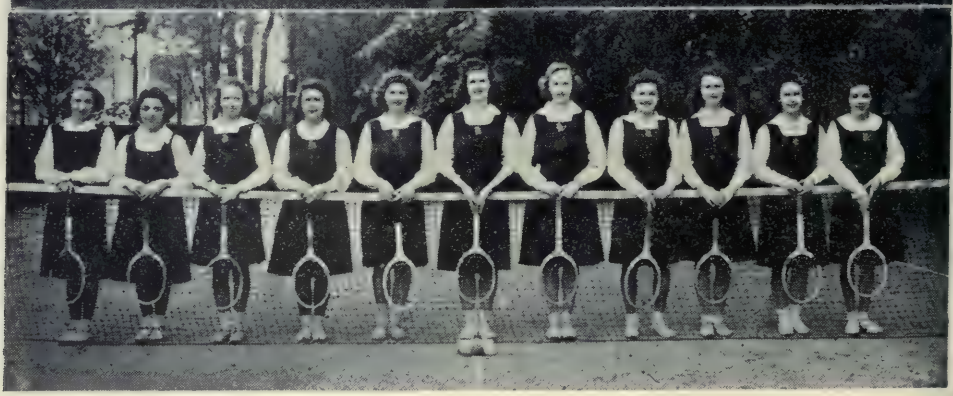
A.T.C.M.—Solo Performers—Patricia Morrison, First Class Honours.
Grade X—Anne Golden, Honours; Anna Hanley, Honours.
Grade IX—Mary Duffy, Honours; Nancy Anne Featherstone, Pass; Shirley Lucas, Pass; Sheila McLaughlin, Pass.
Grade VIII—Mildred Mills, Pass.
Grade VI—Alan Westland, Pass.
Grade V—Mary Lou Manning, First Class Honours.
Grade IV—Mary Claire Labine, First Class Honours; Shirley Anne Heit, Honours.
Grade III—Ruthanne Tobin, First Class Honours; Marie Mills, First Class Honours.
Grade II—Angela Diane Monahan, Pass.

THEORY.

Grade V, Form—Patricia Morrison, Honours; Angela Spadoni, Pass.
Grade V, Harmony—Angela Spadoni, Honours; Patricia Morrison, Honours; Rose Marie Weiler, Pass; Mollie Gray, Pass.
Grade V, Harmony and Counterpoint—Colleen Sadler, Pass.
Grade IV, Harmony—Colleen Sadler, Pass; Anne Golden, Pass.
Grade IV—Counterpoint—Shirley Lucas, First Class Honours; Marie Cahill, Pass.
Grade III, Harmony—Elizabeth Foley, Honours; Margaret Lobraico, Pass.
Grade III, History—Mary Duffy, First Class Honours; Bessie Sinton, Honours.













Grade II, Rudiments—Muriel Kirkhope, First Class Honours; Jean Ross, First Class Honours; Bessie Sinton, First Class Honours; Mary Duffy, First Class Honours; Joan O'Grady, First Class Honours; Betty Foley, First Class Honours; Gertrude Gagnon, Honours; Marion Klersy, Honours.

* * *

Miss Mary Claire Labine has been notified by the Toronto Conservatory of Music that she will be awarded the Conservatory's Silver Medal for highest standing in Grade IV Piano Examination in the Province of Ontario.

We congratulate Mary Claire on her splendid work and wish her every success in the future.

RECITAL, MAY 6th.

Programme.

Sir Rupert ..... Schumann
Margaret Ann Reid.

Scarf Dance ..... Chaminade
Helene Lagonterie.

Valse Lucille ..... Rriml
Mary Kelly.

Impromptu ..... Schubert
Mary Teresa Morrison.

Rondo ..... Kuhlau
Nysta Zachanko.

Au Soir Op. 10, No. 1 .....Paderewski
Muriel Kirkhope.

Castle Ruins ..... Schytte
Betty Wey.

Alt Wien ..... Godowsky
Joan O'Grady.

Minuet de l'Arlesienne ..... Bizet
Elaine and Lucy Hopkins.

Arabian Night ..... Mildernberg
Doris Quigley.

Berceuse ..... Grieg
Jean Stewart.

Cadiz ..... Albeniz
Babette Harper.

A Prelude ..... Peel
Jean Ross.

Water Wag Tail ..... Scott
Eleanor Midwood.

Rosamunde ..... Schubert
Marie and Rita Mills.

Rainy Weather ..... Poldini
Nancy Anne Featherstone.

Whims ..... Schumann
Teresa Sheehan.

Nocturne Op. 54 .....Grieg
Gwendolyn Dainty.

Sous Bois ..... Staub
Lenore McConkey.

In Springtime ..... Newton
I'll Walk Beside You ..... Murray
Mary Golden.
Accompanist—Anne Golden.
Clair de Lune ..... Debussy
Dorothy McIsaac.
Scherzino ..... Paderewski
Mildred Mills.
Rigaudon ..... MacDowell
Bessie Sinton.
Danse Andalouse ..... MacDowell
Yvonne Reuben.

RECITAL BY ADVANCED STUDENTS, MAY 30, 1941.

Programme.

Moto perpetuo ..... MacDowell
Sheila McLaughlin.
Arabesque ..... Debussy
Mary Duffy.
Witches Dance ..... MacDowell
Marie Cahill.
Waltz in A flat, Op. 42 ..... Chopin
Margaret Lobraico.
Dove sono (Figaro) ..... Mozart
Vissi d'Arte, Vissi d'Amore (La Tosca) ..... G. Puccini
Dora Raccioppa
Accompanist—Muriel Reuben, A.T.C.M.
Phophet Bird ..... Schumann
A Romp ..... York Bowen
Betty Foley
Characteristic Pieces ..... Bridge
(a) Rosemary (b) Fireflies (c) Bittersweet
Colleen Sadlier
L'Heure Exquise ..... Hahn
Le Papillon ..... Fourdrain
Gertrude Gagnon.
Accompanist—Lorine Graham.
Liebesfreud ..... Kreisler—M.E. Von Ritter
Patricia Morrison.
Angela Spadoni.
INTERMISSION
Praeludium ..... MacDowell
Lorine Graham.
En Automne ..... Moszkowski
Anne Golden
He Is Good, He Is Kind (Herodiade) ..... Massenet
Invitation to the Dance ..... Von Weber—Liebling
Kathleen Williams.
Accompanist—Lorine Graham.
The Enchanted Nymph ..... Levitzky
Angela Spadoni.
Impromptu ..... Faure
Patricia Morrison.

Je dis que Rien (Carmen) ..... Bizet
Voci di Primavera ..... Strauss
Shirley Barnett
Accompanist—Anne Golden.

Etude en forme de Valse ..... Saint Saens
Loretto Cairo A.T.C.M.

Rhapsodie Op. 119, No. 4 ..... Brahms
Gertrude Gagnon.

Toccata ..... Frescobaldi
Scherzo ..... Arensky
Muriel Reuben, A.T.C.M.
Lucile Reuben, A.T.C.M.

RECITAL, JUNE 6th.

Programme.

Sweet Dreams ..... Tschaikowsky
Audrey Mulrooney.

L'Hirondelle ..... Burgmuller
Gertrude Sandford.

Song of the Brook ..... Shackley
Winnie Byrne.

Music Box ..... Sadler
Mary Jane Dwyer.

Polish Peasants ..... Rebe
Leila O'Reilly.

Water Sprites ..... Sadler
Joan Carter.

The Butterfly ..... Venino
Marie O'Connor.

Wings of Song ..... Mendelssohn
Joan Marie Brady.

Valse Papillon ..... Friml
Joan Carter, Mary Jane Dwyer.
Leila O'Reilly, Aileen Sullivan

Steeplechase ..... Broadhead
Mary Lou Manning.

Sunrise in the Village ..... Irene Rodgers
Anne Keogh.

The Dream Man ..... Winifred Bury
Fairy Counterpanes ..... Arthur Warrell
Patricia Phelan.
Accompanist—Lorine Graham.

The Song of the Lark ..... Tschaikowsky
Little Burlesque ..... Lemont
Helen Jennings.

Butterflies ..... Lege
Joan Kielty.

Fancy Dress Costume ..... Huerter
Bernadette McGarrity.

Dances ..... Schubert
Bernadette Brown.

Three Blind Mice ..... Elizabeth Gest
Mary Teresa Morrison.
Marion Klersy.
Introduction et Fugato ..... Harris
Jacqueline Barre.
Valse Venitienne ..... Holbrooke
Esme Rosenback.
La ingana ..... Bohm
Betty Metcalfe.
Poupée Valsante ..... Poldini
Donalda Smith.
Fantasia (D minor) ..... Mozart
Audrey Schooley.
Scherzo Caprice ..... Thompson
Marion Klersy.
Scherzo Op. 16 ..... Mendelssohn
Margaret Wismer.
Valsit ..... Mokrejs
Shirley Lucas.
Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar
Eveline Wismer, A.T.C.M. Margaret Wismer.

RECITAL, JUNE 17th.

Programme.

Song of the Willows ..... Copeland
Patricia Shaughnessy.
Bubbles ..... Cramm
Mary Margaret McCormick.
Song of the Pines ..... Adair
Grace Tomasichio.
Ecossaise ..... Schubert
Elizabeth Moltgen.
Swinging ..... Dunn
Elizabeth Placek.
Cat Tails ..... Baird
Marilyn Monaghan.
Grandmother's Dolly ..... Holst
Rosanne Monfred.
Cuckoo ..... Aubry
Camilla Black.
Marketing ..... Elbe
Mary Ellen Williams.
The Rose's Dream ..... Aubry
Jacqueline Heffron.
Singing Fingers ..... Daniel
Joan Jackman.
The Oriole's Lullaby ..... Lind
Joan Garvey.
May Zephyrs ..... Erb
Beverley Hamm.
Capriccio ..... Haydn
Yellow Butterfly ..... McLachlan
Claire Marie O'Hagan.

Danse Gracieuse ..... Heins
Patricia Rosar.
Once There Was a Little Princess ..... Kullak
Angela Monaghan.
Skiing ..... Ritcher
Monica Madden.
Hungarian Dance ..... Englemann
Margaret Holland.
The Raindrop Scherzo ..... Sartorio
Mary Agnes Garvey
Country Dance Scene ..... Sartorio
Ruthanne Tobin, Patricia Rosar, Monica Madden.
Spinning Song ..... Elmenrich
Margaret Pickett.
May Time Mazurka ..... Hamer
Paula Hopkins.
Music Box ..... Crist
Ruthanne Tobin.
The Dance of the Bears ..... Wardale
The Clown ..... Wardale
Marie Mills.
Dance of the Midgets ..... Strong
Patricia Ryan.
Minuet ..... Purcell
Dance on the Green ..... Kullak
Elizabeth Wallach.
Le Rêve de la Poupée ..... Osten
Patricia Ward.
Feast Night ..... Markham-Lee
Anne Foy.
Streamlet ..... Risher
Shirley Anne Heit.
Rondo ..... Kuhlau
Alan Westland.
Sonatina ..... Kohler
Two Little Froggies ..... Cramm
Mary Claire Labine.
Minuet from Symphony in E flat ..... Mozart
Alan Westland, Elizabeth Wallach.

Honours were won by our pupils at the Music Festival held at Niagara Falls, May, 1941. Miss Gertrude Gagnon obtained first standing in the Open Class—Piano Solo, and was awarded the Gold Medal.

Miss Mary Neff received the Lions' Club Scholarship for student under twenty-one obtaining the highest mark in any pianoforte class. Miss Neff competed in two Piano Solo Classes and one Ear-test Class, winning first place in each contest.

Miss Nancy Anne Featherstone succeeded in winning two silver medals in competitions for students under 13 and 11 years of age.

Congratulations to these young ladies! We wish them every success.

RECITAL, JUNE 27th.

On June twenty-seventh a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by the Sisters when Miss Gertrude Gagnon presented the following interesting recital of piano and vocal music. Miss Gertrude was ably assisted by the well-known duo-pianists, Lucile and Muriel Reuben.

Programme.

GOD SAVE THE KING

Prelude and Fugue No. 17, Vol. II ..... Bach
Sonata op. 57 Andante, Allegro..... Beethoven
Gertrude Gagnon.

Minuet ..... Seeboeck
Espana ..... Chabrier
Lucile Reuben. Muriel Reuben.

Conseils à Nina ..... Wekerlin
Lo He Is Come ..... Franz
Papillons ..... Fourdrain
Gertrude Gagnon.

Londonderry Air ..... Arr. Kelberine
Keel Row ..... Arr. Thomas Austin
Lucile Reuben. Muriel Reuben.

Malaguena ..... Lacouna
Rigaudon ..... Ravel
Waltz op. 42 ..... Chopin
Scherzo, B flat minor ..... Chopin
Gertrude Gagnon.

Miss Gagnon came to us from Roberval, Quebec, and studied at St. Joseph's College School for two years, graduating in Music. During this period she won several medals in Festival work. On her return to her home she gave a public recital in the Town Hall on July eighth, the proceeds of which ($200.00) were given to the Red Cross.

During the Easter Season our own pupils, Misses Lucile and Muriel Reuben were welcomed back to St. Joseph's after some months of intensive study in New York under the well-known teachers, Frances Hall and Rudolph Gruen. Upon their return, they were engaged by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and have just completed a series of two-piano programmes.

The Misses Reuben are now booking for concert work and are preparing for concerts in the fall and for their own concert in Toronto.

DEW.

Resting in a field of blue,
Lacy cobwebs white as snow,
And now and then a tint or hue,
Of pink or gold or mauve, hung low.

Mary Richardson,
St. Joseph's High School.

DRAMATIC RECITAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 12th.

By the Pupils of Beatrice Conway, A.T.C.L.,

Assisted by Betty Ann Fischer, Violinist; Dora Racioppa, Vocalist; Muriel Reuben, A.T.C.M., Accompanist.

PROGRAMME.

Holidays—Metcalf ..... Ruth Anne Tobin
Little Miss Mischief ..... Jacqueline Barré
'Ceptin' Me—McCallum ..... Gloria Pegg
Ma and the Auto—Guest ..... Audrey Shortt
The Master's Coming ..... Juanita Chard
The Smart Insurance Agent—Adeler ..... Donald Smith
Mary Practising Her Music Lesson—Parker....Mary Jane Dwyer
Violin Solos—
(a) Ave Maria—Schubert.
(b) Caprice No. 13—Paganini-Kriesler....Betty Anne Fischer

INTERMISSION.

SCENE—"The Field Mouse and the Town Mouse."
Act 1—The Home of the Field Mouse.
Act 2—The Home of the Town Mouse.
Mr. Field Mouse .....Mary Buckley
Mr. Town House.....Ruth Anne Tobin
Little Mona Rose ..... Annette Goldstein
Good-bye Little Cabin—Service ..... Mary McCabe
At the Opticians—Herford..... Bernadette Sheridan
Vocal Solos—
(a) One Morning Very Early—Sanderson.
(b) Ciascun lo dice (la Figlia del Reggimento)—Dora Racioppa
The Soul of the Violin—Merrill.....Maureen Westerberg
At the Tea Shop..Bowlan..... Marylin Johnson
The Fool—Service ..... Marguerite Murray

GOD SAVE THE KING.

DREAMLAND.

Fairies singing by a brook,
Stop and listen, do,
Listen to their voices sweet,
As they sing for you.

Fairies dancing in the roses,
Twinkling eyes and merry voices,
Happy faces, oh so bright,
Shining in this world of light

Rita Holland,
St. Joseph's High School.

MAKING USE OF ODD MINUTES.

When you crawl into your cosy bed at night, there is nothing quite so refreshing as the thought that you have not wasted a single moment all that day. Then, why not make a resolution to make use of your odd minutes?

While waiting to go out at night, don't sit down and twiddle your thumbs for ten or fifteen minutes until you are called for. Instead, pick up that sock you are knitting for the soldiers and you will be surprised to see how much you can accomplish in a few minutes. While you are waiting for the water to boil for the dishes, take out those old newspapers you have been saving for weeks, cut out of them the items you want to keep and discard the rest. Instead of resting idly before preparing lunch, cut the canceled postage stamps off your letters and postcards. Think of the poor missionaries who would appreciate those cancelled stamps and who haven't time to sit down and rest when they get the least bit tired.

So much time would be saved on the day of judgment, when we will all have to render an account of every idle minute we spend, if only people would learn to use odd minutes successfully. There are so many interesting ways this can be done that it would be a shame to waste them.

Lois Garner, III-B.

STICKING IT OUT.

You can be anything you want to be, if you put your heart and soul into it. This is a fact which has been proven over and over again. Everyone in the world to-day, that is everyone making a name for himself, is not outstandingly brilliant. There are many genii, I admit, but the majority of the people have ordinary mentality.

Wars are won, nations built, scientific discoveries made, books written by people who are able to stick at a thing. There are very few people in this world who have had success handed to them—they have had to work for it. In the first World War, if England had not resolved, as she has to-day, to stick it out, no matter what the cost, where would we be?

If great scientists like Sir Frederick Banting had given up in despair after years of unfruitful labour, thousands would be dead to-day. I shall try to show you the importance to yourself of sticking to it.

There are things you do not like, are there not? I mean, subjects or books? My pet aversion is Algebra—in fact, arithmetic in any form. I have never in my life tried to stick out algebra or arithmetic, and so now it has the upper hand. I am one of the thousands who cannot stick to a thing, and I am ashamed to admit it. So do not do as I do, but as I tell you. Do not start a thing and not finish it, although, perhaps, it is better to start and not finish it than never to start at all. I firmly believe that if you stick at a thing long enough, no matter what it is, it will work out in the end.

Barbara Gallivan, III-B.

MODERN ADVERTISING.

Why do you use Campbell's Soup and Lux Soap? You use them because they are well-known brands. And why are they well-known? They are well known because they are advertised. And where are they advertised? They are advertised everywhere. When you pick up your morning paper, you perhaps see an attractive picture of a girl. Her pretty face is telling you to buy a certain brand of cream, soap or face powder. When you go down to your place in the street car or bus, if you have not the morning paper with you, you glance casually around the car. And when you look up, what do you see? You see an appetizing picture of a seemingly delicious salad with the words: "Use Hellman's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise" printed in broad and colorful letters beneath it. Or if the car jerks your head a little to the left, you may see a picture of two girls. One girl is dull looking —her hair is drab and mouse coloured; the other is sparkling and vivid, her hair a golden blonde. You know well that the more beautiful girl has used "Marchand's Golden Hair Rinse" to keep the natural gold of her hair.

You have just come home after a day of hard work at the office. You sit by the radio in complete relaxation. The music is soft and soothing. Sister Sue or Junior has just listened to the Swing Club and you have been aching to turn it off. Then suddenly, without even a gentle warning the music cuts off sharply. . . "It's tune-up-time for your car . . time to have a general check-up. Stop in at Monty's Garage at Howard and Vine Streets; do it to-day."

You cannot help yourself. Advertising to-day is so very interesting you must hear or see it. You do go by advertising when you buy. Advertising pays.

Edna C. Hill III-B.

THE VACATION SONG.

I close my books, for they can wait.
I toss my bag o'er the garden gate.
School is out, now for a rest
In the schoolroom I like best.

This school-room lies on a meadow wide,
Where under the clover, the sunbeams hide,
While the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars.

The lessons were written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers but the breeze,
That something blows from a secret place,
A stray little blossom into my face.

Patricia La Crosse, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School.

THAT I MAY SEE.

Across the warm afternoon air there came to Rachel as she sat quietly in the shade of the garden wall the shouts and laughter of her friends at play. Now Rachel seemed at first no different from the other children who were racing and dancing in the sun, except perhaps that she was more quiet and serious than they and did not move from her place where she sat with her face upturned to catch the little gusts of breeze. But Rachel was blind.

After a while, exhausted from their play, the girls came to sit by her. Somehow, it was always restful to be near Rachel.

"We are going to-day for sure," remarked Sarah. "They say he is coming before sundown."

"You mean—the Galilean—the Wonder Worker?" replied Sarah, thoughtfully. Her lips quivered ever so little, and the tremor in her words hinted that tears were not far.

"Dear Rachel," Sarah broke in quickly. "I'm ever so sorry you can't come. But three miles would be much too far for you. Oh, if only He were coming to our village."

"Forgive me, please. I'm so glad that you will all see Him. Promise to tell me all about it to-night. And try to remember everything He says. I'll just sit here and pretend."

Soon they were all tumbling down the road, and as the babble of voices died away, Rachel sat quietly thinking about it all. If only she could have gone. It was said He had made lame people quite well again. Perhaps some day—slowly at first, then in great sobs came the tears. She need not try to hide them now. There was none to watch—

A gentle touch on her head. A deep, gentle voice saying,

"What is it, little one? Why are you crying?"

"Because I could not go with the others to see the great Miracle Worker. Perhaps He could have—"

Suddenly the child felt herself being lifted into strong arms, and as she turned her face upward, she looked into the eyes of Jesus.

Mary O'Brien, IV-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE REASON.

Why had he come? Why had he left Peter Darwin talk him into going to London as correspondent for the Times? Why had he not stayed in safe New York instead of here where he spent most of his time in shelters? John Carter asked himself these things. This was no way to live. Look at the ruins, the devastatation, he had written all about them. Think of the time when he was in London last, how different it had been. Was it really so different, he asked himself, the people were certainly the same, maybe he had changed.

"Paper, Sir? Read all about the bombing of Berlin. Thank you, Sir." Maybe if he had a cup of coffee and read the paper he would feel better. There goes the siren again, let it. John determined he would not go into a shelter now. He drank his coffee and rose to leave when a loud explosion outside made him drop his cup. That was a close one. "Well," he thought, "if they're going to hit me, let them!"

As he walked outside he noticed the buildings across the square were all in flames. When to John's surprise the square was full of people, air wardens, occupants of the buildings, firemen and many others. Long coils of hose like great snakes shooting their watering tongues and snuffing out the flames. All the firemen were singing a merry cockney song. John gazed at them in wonderment. "Mister," a small voice at his elbow called, "have you seen my dog, a little black one? He was here a moment ago." "Great fire, isn't it?" "Ours was better, though, our whole house caught fire last week, but pop, mom and me, we put it out and pop got a medal from the king." "It was a much better fire than this one." "O! there is my dog." As John watched the boy run after the small dog he marvelled at the courage of that youngster and of all these people who were digging themselves out of the ruins of their homes only to be stronger and braver than ever.

He knew now why he had come to London. He was to report to the world the story of these people, these gallant people. He was in the front line in the battle of democracy. He, John Carter of the Times. He laughed and raised his head to yell at the fleeing planes, "You will never beat them, these people of London; they are too strong for you."

He grabbed a shovel and started digging in the ruins and singing with the firemen. How could he have thought that London had changed? It was still the same and he hoped always would be.

Barbara Gallivan, III-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

DESPAIR OF PUPILS.

Geometry, galvonometers, set squares,
Latin periods which come in pairs,
These are my despair!
Aye, my despair!

The street-car between four and five, crowded to the door,
And I drop my pile of thirty books to the floor,
They are my despair!
Aye, my despair!

When Sister asks for homework, which is not done,
My mind turns back to last night's party with its fun,
These are my despair!
Aye, my despair!

That period which we all love; geometry its name,
After forty minutes of it, we are never quite the same,
These are my despair!
Aye, my despair!

(To the winsome boarders who brighten life's pathway, I dedicate this poem, think of it as they may!)

Marguerite Murray, IV-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE GREAT IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS

"We can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifices in little things is what we are seldom equal to."—Goethe.

School girls should learn to make sacrifices of little things as these lead to larger offerings. Some of these small acts are: to rise promptly and make an offering to God; to come to breakfast with a smile and a cheerful greeting for everyone; to be punctual for classes during the day; to study hard in order to learn our French, History, etcetera. Added to these we can try not to disturb the class by dropping our pencils and rulers; to play equally well whether victorious or defeated; to often make tiny acts of love; and to visit the Chapel at least once a day if possible.

Finally to be true to your home, your church and your Alma Mater—this all lends to perfection for—"trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Dorothy Fraser, IX-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

DATES

I made a trip to the cupboard
And got a history,
To read about the topics
That Sister gave to me.

She said we must remember
The Factory Acts, just three,
And also Robert Owen
In history his name shall be.

Then in 1846
A man named Robert Peel;
Went walking up to Parliament
To make the Corn Laws reel.

Mildred Mills, IX-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY LIFE

Excitement, thrill and adventure compose the story of Jean Batten's life. She achieved marvellous fame as an aviatrix, revealing courage, prudence, and resourcefulness.

Born in New Zealand, she early developed a desire to roam. After having gone on a flight with a friend, Miss Batten entered enthusiastically into the rather strenuous training. Soon, she obtained the right to fly her own plane. Jean Batten became widely known for performing trans-Atlantic flights, and flew to South America, Africa, England and Japan.

The story of her life is interesting and well-told with strange and fantastic happenings. Miss Batten shows us the spirit of our women of to-day; brave, and courageous. This book will interest greatly aviators and those attending aero-training schools.

Kathleen Martin,
St. Joseph's High School.

I WONDER.

Do we take too much for granted
In this pleasant world of ours?
Do we value Nature's beauty
When we see the growing flowers?
The changing tints of Autumn
As through the woods we stroll;
The wonder of the ocean
As we watch its ceaseless roll;
The frisking lambs on a warm Spring day,
Unconscious of earthly care;
Do we realize how we'd miss all this,
If our world were bleak and bare?

Rita Goulet, Grade XII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

WHAT IS A LADY?

Her eyes have an intense look of understanding and love. A smile is ever present for those who seek its comforts. Her voice is soft and clear, never raised to scorn one or lowered to whisper of another's faults. Her laugh is the subdued tinkle of a bell, never boisterous or unkind. Her thoughts are always pure, wholesome and worthy of being spoken aloud. No shadow of revenge or uncharitable action darkens her mind, but always a desire to help those who have hurt her exists in its place. She does not necessarily know the gift of wealth. Her wealth lies in her soul. She speaks worthily of those who have less than she. Her dress denotes her simplicity and humility. A delicate blue mantle protects her carefully groomed hair. Her manners are patient and considerate of others. Of whom do I speak that she is so pure and good in every way? I speak of your mother and my mother, the greatest lady ever known, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Audrey Selke, IV-B, S.J.C.S.

CANADA CALLS.

"If you can't fight with them, make your money fight behind them." This is the slogan of Canadians to-day and the following dialogue will indicate how some people understand it.

Bill McLean for several years had trapped in the wilds of Northern Ontario. From time to time he had heard something of the war and its highlights but he had failed to see what war had to do with him. One day, when on a trip to Toronto during his off-season, he met his old friend, Steve Langley. Surprised at Bill's ignorance of Canada's relation to the war and the part that Canadians have to play in it, Steve proceeded to acquaint Bill with facts and figures with a view to impressing him with his duty.

"They won't let me in the Army," Bill declared; "this game leg of mine, you know."

"You still have your duty to perform, though, Bill, and here is how you can help. You have been trapping steadily for years

and you must have accumulated quite a tidy sum. Well, tell your Banker that you wish to purchase a Victory Bond of, say, Five Hundred Dollars or whatever amount you can spare. The Banker will help you fill out your application. You will then have a promise from the Canadian Government that the amount of this Bond will be paid to you when it comes due; in the meantime, you will receive a very satisfactory rate of interest. These Bonds may be purchased on the instalment plan and they can be sold any time. Their motto is—Safety—Income—Saleability."

"That's all very well, Steve, but what assurance have I that I shall get my money back?"

"If the Bonds issued by our Canadian Government are not one hundred per cent. safe, neither is a mortgage, a ten dollar bill nor your money in the Bank, because none of these will be of any value if Canada fails. A Bond of our country is the highest possible form of security."

"But," said Bill, "what if we lose this war?"

"If we lose this war, your money will be worthless, so why not invest now to assist in making victory sure? By your contribution, you will help to make Canada safe for its people. Our country is building and buying ships and bombers, making ammunition and army equipment, furnishing food, uniforms and the other essentials for our fighting forces. Behind our Army, Navy and Air Force, we must have industry, money and the goodwill of our people."

Steve certainly reasoned well in his arguments. If all Canadians shared his knowledge and sincerity, there would be little trouble in raising the six or eight hundred million dollars so urgently required now for the defence of our freedom.

Let us then lend to defend the right to be free. We have done it before; we can do it again.

I may conclude no better than by repeating the immortal words of John McCrae:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields."

Mary O'Brien, Age 14,
St. Joseph's College School.

PERSEVERANCE.

Have you ever been useful and tried to bake?
Here's a recipe for a wonderful cake—
Mix mustard, eggs and lard,
Keep on going, it isn't hard,
Into this put flour and milk,
Sifted thoroughly through rayon silk,
Add vinegar and cold cream,
If your cake isn't good, just scream!

Elaine Dubie, IV-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE INFLUENCE OF PREJUDICE IN MY LIFE.

Everyone possesses certain prejudices. Since the mere mental possession of prejudices and nothing more is an anomaly, they must exert a potent influence over one's actions. I am no exception. Ask me why I buy brown eggs in preference to white, when I know that the former type of egg is in no way superior to the latter, and the only reason that I could give would be, "My father has always bought brown eggs, and his mother before him; naturally I buy them too." An English pot of jam is certain to be of better quality than the best of Canadian firms. I might pay twice as much for it, but still it's the best. These are only minor examples of prejudice. There are more of a higher, or if you wish, a lower, type. I have never been capable of completely eradicating a sense of superiority over the members of the Chinese, Indian and Negro races. Almost every white man feels the same in this regard. Doubtless this bigotry produces a few pangs of shame in his heart, as it assuredly does in mine. Prejudice and precedent are often practically synonymous in weaning. Root them out of the human character, and you will have gone far in improving the species.

Louis Holroyd, Grade XIII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Man is a very friendly creature. Deep-rooted in his character is a craving for the company of beings like himself. This is the reason why there exists to-day the society, the nation, and even the school. The members of a society must be united by a mutual desire to help one another, else the society would soon dissolve. The people of a nation must have a love for their nation and one another, else the nation would soon disappear. Similarly the students of a school must possess a sense of affection for the school and their fellow-students, else the school would soon become decadent. Another name for this feeling of affection is school spirit. If there is no co-operation amongst the students, and between the students and faculty, neither the teachers, whose duty is to dispense knowledge, nor the students, whose duty is to acquire knowledge, can perform their tasks efficiently. "A house divided against itself shall fall," and the school is no exception to the rule.

Louis Holroyd, Grade XII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

THE DAILY CAMPAIGN.

Ultimatum—bell beginning the day's work.
Blitzkrieg—violent outburst of questions.
Smoke-screen—the old bluff.
Counter attack—answering one or two.
Armistice—lunch.
Blackout—Social Studies period.
C.B.—staying in.

Frank Delaney, Grade XII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

ANIMALS OF PRINCE RUPERT.

Strange to say, there are no horses in Princce Rupert. For many years past this city was called the "One-Horse Town," when in rain or in shine a broken-down mare pulled the milk wagon on its daily course. But to-day even she is gone.

However, we have our share of dairy cows,—and beef cows, too. Green rolling pastures are usually associated with cows, but there are none in Rupert. It is a comical sight to see the cows being led down the streets of the city every morning and back again in the late afternoon. And would one think their feeding ground is the railroad yard along the water-front?

Dogs, dogs, and still more dogs! Our down-town streets are often filled with more canines, of every size and description than people. We may hear yaps, grrs, and growls and then see a mass of dogs tumbling over each other.

The other household pets, the cats, are plentiful, too. They are shy and demure as cats should be. It is their less fortunate brothers, the alley-cats, who keep us awake all night with their piercing snarls.

Itu Kanaya,
St. Joseph's Commercial,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

WE ARE A GARRISON TOWN.

Our city of Prince Rupert, the northern terminal of the Canadian National Railways, with its excellent harbour, has become a garrison city

There are several regiments stationed in the city and at the points which commend entrance to our harbour. The largest of these is the Rocky Mountain Rangers Regiment, one of the smartest regiments in British Columbia, which has one of Canada's finest bands. They are stationed in the city. There is also the 102nd Artillery, composed of local boys and those of the northern interior. This battalion guards Barrett and Frederick Points along with relay detachments of the Rocky Mountain Rangers, which are sent there for two or three weeks at a time. Then there is the Signal Corps which although living in separate quarters from the Rangers, are stationed in town also. We also have a recently built airbase here. There is no regular landing field as yet, consequently only sea-planes can land. Aliford Bay is the chief airbase and has many planes. It is located on the Queen Charlottes, a group of islands near here. Also there are the Royal Canadian Service Corps, the Royal Canadian Engineers, and of course, the Royal Canadian Navy. They have ceased to train the Navy boys here; they are now sent to Esquimalt, on Vancouver Island. The local Navy consists chiefly of the crews on the Patron boats which dock here, and the signalmen who are "dry land sailors," and remain in town or are sent to the Points.

Consequently it is plain to see that, although Prince Rupert is a small city, it is important because of its strategic position and must be well guarded in this time of war.

Fern Le Claire,
St. Joseph's, Commercial,
Prince Rupert.

THE TORCH DAY PARADE.

This war is costing Canada millions of dollars every day as she supplies men and implements for bringing a speedy end to this war. The only way that this can be kept up is by borrowing money from the people of Canada.

So a Victory Loan Campaign was launched to raise this money. Opening ceremonies were carried out across the whole dominion of Canada in the form of torch parades. The ceremony in Prince Rupert commenced with a parade around the city. This parade included a regimental band with a guard of honour for the torch. Following this there were cars carrying clergy, naval, military and air force officers, also members of the Victory Loan committee. When the designated place was reached, the dedication of the torch took place. It was a religious ceremony, as prayers were offered and a declaration of allegiance was made. The scroll was signed by all the officers in turn. The ceremony was interspersed with the singing of many well-known hymns and patriotic anthems by the large congregation that had gathered to watch this very interesting ceremony. After the officials had left the grounds, the band played several selections for the crowds that still lingered there.

Gwen Ellis,
St. Joseph's, Commercial, 1939-40,
Prince Rupert, BB.C.

THE PLAYGROUNDS IN PRINCE RUPERT.

In the months of July and August, when the children are out of school, supervisors are placed on the playgrounds in Prince Rupert, in the afternoons from 1 to 5, and in the evenings from 6.30 to 8.30, to arrange activities to keep the children interested. There are four such playgrounds, situated where there is room for games. They are equipped with swings, merry-go-rounds, sand-boxes, teeter-totters, and the largest of them has a swimming pool. The children can come and play there at any time they wish and do not necessarily have to take part in the activities that have been arranged for them. They are taught swimming if there is somewhere available to swim, dancing lessons for the girls, hand-craft for the younger children, and there is a supply of softballs and bats, and basketballs for the older ones. Inter-playground softball and basketball leagues are arranged with a cup presented to the play-ground that wins at the end of the season. Inter-playground competitions such as sand-box contest are held, in which each playground group builds anything they like in the sand, and then judges are sent around to choose the best. There are also Doll Contests, Pet Parades, Weiner and Marshmallow roasts, hikes and picnics and many other forms of entertainment. Playgrounds are run on a point system, each child being given so many points each day for attendance. joining in activities, good behaviour, and skill in games. Those who have obtained a certain amount of points are presented with a badge at the closing exercises held at the end of the season.

Jean Krause,
St. Joseph's, Commercial,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

BUY A BOND?

"There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me."

Did you ever think what would happen if we did not beat Hitler? He would keep on making plans to conquer the world, like Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon and Kaiser William.

To win the war the country must have money so we should buy as many Victory bonds as possible.

A Victory Bond is Canada's promise to pay at maturity, the amount lent, and to pay interest every six months at three per cent. per annum.

Canada needs money for planes, bombers, airmen, airports, merchant ships, destroyers, corvettes, patrol boats, sailors, tanks, guns, anti-aircraft eyes and ears, machine guns, shells, uniforms, shoes, hospitals and war equipment.

Last year Canada spent for trainer planes fifty million dollars. It takes six months to train an airman. It is costing Canada two hundred and ten million dollars this current year to train airmen. We now have thirty-five thousand airmen in training.

Our many airports cost enormous sums for establishment and maintenance.

At the outbreak of war Canada's navy consisted of thirteen ships and three thousand, six hundred men. Now we have one hundred and ninety-nine ships, seventeen thousand men—and we need many more. Canada must have orders for Victory Bonds! "Let us do our part to hasten Victory and peace."

Kathleen Young,
Holy Rosary School, Thorold.

OUR LOG CABIN

Our log cabin is surrounded by tall evergreen trees on the banks of Morse Creek, which is a creek bountifully supplied with fish. We built the cabin ourselves. It is about ten feet square, has three windows and a strong bolted door. To prevent rotting in the rainy season it is built of peeled logs and the floor of planks covered with a bear skin and a rug. The walls are decorated with old-fashioned guns, a few arrow heads, pennants and a few pictures.

Our furniture is simple — boxes and blocks of wood for chairs and a log-table. Our stove is small, and we use four bunks for beds.

High above the cabin rises a mountain, up which we climb over the week-ends. All kinds of game abound in our vicinity so we can hunt when we please.

Denis Garon, Gr. VIII.,
Annunciation S., Prince Rupert.

"CATS"

There are many types of cats, among which is the valuable Angora, the sensitive Persian, and of course, the ordinary alley cat.

The Angora cat is a snowy ball of fluff, a delicate creature, gentle and comparatively refined in its ways. It is kept for show purposes and is looked after carefully. As it is less common than the Persian and alley cats, we are less concerned with its habits.

The Persian cat also has long, soft fur, not always white, but often smoky grey, black or soft orange. This cat is also sensitive, although less so than the Angora; nor is it so gentle and even tempered as its aristocratic relative.

With the alley cat everyone is familiar. It is distinguished by its short hair. The most common of these cats is the "tiger cat," which is striped. This alley cat is the one which slinks stealthily along back alleys while the city sleeps. Frequently these cats stray from home to wander about the streets and to shriek and cry on back fences at night, much to the annoyance of the sleeping people. Although it is the alley cat which most commonly raises this uproar, the Persian is not above it. Indeed, often the Persian has a loud voice in the Cat Meetings.

The alley cat is stealthier and slier than the Persian. Seldom it is that one sees a Persian slinking along dark passages. The Persian has more grace and seems to carry itself with some dignity. Alley cats prowl about with legs bent, tail dragging, head lowered, and eyes gleaming slits in the darkness; whereas the Persian walks proudly, legs straight, tail waving high and head up.

It seems strange that no matter how kindly an alley cat is treated, it is more likely to stray from home than a Persian. I know this is true, because I have owned a few alley cats and all of them have strayed away, but I have a five-year-old Persian, for whom the gypsy trail seems to have no allurement.

The cat family includes, of course, a multitude of varieties. Of the domesticated cats, any kind, if treated kindly, well fed and cared for, will make an amusing pet.

Doreen Venning, S.J.C.S.

MY LITTLE CHOW CHOW

My dog's name is Buddy. He is part Chow and part Huskie. A Chow is a Chinese dog. Buddy goes after a dog no matter how big or small it is. It it shows any sign of fighting he'll go into it. He just hates cats. He's always looking for a fight with one. When we want him to get a bath (which he doesn't like at all he'll hide all over the house; but we found a remedy for that. We just say "Cats! Buddy, Cats!" Then he'll come from his hiding-place and we grab him and put him into the bathtub. He's only about a foot and a half high but he can knock down and pull around anyone in our house. He is not a year old yet, but he will be in a few months.

Jack Burns, S.J.S., Toronto.

PRINCE RUPERT

Built up like the eagle's nest, high on the Rockies, is Rupert, the Northern Terminus of the C.N.R. The first founders of the city looked far ahead to a giant sea port, the nearest point on the Pacific Coast to the Orient—the ideal railroad terminus for the Continent. But alas, the powers that be have decreed it otherwise and in real humility Rupert lives on, not the vast dream of the early founders, but a quiet city of British Columbia. Who knows, but some day, her pot of gold may be found at the rainbow's end.

There are some things though that one travels the world over and finds only in Rupert. To speak materially — the largest fish cold storage plant on the Pacific Coast is situated here, and supplies not only Canada and the States but ships even for European consumption. Then the real things of beauty — the snow capped mountains, green with verdure, with the rosy hue of the morning sun behind them — the sunset at night, when the sun bids farewell in a blaze of orange splendour — the great difts of fog that float in from the sea — where are they grander than in Rupert? We do not know.

You will say it rains there! But where do you find that grass so green in early February — and the flowers so lovely in early spring, and the roses blooming at Christmas time? That is what the rain does for Rupert.

Dorothy Stewart, Commercial,
St. Joseph's, Prince Rupert.

A TRUE STORY

On the even of March 2, 1915, a foggy stormy night, a terrific gale whipped the coast of Scarboro Bluffs, east of Toronto.

The "Alexandria," a freighter, plying its way from Niagara to Toronto carried woollen blankets, cotton goods, and canned fruit. As the hissing wind was blowing at sixty-five miles an hour a seething mass of water covered the ship. The crew worked furiously against the heavy wind, sleet and rain.

Suddenly the Captain spied a light. Thinking it was Toronto Harbour, he turned the stern towards shore. The boat cut through the water like a rocket as the wind was hitting it from behind. Then came a crash! a terriffic jolt! A hole was torn in her hull, and the water poured in. It had hit a rock some one hundred yards from shore. The Alexandria was doomed.

Just then Mr. Lloyd Middleton, of Scarboro Bluffs, was hurrying along the beach for shelter. He heard the faint cries and looking over the rough waters he saw the ship in distress. Immediately he secured a large row-boat from the boat-house nearby, and unmindful of the danger, he rescued thirteen members of the crew. The remaining men followed after on a home-made raft.

Mr. Middleton received a medal for his bravery. The wreckage of the Alexandria can still be seen from the coast.

Bill Mouldey, Grade VII.,

St. Joseph's on the Lake, Scarboro.

DIANA THE BEAUTIFUL

This beautiful lake is situated four miles inland from the nearest salt water, Cloyah Bay, and seventeen miles from Prince Rupert. As you travel by car along the highway you pass a part of the Cloyah River into which Diana Creek flows. You follow this creek for two or three miles but before reaching Diana the Beautiful (Lake) you hear the roar of the falls.

Coming out of the timber and underbrush you catch a glimpse of the lake stretched out before you. You enter a small boat and row up the lake which is about three miles long and a mile and a half in width. The towering tree-clad mountains above you on three sides and in the distance the majestic snow covered peaks form a complete barrier around the lake. The solitude is intensified by the distant roar of the cataract on the mountain or wheeling eagles overhead.

The lake water is warm in summer although it freezes over in winter. The lake is suitable for swimming or boating having a sandy shore all around.

Robert Gibson, Commercial Class, S.J.A.,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

THE OKANAGAN VALLEY

The Okanagan Valley in Southern British Columbia is one of the most important fruit producing districts in Canada. The predominating fruit crops in the valley are apples, apricots, peaches, plums and cherries. Owing to the equable climate, there being no extremes of temperature, this district is an ideal location for the production of these various fruits. The orchards nestling on the slopes of the valley are in a series of terraces.

At the southern end of the valley lies Penticton which has the highest temperature of any portion of the district and whose light sandy soil produces great quantities of luscious cantelopes and watermelons.

The apple crops find a ready market in the Canadian Prairies and the Eastern United States. It also enjoys a considerable export of produce to Great Britain and Europe.

A stirring sight which will not be soon forgotten is a panoramic view of the acres upon acres of delicate fruit blossoms. Indeed it would be difficult to find a more beautiful district than this valley in the late spring.

Thelma Davis, Commercial,
St. Joseph's Academy, Prince Rupert.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photography would never have been discovered if it had not been for the early scientists, trying to mix different chemicals together, believing they could produce gold. From this they discovered that silver, after dissolving with acid, which became nitrate of silver was affected by the sunlight and turned dark. They were unable to

fix it for many years afterwards, which, eventually became the basis of photographic operations of the present day. The early photographs were the Silhouettes. Then came the Tintype, which was a piece of iron, coated with an emotion of nitrate of silver. After that came the wet-place process which came in about 1880. This was followed by the dry plates and films which are in use at the present time.

The process of making photographs at the present day is made by, first, placing a film or a sensitizer plate in a camera and exposing it on the subject or view. It is then taken into a darkened room and developed, either in a tank or by the seesaw method. After the image is developed, the developer is washed off and fixing is then proceeded with, this makes the darkened part of the image unchangeable to light conditions. The film is then washed to free it from all chemicals and hung up in warm air to dry. When it is dry it is placed in the printer, and a piece of sensitized paper is placed on top, and the pressure board clipped down. Light is applied to the underside, which affects the paper to all lights and shadows in the negative. Then the paper is removed and developed in a cold tar solution, which brings out all detail and beauty in the negative. This has now to be fixed in tri-sodium of soda which causes the nitrate of silver to dissolve out of paper, leaving only the latent image which was produced from the negative. The paper is then well washed for about one hour when it is hung up to dry; afterwards mounted or finished and framed as the photographer may wish.

Bessie and Eva Chandler, Commercial,
St. Joseph's Academy, Prince Rupert.

THE STORY OF THE TEA PLANT.

Tea was first discovered before 2,700 B.C., in China. The word comes from the Chinese local dialect "te." It is now known in that country as "cha or chia." It was later found growing wild in the province of Assam in India, which inclines us to the belief that centuries ago it must have been discovered by a Chinese in the wild forests of Assam and taken with him to his native land.

Despite the early discovery of tea, it was not introduced into Europe until the 16th century and into England until 1657, when a tea house was established in London.

The main tea producing countries are China, Japan, Java, Formosa, Sumatra, Nyasaland, Kenya, East Africa, India and Ceylon.

Tea is plucked in Ceylon every seven or eight days throughout the year. In other countries at regular intervals, although not so often.

The constituents of tea are: (a) Essential oil; (b) Alkaloid thune; (c) Tannin.

The oil supplies flavour. The alkaloid thune, healthgiving properties, and Tannin, the least desirable, its bitterness. The last is not extracted when tea is properly made.

Barbara Trayling, VIII,
Corpus Christi School.

THE SEA LIONS

Have you ever watched these playful fellows seeing their big-smooth, grey-brown bodies slipping over one another; their be-whiskered faces, oddly human, appearing briefly above the water to blow and take in fresh air; hearing the mighty splashing of the water and their heavy breathing as they pause for a moment in their eternal quest for fish?

You paused to watch the sea lions and admire the deep ruffled blue of the salt water, the hundreds of wheeling, crying sea-gulls, and the tints of gold and orange streaking from the already sinking sun, while remembering one of the true stories told about these animals———

A young man and his wife living in a small coastal town in Northern British Columbia arose very early one morning to troll for the big spring salmon. Three days previous to this, a terrible storm had wrecked a small boat, drowning three men whose bodies were never recovered. However, this morning was calm and gray as the man left his wife holding the line while he went below to oil the engine. Suddenly his blood was chilled by a terrified scream! He rushed up and the girl told him the face of a dead man had risen by the side of the boat! Trying to calm her his eyes searched the surrounding water. Then his astonished wife heard him chuckle and finally laugh right out loud! "Look," he said, and pointed to where a whiskery expressionless face rose into view, "how could you accuse a friendly old sea lion of being a dead man!"

The girl's friend laughingly agreed that they did seem to be friendly creatures for she herself had had a young sea lion follow her rowboat half across the harbour, whether it was because of her verbal encouragement or in the hope of food, she did not know.

June Carol Armour, Commercial,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

MY PUP

I have a little doggie
Who sometimes sits and begs;
He has the kindest softest eyes,
And sturdy little legs.

I call him Freckle Jarvis,
This his name shall ever be.
Should he happen to be naughty
I will take him on my knee.

And say to him so gently,
"Freckles dear, what have you done?
'Cause if you have misbehaved again,
You just shant have any bun.

But if you'll say you're sorry,
And try to faithful be,
You will be forgiven all,
And loved once more by me."

Janet Jarvis, Age 10,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

HERRING FISHING IN PRINCE RUPERT HARBOR

At this time of the year, Prince Rupert Harbor is a scene of great activity, for the herring fishermen are at work. No matter how early in the morning one arises the day's work is always well under way for the fishermen. The boats usually group together in one part of the harbor at a time — wherever the herring are running — with their big scows. These loaded scows present a temptation to the greedy sea gulls who constantly follow the boats waiting for a chance to steal a herring. This chance occurs so frequently that at the end of the season the sea gulls are very plump and have great difficulty in flying. The men fish all day, and after the sun disappears in the evening, the lights of the herring fleet begin to twinkle in the darkness, for, of course, fishing continues all night. At present, seven boats are at work in the harbor.

These fish are sent to Port Edward, Namu and the Tucks Inlet Reduction Plant where they are converted into fertilizer. They are also sold to the Canadian Pacific Cold Storage and the Northern Fisherman's Cold Storage in Prince Rupert where they are used for halibut bait. When they return to port with the first catch of the season, the fishermen give the herring away, to all those who care to eat them — and many do.

So many fish are caught at one time that they very often break the net with their great weight. As a matter of fact, more fish were caught at the end of last week than could be cared for at either of the reduction plants.

Mary Ellen Moore, Commercial, Prince Rupert.

THE REFUGEE.

At the foot of the cross of Christ
At the foot of the Cross;
I will leave all my sorrows and care
All my tears and my loss;
I will leave there my life and its sins,
Its dirt and its dross.

He will show me His hands and His feet
And the wound in His side,
He will give me that message so sweet
That the world has denied;
" 'Twas for You at the foot of the Cross
That I suffered and died."

I will rise from the foot of the Cross
And with tears for the past
I will shed all life's dirt and its dross,
As a garment that's cast
And I'll walk in the way of the Lord
To His Heaven at last.

Susan Scarlett, Grade VII,
St. John's, Toronto.



Chuckles

Mrs. Jones: "Aren't you afraid that the birds will eat your seeds? You should put up a scarecrow."

Mrs. Brown: "Oh, I don't think that's necessary. There's always some of us around."

* * *

A commercial traveller, held up in the country by a storm, telegraphed to his firm in Sydney: "Marooned here by storm. Wire instructions."

The reply came: "Start holidays as from yesterday."

* * *

They had just arrived by a very slow train at the end of a rather backward branch line. The woman handed in a half ticket for the boy.

"He's rather tall for half-fare, isn't he, ma'am?" commented the ticket collector.

"Yes," replied his mother, "it was all right when I bought it, but, you see, he has grown very much since we started."

* * *

Two small boys were gazing at the decorated windows in a butcher's shop. One of them pointed to a number of hams hanging from a large holly branch.

"Look, Tom," he said. "Look at them 'ams a-growing up there."

"Get away," said the other. " 'Ams don't grow."

"Well, that's all you know about it," said the first scornfully. "Ain't you ever 'eard of a 'am-bush?"

* * *

"I sent my boy for two pounds of plums and you sent only a pound and a half."

"My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?"

* * *

Bobby (short of money): "Say, Dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?"

Father (taken by surprise): "Why — no — but — er —"

Bobby: "Then how about putting me on relief?"

* * *

Stranger (to a man who had fallen down a flight of steps): "Did you miss a step, old man?"

Unfortunate One (sarcastically). "Well, I missed the first one, but I hit all the rest."

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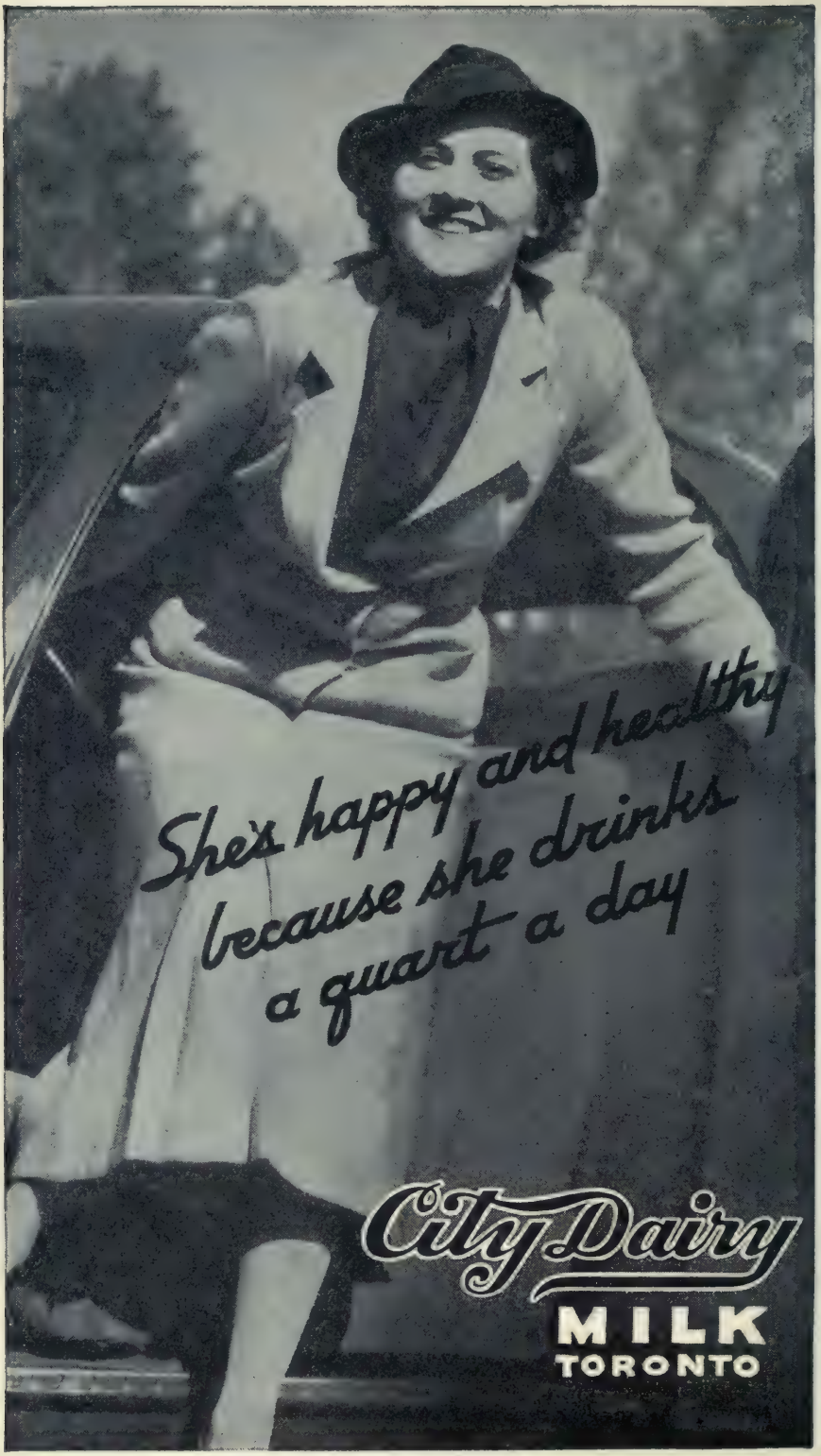


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The Nativity

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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CHRISTMAS

OUR picture of the crib is realistic and appealing; it looks near to the original scene of Bethlehem. How strange this scene is now on the background of our present world? How hard to hear the angels' voices in the noise of war; as hard as it was in pagan times when the angels sang their "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

But the noise of men shall never silence the angels' song that rings out as a peal of Providence and human destiny. There is peace on the battlefield when the day is done and human bodies lie still: peace for the good in the other world and peace for the wicked in this.

There will be peace after the present war but how long will it last? Without the peace of God and religion it will be only an armistice. The pagan world turned to the Church long ago in desperation to find some ground for peace and perhaps the world will turn to the Church again.

Will this war bring men back to the old Catholic Church that gave at least some refuge from war?

The history of the Church is realism, the great realism of Christianity that came to a pagan world bringing peace and hope.

EDITORIAL

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CHURCH

ANTIQUITY is the outstanding feature of the Church when viewed by all classes for She stretches back over the centuries with a line of popes unbroken even until St. Peter; with a line of cathedrals and old churches that reaches back to the very catacombs when Christians were allowed to come up to the light of day and build them; with altars and their daily Masses she follows the sun around the earth and marks time with daylight in every land.

So true is this that Her enemies seize on it as an objection and they call Her mediaeval and antiquated. Mediaevalism is a vicious and formidable objection, not because it has any sense or objective force but because our mechanical age is rushing on with such new machines and new conveniences and modes of life that anything static seems outmoded and false.

Religion we are told must be progressive and yet how false is the objection on its very face if Christ, its author, established a supernatural order to be permanent and thus perpetual. What is true never changes, and what comes from God is like Himself, immutable.

A prominent writer, when reviewing the state of Christianity at the present time tells us that the various non-Catholic sects had in the past divided and changed until there are now about four hundred in the United States, and that just of late, however, there is an endeavour to unite them on broad views of doctrine that will please all. When presenting the Catholic Church the writer tells us that the Church grows even more conservative and clings more tenaciously to all Her old doctrines and religious practices.

This presumably is a view that will be assented to by all, for it was presented without any religious bias by a secular journalist. This review is undoubtedly true and the remark about the Catholic Church will be taken by Catholics and

many outsiders as the highest praise that could be conferred, and by others that are free thinkers and progressives as a deep slur and also a very strong plea against the Church. Evolution which means perpetual change is in our mental atmosphere at present and gives us a craving for change, but what evolution can there be in supernatural religion, that is the sunlight of God Himself? It is the eternity of God that is beyond the reach of time.

EVOLUTION, MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL

A notable philosopher died a few months ago and being of Jewish extraction and infidel culture he lived far from the Church, Mr. Henri Bergson. It was startling to hear the last event of his career, that he surrendered all his bold theories on the origin of the world and died a sincere Catholic.

He was an evolutionist that taught an upward progress of all nature and thus continuous change; but it was a special evolution that wholly contradicted the original evolution of Darwinism. Original evolution is essentially mechanical, that is coming from the blind forces of matter without any mind or instinct to guide it, a coming to life and staggering on by mere chance of sterile material that had not even a germ or cell of life to begin with.

It looked like magic; the taking of a live rabbit out of a hat. How could the hat give life to the rabbit, men asked and thus the whole theory got a bad odour. This odour increased fifty years ago when germs were fully discovered and the meaning of sterilisation appreciated. When the surgeon sterilized his hands and the materials he used the whole world realized the difference between objects that were sterilized and those that were filled with germs, and that sterile matter will never give even the minutest form of life which we call a germ or a microbe.

Germs come from germs and not from dead sterilized matter, and cells are needed to start life and as they could not come from matter they must come from outside;—from God. Evolution, however, is essentially materialistic, and to let God in on the scene would upset the whole theory.

And here is where Bergson came to the rescue of evolution; he put a soul into matter so that the whole world became a foetus that takes millions of years of gestation instead of months as in animals and plants. He borrowed the old World Soul of Plotinus and Platonists and set evolution on a new track moved by vital forces instead of mechanical forces.

We all believe in the evolution of the foetus and if the whole world were animated by a soul—the anima mundi—like the foetus before birth the elan vital of Bergson, that is his vital force of the World Soul would carry matter as high as man and even still higher and who could tell how high in the future? The world would be in a perpetual state of gestation going up and up forever in the womb of time.

There is great imagination in this animistic evolution but very little reason. It is a part of the theory that spirits take the place of the laws of nature that move planets and stars in their orbits by forces of matter; it is a fairy world of fancy on a world wide scale. All primitive people, even savages have this animistic belief of material things being alive as well as ourselves.

But is there any truth at all in this fiction of material evolution, either mechanical or spiritual, and how does it stand the great test of time? It has fluctuated from the very beginning, since Darwin precipitated it on the mental world like a cloud land, taking always new formation and a new outlook and we expect that it will all finally clear away from the skies of the mind and leave only its name behind. We might honestly ask if anything changes on which truth depends, and what would all the sciences amount to if changes really took place in the animal world any more than in the mineral world. Surely no evolution takes place in the mineral world and why should this be if the law of essential changes is innate in matter.

The subjectivism of Kant was universal in its pretentions and dominated the schools until the last world war, when German culture was suddenly abandoned and it survives now only in disguised and diluted form in the theory of Relativity. Relativity tells us that the world is half in our heads and

half outside, whilst Kant said it was all in our heads and nothing outside.

How long will Relativity last and stand the test of time? It is not as lively and as noisy as it was a few years ago, and Einstein himself may live to see its funeral. It is vulgar of course to jibe at science but common sense will prevail to uphold a real world and time will confirm the verdict.

Science must not uproot nature and our senses are part of human nature and must be believed before all science. Descartes was a great mathematician and his deposits of analytical geometry will remain as a foundation of higher mathematics; but his wild philosophy by which he led to the denial of the outside world and fathered all the errors of Subjectivism down to Kant and Einstein has been banned forever by common sense and the adverse vote of time. Time alone then may be called the exterminator of error.

TRUTH AND THE CHILL OF TIME

Time is certainly fatal to erroneous opinions, for when their novelty ceases to entertain they are discarded as all fashions of the hour. The world seems to look for new fashions in science as in dress and it would not be unjust to say of science to-day that in spite of all its great practical values the underlying theories on which it rests are in solution and doubt and consequent change. Science is not as noisy against religion now as it was a few years ago.

Time however, by reason of the transitory character of mundane things and the fickleness of our mental framework has a chilling effect even on truth. Theologians tell us that the divine truths disclosed to us from heaven are not beyond the chilling influence of time. It was time, they tell us, for Christ the Saviour to come on earth when He did appear or all revealed truth might have perished from among men. Orthodox Judaism was passing away when Christianity was born. The same perhaps might be said of Christianity itself and thus its age is a great proof of its truth in spite of the opprobrium that is cast against Her of mediaevalism and staleness.

It is only the divine life of the Church as a living organism in union with God and the constant miracles that flash forth that keep up the freshness of its youthfulness and truthfulness. The Church was born in miracles, converted the world by miracles and still comforts the minds of its children by constant miraculous events. That is its peculiar claim and outsiders recognize it when they say in astonishment, "How familiar Catholics are with God! They go to God, to Our Lady, to the Saints, and ask for miracles, and wonderful to say, the whole world is forced to acknowledge the startling miracles that ensue!"

What scientist or captious critic can put up any seemly argument against the miracles of Lourdes? Again, when the Saints are canonized—and there is a stream of canonizations at present—certain and outstanding miracles must be shown as performed by the Saints living with God in heaven, and these miracles must be so high above criticism that they are beyond the cavil of a doubt.

When the charming life of the Little Flower, St. Theresa of Lisieux, was displayed to the world there was a storm of protest coming from many Catholic critics that her whole career was too emotional and too childish to be taken seriously. Now she is called childlike, but not childish. It was not the record of her fascinating life that brought about her canonization, but the flow of astounding miracles over the whole world that won the approval of the Church;—and as the miracles flowed the objections ceased.

MIRACLES OR MORALITY

Are miracles or morality the antidote to the deadening influence of time on the revealed truths that form the framework of Christianity? We might ask if the high morality of our religion or the miracles that flash from it show it as divine and true.

Many say that it is morality that makes religion; to be moral is to be truly religious and dogmas and creeds do not count. This is the same as the validity of good works without faith, but it used to be said in past days that it is faith

that counts without good works. What a strange twist time has given to human views!

A pure and high morality is undoubtedly a very strong argument for the truth of the Church and at present it appeals to many that are impervious to religious creeds. Many persons of high degree of intelligence, such as Chesterton in England and Broun in America told us that this was the appeal of the Church that won them. Cardinal Newman leaned heavily to this argument for the truth of Christianity.

It looks very plausible; but is it the supreme reason that converted the world and that shall defend Christianity against the inroads of time and its dimming influence? The other view of religion is quite different; it assures us that religion should be like a lightning rod that flashes miracles from heaven to confirm our doctrines and our many religious practices. This is the way a very prominent politician expressed his admiration for the Little Flower, St. Theresa, when her charming personality first broke upon the world. He seemed to stand outside of all religious creeds and declared that the Little Flower was a lightning rod that brought a message from heaven by the miracles she showered over the world, and that such religion should be.

This is undoubtedly the original and approved apology for our religion. How hard it is to handle the argument of morality and to tell what is moral or immoral according to human standards! How hard for all of us to judge without a revealed creed that teaches us morality. We need religion to get morality, and how shall morality stand first as a standard to go by?

This is an absorbing question and very practical now when outside of the Church men are wandering back to sheer naturalism and stark infidelity.

THE SAGA OF BURNT NJAL

By RT. REV. MONSIGNOR JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

MUCH of the early history of Iceland and of the other northern lands, such as Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, was collected and narrated in prose, and in rhythmic measures, by the poet-historians who were called the Skalds. These sketches of the life of a young people and nation, were called "Sagas" or stories, and when the Roman alphabet began to be used, they were written into books, some time during the twelfth century. There are Sagas that relate the history of the Kings of Norway; of the Orkney Jarls; and of the chief Vikings of Faroe. There are Sagas which tell of Iceland, and of its chiefs and people, narrating their lives and deeds. One of the latter is the celebrated *"Saga of Burnt Njal,"* which tells of the life and death of the great legislator and statesman, Njal of Bergthorsknoll, and of the feuds and battles so rife in the Iceland of those early pagan times. The "Saga of Burnt Njal" is remarkable among all other sagas, in that, near the end, it has a chapter entitled "Brian's Battle," containing an account from the Vikings' point of view, of the terrible battle of Clontarf which was fought on Good Friday, April 23rd, of the year 1014.



"The foaming trails of ancient prow and keel"

* * * * *

In the eleventh chapter of the Saga, a real Viking comes into the story, and events begin to happen. His name is Gunnar of Lithend. "He is the best-skilled in arms, of all men, we are told, He could cut or thrust or shoot, if he chose, as well with his left as with his right hand, and he smote so swiftly with his sword that three blades seemed to be flashing through the air at once! He was a master of all contests, and of all games. He was tall and strong, handsome of stature and fair-skinned. His nose was straight and shapely. He was blue-eyed and bright-eyed, and ruddy-cheeked. His hair was thick, and of good hue, and hanging down in comely curls. The most courteous of men was he, of sturdy frame and strong will, bountiful and gentle, a fast friend, and a man of wealth and means."

* * * * *

We have no description of a man in the Illiad, or the Odyssey, or the Aeneid, to equal this! Then Njal, the hero of the Saga, is described. He was not a fighting-man, but a man of peace. The Saga says "There was a man whose name was Njal. He was the son of Thorgeir Gelling, the son of Thorolf. Njal's mother's name was Asgerda. Njal dwelt at Berbthorsknoll, in the land-isles. He had another homestead on Thorolfsfell. Njal was wealthy in goods and handsome of face. He was so great a lawyer that his match was not to be found. Wise, too, he was, and foreknowing, and foresighted. Of good counsel, and ready to give it, and all that he advised men was sure to be the best thing for them to do. Gentle and generous, he unravelled every man's puzzling problems, who came to see him about them. Berthora was his wife's name; she was Skarphedin's daughter, a very high-spirited, brave-hearted woman, but somewhat hard-tempered. They had six children,—three daughters, and three sons, and they all come afterwards into this story." Njal and Gunnar were fast and faithful friends through life. Njal's sons, especially Skarphedin, were of a fiery and irascible temper. They seemed

to delight in trying to break the friendships between Gunnar and Njal, but Gunnar's good nature was proof against every trial. It was only when his friend Gunnar was dead, that Njal's over-pugnacious sons got him into the quarrel that ended with the burning of the law-giver in his own house of Bergthorsknoll.

* * * * *

In every second or third chapter of the Saga there are examples of fierce and savage fighting. In "The Fight at Rangriver" we read: "Then they all sprang off their horses' backs and made towards Gunnar. Hallbjorn was the foremost. "Do not come on," cried Gunnar to him; thee last of all would I harm; but I will spare no one if I have to fight for my life."

"That I cannot do," says Hallbjorn, "thou wilt strive to kill my brother for all that, and it is a shame if I sit idly by." And as he said this he thrust at Gunnar with a great spear which he held in both hands. Gunnar threw his shield before the blow, but Hallbjorn pierced the shield through. Gunnar thrust the shield down so hard it stuck fast in the wet earth, then he brandished his sword so swiftly that no eye could follow it, and there was seen as it were, three blades in the air at once, and it fell on Hallbjorn's arm, above the wrist, so that it cut it off. Shamkell then ran behind Gunnar's back, and aimed a blow at him with a great axe. Gunnar turned short around on him and parried the blow with the bill, and caught the axe under one of its horns with such a wrench that it flew out of Skamkell's hand away into the river. Gunnar gives another thrust of his bill; this time it goes through the body of Skamkell, Gunnar then lifts him up, and casts him down with force in the muddy path. Audulf the Easterling snatches up a spear, and casts it at Gunnar. Gunnar caught the flying spear in his hand and hurled it back instanter, and it flew through the shield and the Easterling's body, and so into the ground. Otkell smites at Gunnar with his sword, and aims at his leg, just below the knee, but Gunnar leaped up into the air, and he misses him. Then

Gunnar thrusts at him with the bill, and the blow goes through him! Then Kolskegg comes up and rushes at once at Hallkell, and dealt him his death-blow with his shortsword!

There and then the two Vikings slay eight men."

* * * * *

In the meantime a strong aversion was developing in the community against Skarphedin and the other sons of Njal. Skarphedin did little to avert the storm. On the contrary he filled the cup of his misdemeanours to overflowing by leading a gang of hot-heads who attacked and murdered the priest of White Ness, a most respected man of the name of Hauskuld. When Nyal heard of this outrage, he said to Skarphedin, "Sorrowful things are these! I know better than thou what will follow."

"What will come after?" asks his son.

"My death," says Njal, "and the death of my wife, and of all my sons."

This one thing touched Njal so nearly that he could never speak of it without shedding tears!

Egged on by Hildigunna, the widow of Hauskuld, Flosi, a daring Viking chief, gathered an armed band one hundred and twenty of his friends, and made a night attack upon the house of Njal at Bergthorsknoll. They found it impossible to break in the heavy door, so they cast heaps of burning vetches on the roof and set it on fire. Njal and his wife were burned to death, and the boy Thord, Kari's son.

Skarphedin and Grim, two of Njal's sons, were also burned in the blazing mansion, but Kari, the third son, broke through the enemies' cordon and escaped. Kari exacted stern vengeance against the Burners at a later date. The crime of the Burning struck horror and fear into all the people of Iceland. At a meeting of the Althing, or Parliament, the burners were arraigned for their guilt and a sentence of banishment was brought in against them.

* * * * *

Flosi did penance for his sin, by going on a pilgrimage to Rome and while there he confessed to the Pope, and received absolution. Many others of the burners, being banished from Iceland, joined the forces of the Vikings, who were now preparing for the great battle of Clontarf. Flosi offered fifteen men of his band to fight with Earl Sigurd against King Brian, but every one of the fifteen met their death at Clontarf.

It was the Christian warrior Hrafn the Red, a survivor of the battle, who brought this sad intelligence to mourning Flosi. "What," asked Flosi, "hast thou to tell me of my men?"

"They all fell there," said Hrafn, "but thy brother-in-law, Thorstein, surrendered to Murrough, King Brian's son, and is now safe with him."

One lucky Viking, on that fearful day, was Thorstein, the Son of Hall of the Side!

* * * * *

The burning of Njal took place in the autumn of the year 1011.

The change of faith from Paganism to Christianity was effected by Thangbrand, a missionary priest sent from Norway by King Olaf, in the year 997. Flosi was a Christian at the time of the burning, and he was avenging a kinsman's (Hauskuld's) murder. His words to the Burners show that he felt sorely the guilt of the sin he was committing.

"And now," said Flosi, "there are but two choices left, and neither of them is good. One is to turn away and go home, and that means our death; the other is to set fire to the house, and burn them inside it; and that is a deed which we shall have to answer for heavily before God, since we are Christian men ourselves; but still we must take to that counsel."

King Olaf of Norway, through missionaries, was Christianizing the western lands, namely, Shetland, the Orkneys, and the Faroe Islands. When news of this was bruited in Iceland, many men spoke and said "that it was a strange and a wicked thing to throw off the old (pagan) faith." Then Njal spoke and said. "It seems to me that this new (Christian) Faith

must be much better, and he will be happy who follows this, rather than the other; and if those men come out to Iceland who preach this Faith, then I will back them well."

Soon Njal and all his household took the new Faith, and he defended Thangbrand when the latter was in danger at the Althing.

Njal of Bergthorsknoll was truly the wisest man that ever lived in Iceland, and his name will shine forever in the annals of that far northern island.

Skoal to the Vikings!

WEARY men look to Christmas as a time of armistice or truce, when they may forget they are enemies, and believe they are friends and brothers, for all men accept the verdict of the stricken Job, and believe that life is a warfare; and most men think themselves Ishmaelites, with the hands of the rest of mankind against them. They would fain unlace their helmets, and unbuckle their armour, and unloose their greaves; and lie down by the common stream to drink and repose, before taking up their weapons again. Well, Christmas is just such a time. The little Child suddenly appears; and contention is hushed. Humanity asserts itself in Him Who assumed it and all the belligerents bow down. Courtesies are interchanged; the finer feelings come uppermost; men grasp one another's hands in friendship. It is well! Soon must they take up the weapons and go forth; and steel their hearts against the finer thoughts, that still remain to humanize them.

HENRI BERGSON

By REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE,

THE case of Henri Bergson is a paradox. Through a lifetime of metaphysical error he led his favourite pupil to scholasticism and himself to the door of Catholicism. It is difficult to measure a mentality of such potentiality.

The celebrated controversy over Bergson's conversion seems to be settled. It would be to our correction and edification to learn differently, but we understand his entrance into the Kingdom of God was by the baptism of desire. It was given out some time ago that the Paris professor, ere he died, bade farewell to his Judaism and joined the Church. It was concurrently stated that for a time he kept this sub rosa to save his racial brethren unwholesome repercussions. But the whole thing now seems clarified that the grim reaper arrived ahead of time. The plans for his profession and the baptismus fluminis had to be summarily supplied by what theologians have always termed the Baptism of Desire.

HIS POPULARITY.

Bergson was one of those nineteenth century literary figures who boasted a fandom somewhat akin to a modern cinema celebrity. The last century, however, was not unique in this. Other centuries had their hysteria for adventurers and often the largest following belonged to the author least understood. It has never been established that the thought and method of Bergson was universally understood. And it seems that the best of his critics, like Maritain, have a hard time interpreting him to our popular minds.

Bergson got away to an early popularity. Serious looking men and fashionable feminines soon crowded his lecture hall and turned it into a highbrow drawing room. He gave a respectability to the philosophy of his day that gratified timid, yet semi-worldly souls who were loath to scrap their belief

in deity and immortality. Many felt that here was a golden chance to still be tenacious of catechism truths while grandiloquently mouthing the lingo of the salon.

AGAINST MATERIALISM.

The reason his followers could happily reconcile their mystic with their mundane lives was his revolt against the materialism of the times. So many past and present factors had conspired to produce a mechanistic-minded age gone mad, that Bergson appeared as a champion who could keep the spirit alive and respectable in an age that had no special taste for monastic or eremitical flight.

WHO WAS HE?

Before telling his philosophy it is well to say something of the philosopher.

Henri Bergson was born in Paris in 1859, of French (some say English) and Jewish parentage. A fine student, he seems to have won every prize they had around his school. In harmony with the fashion of his day, he worshipped at the shrines of mathematics and physics, but his passion for analysis and his keen mind soon diverted him to the field of metaphysics. But his early forays in the sciences named were no time wasted as anyone should know. And like Ben-Hur as a galley slave, his early training stood him in good stead in later life. Upon graduation from the Higher Normal School, they set him teaching philosophy at the Clermont-Ferrand Lyceum.

He was but twenty-nine when he thought it high time for even a philosopher to break into print. A major work, *Time and Free Will,* came from his pen and he was established.

His book was so good that he could rest on his laurels for eight years and then he wrote an almost impossible one called *Matter and Memory.* In 1898 he became professor at his Alma Mater and the turn of our century found him in major league company at the Collège de France. He stayed there.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION.

Bergson's international fame was assured when in 1907 he published *Creative Evolution.* Overnight he became the world's most popular philosopher. Durant says that all that was needed for his success was the placing of his books on the Index, which did happen in 1914. Notwithstanding this, by the time 1914 became 1941 Bergson was ready for the Church that years ago had condemned him and which Mr. Durant so ingloriously left. In the same year the Church rejected him, the French Academy elected Bergson.

AN ENIGMA.

It is a paradox that this enemy of materialism was in his youth, quite devoted to Herbert Spencer, one of the rankest of materialists. This is another phase of Bergson's enigmatic biography. How a youth enamoured of Spencer and his brethren, could slay the dragon is quite a mystery. But in middle life, probably surfeited with too much of a bad thing, he turned away from such swine husks to look for something better.

He was reared in an age when the soul and its faculties were almost regarded as part of that mechanized world he was moving in. The philosophy of his day was mechanistic, materialistic, and of course, was no philosophy at all. If philosophy is the science of things by their ultimate causes, then materialism is a system that says things are their own causes—which is absurdity. It was from this absurdity his mind was big enough to revolt and escape.

HIS PHILOSOPHY—ELAN VITAL.

To him Descartes and his spiritual heir, Emmanuel Kant, had nothing to offer him in his metaphysical starvation, Bergson saw at once that he must hit on a new psychology. He emerged with his Creative Evolution—The Elan Vital or The Vital Rush or Impulse and in fine his system might be called the *philosophy of duration.* He deserted Descartes and Kant in their theories of time. To them, time is a series of chronological entities that you can break up; and hence our idea of time as inherited from them is all wrong. To Bergson,

real time is not spatialized time. It is a physical, not a mathematical entity. He claims that really there is no such thing as space. Space is only our photographic or passing glance of time.

HIS THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE.

Bergson's process of knowledge, what philosophers call epistemology, is far from Thomistic and by no means Kantian or Cartesian. He claimed the theory of Descartes led nowhere—to the suicide of thought. As for Kant, it landed you in the rankest materialism. His own idea of knowledge is somewhat of an intuition. While his idea of intuition was not fully orthodox and rather inexplicable, yet he did recognize ontological being and admitted the Absolute could be known.

In casting about for a philosophy, Bergson seems to have stayed clear of the Traditional Christianity philosophy of the Eternal and Absolute. His middle road musings would be much to the taste of his age, especially the ladies and gentlemen of the salon. Any philosophy in his day and circle that would savor too much of other worldliness would be reluctantly accepted by worldlings. Our own age is not totally bereft of people who will listen to a don's lecture with at least more apparent gusto and credence than the plain truthful statements of the parish priest.

There is a case on record, maybe more, where a young man was restored to Catholic faith when his university professor, confessed one day that he himself believed in the Immortality of the Soul. The student wouldn't believe it when his pastor told him the same on succeeding Sundays.

Bergson's psychology and epistemology while not on the right track yet led somewhere, if for no other reason than their shortcomings.

Jacques Maritain was Bergson's prize pupil, and as they say, was being groomed in the Collège de France to take over his chair. Maritain, besides being his best pupil, is his best critic and the finest as well as strangest fruit of a tutelage that was wrong yet capable of placing him on the right track. It is equally strange, or more so, how years later the master

nearly trod on the heels of his pupil in getting into the Church.

Whether or not Bergson studied St. Thomas we cannot say. Surely he must have heard of the scholastic epistemology. In only one or two points did he ever nearly approach it.

The best in Bergson, besides his conviction and efficacious desires about the Catholic Church, was his attack on the prevailing philosophy of his early days—the materialistic mechanism. His vitalism naturally stood in opposite corners to the materialism of Darwin and Spencer. That theory of life and knowledge was too much of the earth earthy for a thinker like Bergson, probably, too, from the traditions of his ancestral background. In his youth, if he could have enjoyed a workout in some Thomistic house or course of studies, he might have offered his hearers and patrons something much better than the via media sedative which gave them a chance to have one foot in belief, the other in rascality, at least in this world. Besides, St. Thomas is the salvation of the Intelligence.

For Bergson, the prime thesis was, "I endure (become), therefore I am." *His Creative Evolution* was his masterpiece. He sensed duration in Evolution. He found the vital impulse in duration which was not time in space, as we understand it, if we do, after the fashion of Descartes and others. For Bergson the Explanation of many things hitherto insoluble to him soon found easy going under the aegis of his pet theory. For him, memory and other functions, soon found ready and easy understanding in the light of his discovery. It seems to be this ease and simplicity of explaining things that made Maritain suspect the soundness of his system. Maybe it was that same thing that caused Bergson himself to abandon all this nonsense, to take Scholasticism for granted and Catholicism as the One and All.

SUMMARY CRITICISM.

Bergson's entire system can be shaken down to the skeleton idea of the *philosophy of becoming,* which, like all modern

errors, carries an echo of past heterodoxy. As nineteenth century materialism can be traced back at least to Democritus, who was born 460 B.C., so the theory of *becoming* was professed by Heraclitus, who lived earlier. The perennial philosophy could have shown Bergson the wrongness of his ideas, because if all is *becoming,* then God is not unchangeable Being, but changeable Becoming. Being is the object of the intellect. The Paris philosopher had no inferiority complex in advancing his theory, because he repudiated such philosophies as Plato's and Aristotle's, and claimed that all harm in the philosophic world comes from this unworthy pair. The Founder of the Academy went wrong on Ideas and the Peripatetic on Reason. Bergson must have wept over a world that was parcelled between these two idiots. Against the Platonic idea and the Stagyrite analysis, he countered his system of Intuition. Bergson calls this intuition—Integral Experience.

Bergson's philosophy did give back to science a sense of suprasensible values, that is, of the Absolute. He showed that there is more to life and reality than can be found in a test-tube, and for his demolition of Taine he deserves gratitude.

Something has been said about Bergson's popularity and influence. It might be remarked that some of the younger clergy found themselves in his bad company. This took place in, say, the decade of 1900-1910. It may be possible that this gives another sidelight in reviewing the history of Modernism and its condemnation by Pius X.

The charm of Bergson caught not only the clergy and the scientists but the poets. Paul Valery cries out against "Cruel Zeno" and the school of Being, and voices the sick desperation of the modern world when he invokes the "era of change". —"O my body, break the mould of thought!"

THE VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD

By SISTER MARY LEONARDA, C.S.J.

THIS picture of the "Virgin Adoring the Child" was painted originally for the Chapel in Cosimo de Medici's palace, but about two hundred years later it was placed in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

In profile, head gently bent forward and with slightly downcast eyes shaded by long, curved eyelashes, a lovely, young, oval-faced Madonna is in deep adoration of her Baby Son, upheld towards her by two laughing angels. She is seated close to a window and the relief of the figures against the landscape reminds us of the sculpture of Donatello. She is clothed as a Florentine lady of the time. Her headdress is of exquisite flimsy lace extending from the upper centre of a placid, noble forehead backwards over the light straw hair until lost in the artistic arrangement of the transparent veil. Folds of lace extend downwards, covering the right shoulder and touching the gold ornamental braid kept in place by button-like ornaments. Gold braid, too, holds the rich blue dress in place over the shoulders. The white, lacey, undervest showing in front and the white cuffs at the wrists, add daintiness and intensify the exquisite purity of the Madonna while the rose red of the undersleeves makes an excellent contrast in colour.

The Madonna is not a portrait, as were so many madonnas of the time. The artist has tried to embody in her the ideal of Mary set forth by Epiphanius. "She was of middle stature, her face oval, her eyes brilliant and of olive tint—her eyebrows arched and black, her hair of a pale brown; her complexion fair as wheat . . . grave . . . tranquil . . . in humility she exceeded all womankind."

The Madonna dominates the composition. The three other figures are grouped as one, culminating in the Infant Christ who is a chubby, human child with arms outstretched naturally to His Mother, the little right hand resting lightly on her shoulder. His lovely fair curls are crowned with a deli-



Uffizi, Florence. Filippo Lippi.

VIRGIN ADORING THE CHILD

cate jewel-like nimbus. His eyes are solemn and the baby face shows something more of thought and knowledge than ever could be seen in an ordinary child. The two curly golden haired angels are earthly children with flowing angelic robes but wooden wings. The one in the lower right hand corner faces the spectator and is frankly laughing, while the other peeps out from under the right arm of the Christ Child.

The ornament on the arm of chair in the lower left hand corner gives the artist a play in design, colour and rhythm; notice the pearl like design topping the Ionic curve.

The landscape in the background shows a stretch of "quivering blue" probably reminiscent of the artist's impression of the sea when as a boy he first sighted it at Ancona. It is appropriate as a background—"And before the throne was a sea of glass like unto crystal."

Looking closely at the designs in the dresses we see they make delightful copy much superior to the design for such robes of to-day. Every detail is finished as though it were to be viewed through a magnifying glass. His colours are brilliant and clear and gemlike in glow, recalling stained glass windows so common in his age.

The pure spirit of beauty dwelt within the artist and all he designed was graceful in form and beautiful in colour.

The artist aimed to portray worthily the Mother of the Redeemer and he has given us a Madonna of chaste simplicity. Here the Virgin acknowledging and adoring the Godhead, is strictly devotional.

No heavenly maid we here behold
Though round her brow a ring of gold;
This baby, solemn-eyed and sweet,
Is human all from head to feet.
Together close her palms are prest
In worship of that godly guest;
But glad her heart and unafraid,
While on her neck His hand is laid
Two children happy, laughing, gay,
Uphold the little child in play;
Not flying angels there, what though
Four wings from their shoulders grow.

Compared with many imposing altar pieces treating of this subject our picture may seem unimportant; yet anyone of fair judgment must acknowledge its attraction, and agree that this style of picture shows the character of the times and painter, more clearly than one larger in size and more dominant in style and treatment.

In the larger compositions of this subject, which were more expensive and of necessity less numerous, the Virgin is lofty and raised far above mankind. Here, we have the first and simplest form of this beautiful subject—a half length figure of the Madonna, and Child, a form which was painted for oratories, small chapels, monasteries, convents, and private rooms of the devout laity, as a help to prayer and an aid to meditation on the mystery of the Incarnation.

The artist has brought the Virgin nearer our sympathies. She is not seated in a chair of state with the accessories of earthly power—Raphael's "Madonna of the Fish"; she is not enthroned on clouds—"Sistine Madonna," nor glorified and star crowned—Murillo's "Immaculate Conception"; she is not exclusively the Mother of God—Cimabue's "Madonna"; but in our picture she is still the Mother of Our Redeemer—the young and lovely and the most pure Mother of a Divine Christ. She is not sustained in mid air by angels; she dwells on earth, but the angels leave their celestial home to wait on her, and pay her homage. The Virgin is here not the dispenser of mercy; she is simply the Mother of the Redeemer. She is occupied solely with her Divine Son.

Florentine painters greatly admired this picture and as a consequence there were very many slightly modified copies made.

Critics have said that the Lippi's Virgin in the "Annunciation" (National Gallery), the lovely Madonna in the Tondo (Pitti) and many other works of the Master are lacking in spirituality and expression. This opinion cannot be maintained by anyone who approaches these pictures with an open mind and judges the artist by his achievement and not by his manner of life.

Even Berenson a modern critic who denies Lippi's "Pro-

found sense of either material or spiritual significance—the essential qualities of a real artist"—admits in the same essay that "although his real place is with genre painters, his genre was that of the *SOUL* as Benozzo Gozzoli's was that of the *BODY*."

Browning with his true poet's intuition states more clearly the case of Filippo Lippi than do many professional critics when he makes the artist exclaim:

". . . Now is this sense, I ask?
A fine way to paint soul by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further
And can't fare worse!
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? . . .

* * *

Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash
And then add soul and heighten them three fold?"

* * *

Filippo Lippi lived at the beginning of the 15th century. Vasari's life of the artist has been disputed by eminent critics who claim that the archives of Florence and Prato have yielded records which clear contradictions and correct errors of the historian. We are told the boy Filippo had no inclination for book learning and that "he manifested dullness and incapacity in letters, preferring to daub his own and the other boys' books with caricatures"; this Lippi had in common with several other artists.

The early art of Lippi is based on 13th century tradition, on Masaccio and on that of Lorenzo, who was his master. The artist's "Nativity" in the Florence Academy suggests the methods of the Miniaturists. Botticelli was his most famous pupil.

Compared with the pure angelic spirituality of Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi is worldly in as far as he belonged to

the new era which revelled in the beauty of this world of ours. Fra Angelico belonged to an earlier age that looked to the heavenly kingdom for all true happiness.

Though it bore different fruit, the art of both Angelico and Lippi is planted in Gothic soil; that of Angelico being essentially Gothic with a Renaissance flavour, whilst that of Filippo Lippi has all the richness and fullness of the Renaissance. Lippi knew only too well that:

> Art is true art, when art to God is true,
> And only then; to copy Nature's work
> Without the chains that run the whole world through
> Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
> In its clear depths; no soul, no truth is there.

Almost a contemporary of Angelico whose conceptions were entirely spiritual, Lippi painted in a more human atmosphere, yet he, too, kept the spiritual in advance of material influences. His Madonnas may not be as beautiful as Raphael's but they have a touch of divine and contemplative grace which theologians associate with the Mother of Christ.

To a certain extent every artist is the product of the spirit of his time and Filippo Lippi lived in a period of transition. He was one of the greatest initiators of the Renaissance in painting. He liberated himself from his teachers' peculiarities, learnt directly from Nature and benefitted from all with whom he came in contact. Masaccio helped him to shake off awkwardness and acquire dignity; from Gentile de Fabriano he took delight in gay, festive attire, and sumptuous pageantry; Pier dei Franceschi's conquest of light and air left their mark on him as did the perspective of Paolo Uccello. The classic thrones of his Madonnas and the architectural backgrounds of some of his pictures proclaim his admiration for the Renaissance churches and palaces then being built.

We mentioned that Lippi was strongly influenced by Donatello; so much so that if we take a photographic reproduction of the Uffizi Madonna and examine the head of the roguishly

smiling angel, and the arms of the Infant Saviour and of the Madonna, the setting of the whole group against the window frame gives the illusion of a relief in paint.

Whilst it is possible to trace in his work varied artistic influences, his own personality was never eclipsed nor obscured. He never stooped to imitation of mere mannerisms. He loved the world in which he found so much beauty but nevertheless his art reveals neither sensuality nor worldliness. Always ready to learn, Filippo Lippi ever remembered and put into practice the wise advice given to him in early manhood:

"Your business is not to catch men with mere show,
With homage to the perishable clay.
But lift them to ignore it all,
Make them forget there is such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men!"

BESIDE THE CRIB.

THE kine that stood beside the Crib
Had coats as fine as silk;
Companions of the Holy Child,
Their eyes were large and blue and mild,
Their breath, fresh-scented from the wild,
Smelled sweet as warm new milk!

J.B.D.

DREAMS

By JOHN CULNAN, B.A.

Shakespeare says: "We are such stuff
As dreams are made on."
(Tempest IV, I)

BUT—What stuff are dreams made on?

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS—IS IT NEW?

ABOUT 30 years ago Sigmund Freud published his work, "The Interpretation of Dreams," yet in so doing he did not treat a new topic, for even in the cuneiform library of King Asshurbanipal (668-626 B.C.) there was a treatise bearing word for word the same title. Everyone to-day is amused by Mammy Yokum in the Lil' Abner comic strip, especially when she "conjures up a vision", yet even her humourous formula was antedated by a papyrus document now preserved in the Leyden Museum, which bears the homely superscription "Agathocles' Recipe for sending a dream", which was one of many supposedly magical formulae used to conjure up dreams. Even Aristotle, the great philosopher, had a treatise on "Dreams" and another on the "Interpretation of Dreams."

WHY ALL THE INTEREST IN DREAMS

This early interest in dreams was just what we would expect, for the more primitive of minds, unable to fathom the causes of these seemingly uncontrollable phenomena attributed them to the action of their gods. Then, because in many dreams they could not clearly see the message which they imagined the gods were sending to them, the task of unfolding dream symbols and figures gradually became an art more or less closely associated with soothsaying. Thus we read in Sacred Scriptures of the "potherim" or dream interpreters of King Nabuchodonosor. Both Homer and Herodotus held that it

was natural for the gods to send dreams to men, even to deceive them if necessary, in order to carry out their own higher purposes; Plato couldn't conceive of the gods deceiving, but did admit that they could send dreams.

INTERPRETING DREAMS IN 1941

In our own day Freud is the name synonymous with the "Interpretation of Dreams". He believed and taught all dreams to be fulfillments of wishes, and with this we may agree to a certain extent, for especially in children do we notice that dreams concern things for which they wish, ten-year-old Billy no longer dreams of tricycles but of a brand new "two-wheeler". But Freud went farther than this, for seeing the incoherency and the grotesqueness of dreams he evolved his theory that they were expressions of wishes and desires which had been repressed or forced out of consciousness, so that we no longer knew that they were within us, yet they were. According to him these wishes tried to express themselves but only under the disguise of dreams. He then denied that anything in a dream could be a matter of chance or of indifference, but that each detail had a meaning, and asserted that it was precisely by inquiring into such trivial and apparently unmotivated details that he expected to discover the real cause of the dream. These repressed impulses in all cases were, for Freud, sexual in their nature. Summing this up, then for him, the dream as the person experienced it, was a disguised expression of sexual impulses, which because of their repulsiveness had been forced by that individual from his own consciousness in his early life. Thus to Freud's way of theorizing the dream and its disguise was a logical and ordered process of that sexual impulse trying to reach consciousness.

WAS FREUD CORRECT . . .?

The whole basis of Freud's theory of course was false, for when we study it we find that it would try to place two souls in one man by demanding two personalities, one active when asleep and dreaming, and the other active when awake and conscious, a sort of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. We also know

that any other kind of impulse besides that of sex can be repressed, for example, fear or hatred; and as shall be shown below we can explain dreams far more sensibly than by pretending that they are symbols and disguises of hidden repressed sexual desires in the subconscious mind.

SLEEP AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS

Outside of our day-dreams which are not really true dreams, there is only one condition necessary, without which we cannot even hope to dream, and that is sleep, in which state the average man spends about twenty full years of his life. Sleep in relation to dreams is a condition of rest in which impressions on the sense organs—for example, the weight of blankets on the body, the sound of footsteps heard by our ears, or the sensations of taste picked up by the taste buds of our tongue, are no longer interpreted in their normal fashion; that is, as the weight of blankets, as the sound of footsteps, or as a certain taste; but these impressions when they come in sleep may be experienced in our dreams in a very distorted way; the weight of the blankets may be a steam-roller crushing us to death, and one set of footsteps may be the sound of a million men marching up never ending stairs.

WHY DO WE FALL ASLEEP . . .?

Regarding sleep, we should first of all dispel the notion that fatigue is the cause of sleep; it is not; however, it may be conducive to sleep, but notice that if persons become extremely tired they often cannot sleep, whereas some (lucky or unlucky) individuals can fall asleep almost at will, just by habit, even when not fatigued. General relaxation of the muscles is also conducive to sleep yet some men can sleep in the saddle and very many students in what are oftentimes uncomfortable class-room chairs. The fact that some can so easily fall asleep in the midst of noise and confusion, while they are in awkward positions is explained in that there are known no physiological conditions which are invariably present in, or necessary to sleep. Thus if one becomes used to the

noise of passing trains or street-cars at night these will then not cause loss of sleep. However, such strong excitations of the senses as these things usually produce is generally adverse to the acquiring of sleep, while rhythmic sense stimuli are conducive to sleep, such as the continual fall of rain-drops, or the ticking of a clock. Probably the most important single condition conducive to sleep is peace of conscience, which statement, however, might be uncharitable if we applied it to all our friends afflicted with insomnia.

WHAT GOES ON IN US WHEN WE FALL ASLEEP . . .?

There are certain physiological changes to be noted in sleep. First of all we are not completely inactive, for the whole nervous system does not sleep; circulation, respiration, digestion, etc., continue with slight decreases in their movements—blood pressure is lower, respiration is slower, and the temperature of the body is also lower. However, the most important change to be noted here is that the brain becomes anaemic, or that the blood flows away from it—the cells which are usually red become a dull grey colour. Now, as far as we know to-day, our conscious processes arise only through the awakening or exciting of the grey cerebral (i.e. of the brain) cortex. Moreover, the cubic inch of protoplasm (mass of cells) which forms this cortex of the brain, represents the immediate "organic" basis of all our functions peculiar to animal life—its sensations, images, memories, etc. This central area or cortex is connected with all points on the surface of the body and with every muscle and with every external and internal "organic" sense by what is termed the nervous system. In this nervous system the primary unit is the nerve cell or neurone; each neurone consists of a nucleus, a cell body and projections of this cell body—a conservative estimate places 9,000,000 of these neurones in each of our bodies.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS . . .

Now basing our procedure on these facts regarding sleep and the nervous system, what of positive value can we dis-

cover in dreams and in their interpretation? But first we must see how the dream is actually caused, and even before this we must realize that some trace or vestige of every nerve impulse and sensation, which we experience in daily life, remains in this cortex of the brain, which means that everything that we have experienced in our senses either internal or external has left its impression and path marked in some way in the nervous system and in the cerebral cortex, so that this impression or path then has an aptitude to easier subsequent excitation.

According to St. Thomas, our dreams may be caused in various ways; firstly, by images remaining in the sensitive memory and imagination during sleep; but the mere fact that they remain there would not make us dream, for they must be awakened or excited, and this excitation may come from outside or from inside the body. Thus, such simple things as the hardness of the mattress, an awkward position in bed, or the temperature of the room, can cause a nerve impulse to be sent from the skin, or from any other end organ of the other external senses, to the cortex of the brain. Then the brain being in a fitful and uncontrolled state, this impulse will naturally travel first of course along its own proper path and to its own proper place, but it may also cause other impulses to be set in motion along other paths, if these paths, as we have already stated, have an aptitude to be so excited and awakened. Of course, when any impulse reaches its nerve centre in the sensitive memory we experience what we call "remembering a thing", for example, if we remember an automobile accident we see a picture of it in what is called the organic sensitive memory, which is made up of certain cells in the brain. Now, in the dream this is exactly what happens, these nerve impulses which start from some cause, as mentioned above, excite their own proper cells in the sensitive memory, and many others besides, and as these cells and nerve paths are connected with certain things we have experienced in the past, therefore we dream of these things. Because then of the queer mixture of cells which can so be

awakened we have the queer mixtures which we find in our dreams.

"I USUALLY DREAM OF SOMETHING WHICH HAPPENED JUST THE DAY BEFORE MY DREAM!"

Many people wonder why their dreams concern certain things, and we can explain many of these things quite easily. In exciting these cells which cause the dreams it is not usually fatigued or tired nerves which operate, but rather those nerves which are only partially fatigued; this accounts for the fact that very slight and trivial events of the day before are often the subject of our dreams, for in such a case certain nerves have been excited only to a slight degree by some slight event, and only enough to make them active or lively, so that they are more awake as it were than others. This also explains why a person who is very worried seldom dreams about what is worrying him, because the worrying itself will necessarily have completely fatigued certain sections of the nervous system in some way connected with the subject causing the anxiety, and will have rendered these nerve cells less capable of easy operation, for example, if a person loses a member of his family by death, dreams will very rarely be directly concerned with that person, or if they are, there will be no association of death with the person.

THINK HARD ABOUT A THING AND YOU'LL DREAM ABOUT IT . . .? ? ?

This statement is not true unless it is qualified, for thought as thought, that is merely thinking on a thing alone, is not enough to cause a dream on the subject, but the thought must be characterized by emotional excitation of some sort, which will continue over from the state of wakefulness into the state of sleep, and which excitement will then stimulate the sensitive memory by means of the nervous system. Again, just as emotional excitement may cause dreams, so may vegetative functions, such as the very act of digestion itself; for after each meal the blood necessarily flows to the stomach in greater quantities to aid in the process of digestion, and of

course all such movements of the blood are registered unconsciously in us through the nervous system, and this very registering as it were is sufficient to excite brain cells in sleep and again we dream. Similarly the very condition of the blood itself has an affinity with certain cell groups or areas of the brain, and this may be the reason why some people have the rather annoying experience of dreaming the same dreams over and over again, namely, because their blood condition is continually or periodically in a particular state.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE US TO DREAM? EXACTLY WHEN DURING SLEEP DO WE DREAM?

The nervous system and brain cells we have been crudely describing act with astounding speed, and thus the speed with which they may cause us to recall the details, scenes, sounds, and circumstances of which we dream is almost unbelievable. Sometimes certain peculiar circumstances external to the dream, and yet clearly connected with it enable us to judge its speed; such a dream is that of Maury, narrated by Freud—This particular man was sick in bed, and there he dreamt of the reign of terror at the time of the Revolution in France. He himself took part in terrible scenes of murder, and finally he was summoned before the Tribunal. There he saw Robespierre, Marat, and all the other sorry heroes of that epoch. He had to give an account of himself, and after all sorts of incidents, which did not fix themselves in his memory, he was sentenced to death. Accompanied by an enormous crowd, he was led to the place of execution; he mounted the scaffold, the executor led him to the board, it tipped, and the knife of the guillotine fell. He felt his head severed from his body, and he awoke in terrible anxiety, only to find that the top piece of the bed had fallen down and had actually struck the vertebrae of his neck in the same manner as the knife of the guillotine. Thus all Maury had dreamt had begun only after the piece of the bed had fallen, and in the space of a second or two. As this example shows and as experiment proves dreams only occur when there is a stimulus and in the awakening of parts of the brain. Moreover, complete sleep

is dreamless sleep, and by means of a sounding bell it has been found that sleep is deepest soon after its commencement, and that its depth decreases until natural awakening occurs. This then would mean that dreams probably occur only when we are falling asleep and when we are awakening. Furthermore, if we do not awaken fully and quickly we frequently cannot remember our dreams.

BUT DREAMS SEEM SO REAL . . .?

If we go back to St. Thomas again we will see that, following Aristotle, he teaches that the mind accepts as real all objects presented to it, unless it be checked by some other faculty; but in sleep there is no other faculty to check the intellect, and this explains the apparent actuality and truth which we give a dream while it is taking place. The coherence of a dream probably results in part from an orderly succession of previously associated images and in part from a faint power of selection which rejects striking eccentricities. On the other hand the exaggeration in dreams is a result of the exclusion of other sensations and thus those which are present assume an utterly inordinate importance so that the "buzzing of a fly" abnormally interpreted may become a roaring cataract, an avalanche, or a storm at sea. Our dreams also may contain matter which seems to have been entirely forgotten, and has only been aroused by some association with the rest of the dream.

RESUME—ARE DREAMS OF ANY VALUE?

Thus we see that dreams have their direct causes in the sensitive part of man, that there must be a stimulus, that thought itself cannot cause dreams, and that although the intellect is barely active in that it knows afterwards that we were dreaming yet it is not active enough to form any real judgment, nor does the will exercise any noticeable control over dreams, so that we do not become morally responsible for them. The speed with which dreams take place is a mechanical one, and not the laboured speed of conscious thinking. Order is usually lacking, and the content of dreams is

usually foolish irrespective of how great a mind the dreamer has. Therefore, ordinary dreams are valueless, their causes being inadequate to produce any worthwhile result, and hence their interpretation is vain. Such statements as "go to bed and sleep over that problem, and you'll have the answer in the morning" are entirely false, for there can be no such logical thought in dreams. However, there may be a slight value to the analysis of dreams in some mental cases, such as those of disguised personalities, where the analyzer may be able to decipher the repressed cause of the malady from the person's dreams.

GOD AND DREAMS—DREAMS AND THE DEVIL . . .

Besides the causes of dreams mentioned above, St. Thomas admits of two other causes, namely, God and the devil. In Sacred Scripture we read of many cases where God caused dreams in order to convey messages to men; in most cases the dream is said to come directly from God; thus we have Jacob's dream of the steps ascending to heaven as he slept with his head against the stone at Bethel; we have Solomon's dream in which he chose "wisdom"; and the well-known dreams of St. Joseph. There is no reason why God should not use dreams as a means of manifesting His will to man. God is omniscient and all powerful and He chooses natural as well as supernatural means in order to disclose His purposes to man whom He loves. Dreams are natural phenomena and have their own laws governing them even if these laws are obscure to us; and as they are instituted by God they do His bidding. But since man is so easily deluded it is needful that God in using natural causes should supply such evidences as will make His intentions unmistakable.

As regards the devil, he cannot in any way enter the intellect or will of a person, but he can present external objects to the senses or act directly on the organs by exciting images in the imagination and in the sensitive memory; and he can just as easily do this to a sleeping person as to one awake, and by so doing cause dreams in order to make the person sin on awakening; but he cannot cause the person to sin in the dream.

Moreover, the devil is aided by his superior knowledge of the nervous system and of the brain cells, and can influence the proper cells to cause his desired effect in the dream.

CONCLUSION

Thus modern theologians admit the possibility of dreams supernatural in their origin. As to ordinary dreams they readily grant that because the imaginative faculties of man acquire sometimes a keenness which they do not otherwise possess it is possible in such cases to conjecture with a certain degree of probability some future events, but in all other cases by far the most common, it is useless and illogical to attempt any interpretation. Thus the proverb "As idle as a dream" should express our general attitude towards these phenomena.

A LIGHT BLAZED OVER BETHLEHEM.

A LIGHT blazed over Bethlehem,
God's Angels winging down,
To bring a Babe a diadem,
To bring a King His Crown!

J.B.D.

DEBUTANTICS

By PAUL KAY.

FLOWERS bloom in the Spring, freckles appear in the Summer, hay-fever blows in for Autumn; but, winter and December means common colds and debutantes. Like storied visions in silk and lace the social "Comeofagers" appear, stun the world, and then materialize into ordinary girls for the next twenty to twenty-five years. For debutantes do not grow old; they come of age but apparently never quite catch it. The nasty old newspapers did not mention this, but there were three "debuttiners" who caught it but couldn't take it. Shhh! This is the way I heard it.

* * * * *

Gloria Vilmpot went. Mrs. Vilmpot had insisted and Gloria, though much against her will, had given in. Like a cruiser confronted by a dreadnaught, the young Vilmpot threw up the white flag and said it. "I'll go."

Three photographers smiled, bowed and scraped as the Vilmpots were towed into the spacious studio. Three hours passed; three photographers smiled, bowed, and scraped, but their hearts were not in it. Lucky, too, for what those hearts were saying might have startled glamorous Gloria. The dreadnaught was still engaged in manoeuvers.

"Smile, darling. Just once, for those dear little people who love you so. What will Christmas be to them if your sweet smile is not in the rotogravure section of the New York Dimes, ten cents anywhere in the city?"

The elder Vilmpot heaved a sigh. Perhaps it was useless. Why should she try to make her darling daughter smile when the child's heart was broken. Yes, broken, torn in two by the selfish thoughtlessness and cruelty of the two men who lurked under the title, "Jones and Hart, Women's Fashions." The dear girl had given them a whole day and they, ungrateful wretches, had said, "Sorry, we are so busy." So Gloria's

gown, with which she was going to roast the upper crust of the social world, Gloria's gown, a navy blue creation, was not to be launched. Can you blame the sweet thing? Nothing new in navy blue!

* * * * *

The local train might have picked up a few pointers on letting off steam if it had dropped in on Vera Bounty on December the twenty-fourth. Vera's mind, what there was of it was made up. The Bountys had been tolerant long enough. Now it was Mutiny. He had dared. An ignorant man had dared to speak, to say to tell her that this was not the . . . O! if only she could get her hands on him! Why, without it Christmas was like Caviar without indigestion, or Cocktails without hangovers. It was the defense program, he had said. He would need a defense program if she ever saw him.

But, the defense program won and Vera Bounty spent Christmas without it. Her fine poetic nature, stirred to unusual depths, broke forth in the following scathing condemnation that snowy Christmas morn. In pathetic apostrophe she said, "You, you dirty old ground, you have a white shawl and I haven't. They won't let me have silk." We draw the curtain on her rent and bleeding heart. Let the floodgates open. Suppose you had no white silk shawl on Christmas?

Imogene put on her hair, tongued her teeth into place, looked in her mirror and smiled. How she kept from laughing, we don't know. She armed herself with her cosmetic punch. With liberality and largesse she smeared away with Turkey's Twilight Twinkle Cream. A phone rang. Her boudoir phone, of course. Did you think Imogene answered phones and doorbells? ? This was Imogene Att. The Imogene Att.

She pulled up a chair and picked up the phone. "Hello," she cooed into the mouthpiece which was quite as "phony" as she. Then, "Don't be utterly ridiculous," dragging up a two dollar word to fit her expensive teeth. "Red," she continued, "red pumps is what I said. What yo you mean 'you think?'

Hello, hello, Hey!" The phone was dead. Who could blame the phone? Imogene started to scream but her teeth had the drop on her, so an estimate of the dealer, who did not think red pumps went well with black crepe gloves, will remain a debatable question. Women will shake their heads over it, children will speculate. Alas, posterity shall never know her words. A set of uppers has proven false to Imogene. Let the girl look for her teeth in peace. Remember her Christmas will be spent without red pumps.

* * * * *

Well that's the way I heard it. I may be wrong. Others have tried to defend these sweet young things. Some said the girls were just trying to be patriotic, red pumps, white shawl, blue gown and that stuff. I couldn't help laughing. You see, I knew that Gloria was red with rage, Vera white with anger, and Imogene definitely blue. I still can't help feeling this fine Christmas morning that those young ladies would be a lot more thankful if they had less to be thankful for.

THE KING OF KINGS.

IN Mary's lap He lay, a tiny mite,
That morn within a rude and humble shed;
The One who came to break the clouds of night,
To free from chains the living and the dead.

Within a lowly shed; there was no room
In all the homes of Bethlehem; no place
To shield Him from bitter cold and gloom,
No welcome for the Saviour's Sacred Face.

In Mary's lap, outcast and scorned He lay,
And after all the ages dark and wild,
Enthroned in faithful hearts He reigns to-day
The King of Kings and still—the Saviour Child.

B. O'Higgins.

THE CHRIST BOY'S WORDS

By REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S.T.D.



The Boy Christ

THERE has been preserved for us one saying of Our Divine Lord uttered outside of the Public Ministry. Only once did He break for us the long silence of His Hidden Life, namely, when in boyish accents He gave answer to His Blessed Mother's anxious question why He had tarried in Jerusalem at the expense of three days of sorrow and solicitude for herself and St. Joseph. His reply was a short one; but it mentions His unique relationship with God the Father and His obligation to be engaged in the Father's interests. Because of their reference to both His nature and His Mission, this succinct saying can serve as an excellent heading for a treatise on Christ's life and work. This early self-interpretation, affording us a welcome glimpse into the first thirty years of His sacred life, gives us the key to the whole life. These few precious words of the Boy Jesus are testimonials of His zeal, His spirit of sacrifice, His irrevocable dedication to his Mission and His complete accord with His Father's will, the guiding principle of His life, springing from His relationship with God as the eternal Divine Son.

This earliest recorded saying of Our Divine Lord was prompted by a question from the Virgin Mother as she was recovering from the effects of sudden awe and amazement brought on by finding the twelve-year Christ Boy sitting among the astonished Doctors of the Law. The sorrow that had weighed heavily on her and on her spouse, St. Joseph, dur-

ing the three days they had wearily and anxiously sought for Him came back to her mind. She referred to the Boy Jesus as "Son" and called St. Joseph, "Thy father," because he was the legal father. She was not insisting on her rights but was only intimating them. Nor was she looking for an apology, but she was asking for an explanation—"Son, why hast thou done so to us?" She was expecting an adequate explanation and she got one.

By replying, "How is it that you sought Me?" Did you not know?" the Christ Boy drew attention to the great fact of His Virgin Birth and to the special unique relationship in which He stood to God Whom He alone could call "My Father" in the strictest and fullest sense. In saying further, "I must be about My Father's business," He pointed out that because of His unique dignity as the only begotten Son of God, there was necessarily an identification between His Father's interests and His and there was a special necessity for Him to be ever inseparable from His Father's will. He was recalling the reason why He came into the world, which is so well put in His mouth in the words of the Psalmist (Ps. 39, 9; Heb. 10, 7): "Then said I, behold I come; in the head of the book it is written of Me that I should do Thy will, O God." As a dutiful child in the happy home at Nazareth, leading an ordinary life, He was doing the Father's will. That same Father's will now called for an evangelical prelude here in the Temple which proved to be the occasion of heart-rending sorrow to those nearest and dearest to Him. In this way it was a sample of what was to come, of what must be expected and prepared for. For this lesson Mary is to be ready for the dreadful ordeal, to stand heroically and unflinchingly at the foot of the Cross, considering it a privilege to suffer with God. Mary must co-operate with His work of redemption which He will manfully carry out.

Thus, for being the occasion of three days of worry and sorrow to His Blessed Mother, the Christ Boy gave a great explanation which was fully understood only when the shadow of the cross had passed over His life. Mary then realized the full meaning of the boyhood saying. She realised that

it was only human and natural for her to draw attention to the exalted privilege she enjoyed in being His Mother, mother of the Incarnate Word. She realised on the other hand that it was only right for the God-Man, in accordance with His Divine Nature and Mission, to draw attention to the fact that not human standards and measures must be followed by Him but rather most extraordinary rules and methods. She was delighted then that human rights and feelings were sacrificed in the interests of that great Messianic Mission which her Son by a divine decree had of necessity to carry out. She realized that anything she suffered was well compensated for by the solace and consolation of the Christ Boy's wonderful saying, in which He held up His sublime nature and mission. This saying she had dearly cherished. It had not only comforted her; it had become the guiding principle of her life, helping her to consider it her high privilege to suffer not only in the gospel prelude but also when the hour came for her Son to drink the chalice of suffering to its bitter dregs.

The name for God on the lips of the Boy Jesus was "My Father." The Saviour of the Public Ministry preached a threefold grade of God's Fatherhood: By creation God was Father of all. He was especially Father of the disciples on account of adoption and participation in the Divine nature. The most special and unique grade was reserved for Himself as the eternal Son of God become man. He never included Himself in the title for God, "Our Father" which He bade His Disciples employ. For Himself He always said "My Father" and He called Himself "the Son." This corresponded with the words "My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased" which the Father addressed from the cloud. It also corresponded with the titles "His own Son," "the Son of God," "the only begotten Son of God" which His disciples used of Him in His life-time and which have been repeated ever since. In giving us His most important revelation that in the great nature of God there are three Divine Persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the chief burden of His preaching and His central doctrine was that He Himself was the true, eternal

Son of God. In accordance with this teaching He addressed God as "My Father." Indeed this name "Father" was His most frequent name for God and the one that dominated His whole thought of God. So that His usage of "My Father" for God expressed what was most characteristic in His characteristic teaching, namely, it expressed His own eternal Divine Sonship. Yet this is the name for God we hear fall from the lips of the twelve-year old Saviour. It is uttered by Him in a matter-of-fact way. It is accentuated because it is coupled with the sacred word "must" and because it is contrasted with the closest of human ties. Thus for the first time we hear from Christ in boyish accents the profession of the most sublime truth. His ineffable unique relationship with God the Father.

Christ's first words contain a reference to His Divine Mission as well as to His Divine Nature. Because He is the Son of God He must of necessity do God's Will. This Will required that instead of accompaning His parents departing for home, He remain in the Temple to take a hand in the work of preparation for the Kingdom of God. He must be about His work at any cost, at any sacrifice, even of the closest of human ties. Thus by His actions He was giving a sample, and a little demonstration of His future career and was laying down a policy for His whole life.

The Saviour of the Public Ministry *loved* to repeat that He was always doing the Will of His eternal Father. Thus He declared, "I do always the things that please Him" (John VIII, 29). Indeed, He considered it His meat to do God's Will (John IV, 34). More than that, He stated that all that He did was commanded by God (John XIV, 31), and that He must do God's Will and God's works, "I must do the works of Him Who sent Me" (John IX, 4). He frequently uses the word "must" to express the fact that because of a divine decree there was an obligation on Him to carry out His Father's mission, especially to suffer and die on the cross (v.g., Luke IX, 22; XVII, 25: XXII, 37: 37; XXIV, 26, 44).

Christ's Will was in thorough accord with the Will of His Father as a necessary consequence of the union in Him of

the Divine and human natures. The human nature in Him was carried along in the current of the Divine so that everything about Him was for the Father, and to express the fundamental disposition of His soul He could say: "I live for the Father." This fundamental disposition is voiced in the saying of the Christ Boy where it is supported by the strongest of words, "must" and where it is put forward in opposition



Scene in Nazareth. Annibali Carracci.
(In the possession of the Earl of Suffolk)

to the closest and dearest of human ties, that of parent to child.

According to some interpreters, the Christ Boy's words are to be understood in the sense that there was no need for the parents to search for Him for He was to be found in the Father's house. In this view the youthful Saviour implies that God's house is His own house and that as Son He is over the Father's household and at home in the Father's house. During the Public Life He cleansed this same temple and in the indignant words hurled against the profaners He used this name for the temple, "My Father's house." Already in His twelfth year, He briefly interrupts the Hidden Life to

take charge, so to speak, of the teaching in the Temple and to assert that as the Son He is to be found in the Father's house. As Doctor Foote states: "By calling the temple His Father's house, Christ laid claim to the dignity of the Son of God in the highest sense of the name, as Messiah and as God's only begotten, well beloved and eternal Son" (Lectures on Luke, 1,125). Or as is pointed out by another writer in different words: "The Child has another Father beside St. Joseph, it is He to Whom the temple belongs. This word uttered in the temple, in the midst of the astonished teachers of Israel is the first solemn declaration of the fundamental doctrine of our all-saving faith but which was postponed so long, until the Mother had given an occasion for it, and by her question had presented the key for the proper understanding of these salutary words" (Schaefer, The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture, 227).

In the short saying of the Boy Jesus, there is therefore a wealth of profundity. In these few words we find the purpose of His life proclaimed in an assertive manner, we find enunciated a great policy of the Public Life, that great human sacrifice must be made for the carrying out of the Will of God, and we find the Christ Boy reaching the climax of His most sublime teaching in His expression of His eternal Divine Sonship. If anything approaching this earliest recorded saying was uttered by the Christ Boy before the Doctors, it is no wonder they were beside themselves with utter amazement. Indeed the profundity of this saying is in harmony with St. Luke's previous statement concerning the Child Jesus that He was "full of wisdom." Although the subjects discussed in the scene before the Doctors have not been handed down, there have been preserved, fortunately for us, the words which the Boy Jesus spoke in answer to His Blessed Mother's question. They are words worthy of the eternal Son of God united to His eternal Father in love, in thought, and in action. They are words worthy of the great Messiah, the Divine Messiah come to establish God's reign of grace, concerned only with His mission and work. Our Saviour's pithy saying, uttered in boyish accents, is a great self-interpretation, a great

self-reservation to which one could devote a life's study and contemplation. His display of intelligence before the Doctors and His self revelation in His first saying are the counterpart of His manifestation in the adoration of the Magi. This saying of His that casts illuminating rays on His Person and office is the crowning feature of His whole Hidden Life. What a tribute to its profound and far-reaching significance is the fact that even for His Virgin Mother, who being closest to Him, knew more of God's secrets than any other human being, the Son's saying is clarified only by His life and death. Also the fact that, despite the torture caused the Blessed Mother by the Christ Boy's absence for three days, this saying which contained the reason for His tarrying in the Temple was cherished so lovingly in her heart, helps to bring out the mysterious significance and the abundant richness contained in Our Divine Lord's first recorded words.

The Christ Boy by His words teaches us that our first and chief concern is God's Will in all things. God is our great Parent Who made us and conserves us and therefore owns us in every way. We must obey and serve Him. We must strive to do His Will while we pray that that will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. If a government or even a parent should urge us to something contrary to God's law, we must say, whatever be the cost: "I must be about my Father's business." If we suffer anything in obeying God rather than man, blessed are we. To help us to stand by God and His commandments we should keep before our minds the fundamental truth which the brave mother of the Machabees placed before her youngest son, encouraging him to endure martyrdom when she said to him: "I beseech thee, my Son, look upon heaven and earth, and all that is in them and consider that God made them out of nothing and mankind also." (2 Mach. VII, 28). In the heroic Person of the Son of God Himself, we have the most sublime example that should daily stimulate us towards the accomplishment of God's Will, for He shed the last drop of His blood in being about His Father's business, saving men and bringing them to the knowledge of God's truth.

WISTFULLY AND HOPEFULLY

By ELIZABETH HUNT.

"AND what is the play in thy mind's eye, Father?" I playfully asked as I joined my friend before his open fireplace one dreary evening this November.



"Ah, Brother-Priest," he replied, "'tis a very beautiful picture. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Do," I nodded.

"The time my friend, is morning—Christmas Eve—nineteen hundred and fourteen; the scene—my home country, Northern France. We were in barracks, wishing 'wistfully and hopefully' when the order came for our company, to 'move'—we knew not where. Well among the necessities rationed us, we were each given two precious candles. Out, out into the country we were led; then down into a valley. It was dusk now and cold indeed. Suddenly, we came across a wayside shrine of Our Lady. What memories it recalled to many of us! There was the 'gentle Maid, Mother mild,' holding out to us her Son, the Prince of Peace. On such a night over nineteen hundred years ago she, like us, had faced the hardships of a winter's night.

"Unconsciously there was a halt and then from out of ranks one of the company stepped forward before the Shrine. He opened his knapsack, pulled out a candle, lit it and placing it in the snow before the shrine unabashed and in a fervent voice pleaded, 'O douce vièrge et mère, protégez notre belle France!' A second followed his example, then a third and a fourth, until, my friend, every man, every man I say, placed a treasured lighted candle at Our Lady's feet.

"Silence in our ranks—deep silence. We reached the moun-

tain side, and as each soldier looked down into the valley, there against the blackness of the night was the lighted shrine, each votive offering flickering as a star in midnight skies. I shall never forget it . . . never!"

"And were you, Father, Our Lady's knight who proffered the first candle?"

"Maybe . . . maybe . . . why do you ask?" came the reluctant answer.

Then an earnestness shone in the kindly eyes, and with a tremor in the old voice came the words: "Ah, my brother in Christ, let us, Our Lady's knights, try to pay her greater homage than ever this Christmas of nineteen forty-one. . . . I fear, there will be few shrines ablaze in Mary's honour this year in "Occupied France!"

A CHRISTMAS LAUREL WREATH.

CHRISTMAS its wreath of memories brings
Of homely scenes and dear friends gone;
Yet how serenely to us sings:
"With loved ones left still carry on!"

. . . . . .

More hospitable than the glow
At fire-side is the heart's warm cheer:
It's this that thaws Misfortune's snow,
And keeps us young from year to year.

. . . . . .

Then twine a wreath of love and praise
To decorate this time of joy.
Make Christmas Day the queen of days,
And let not sin its peace destroy.

Frederick B. Fenton.

RECIPE FOR A BOYS' CAMP

By REV. JOSEPH E. VOGT.

A DISAPPOINTMENT, a determination and a dentist bill . . add to this unbounded enthusiasm, season with a large portion of ignorance, shake well — and you have a boys' camp. At least you will have Camp Stella Maris, Rochester Diocesan camp on Conesus Lake.

In 1926, a young man in St. Bernard's Seminary (now the Reverend Gerald C. Lambert, Director of the Rochester Catholic Charities) obtained a position as waterfront man in a very small camp in the Syracuse Diocese. He was there just a week when along came the third cousin of the assistant director's second wife, looking for a job on the waterfront. The third cousin moved in and Father Lambert moved out.

Coming back home, Father Lambert interested the late Father Eugene Hudson, who died shortly after his ordination, in starting a camp for the boys of the Rochester Diocese. Together they went from house to house, seeking boys for their camp. After they had about twelve boys, it dawned on them that it would be a good thing if they had a camp in which to put the boys they had signed up. A problem arose —the same problem that confronts corporations as well as boys' camps—money. Twenty dollars, painfully accumulated and carefully salted away to pay a dentist's bill, was used to rent a cottage on Conesus Lake. Father Hudson was the chancellor of the exchequer, and the old counsellors still talk of the way in which he would mollify demanding creditors and send them away with a smile instead of cash.

Up to this point there had been, not forgotten, but neglected, that all important item of food. Realizing that this was the sine-qua-non of any camp, and lacking enough to feed themselves, the two approached a few priests, who financed what they must have considered a wildcat idea.

The first camp-in-a-cottage, christened Stella Maris, was a huge success from the standpoint of the boys, but it was a

total flop from a financial point of view. A Rochester layman, however, became so intrigued with the idea and so inspired by the enthusiasm of one of his lads who attended the first little camp that he purchased the present beautiful site on which the camp is located. He wrote to Father Lambert in the spring to "get some men to run the camp" as he had "just the spot." A few seminarians were corralled who, confessing that they knew nothing of camp life, promised eagerly to assume the manifold duties of a job about which they knew absolutely nothing.

The camp opened. The boys arrived. There was no dock, no boat, no equipment, just large areas of tall grass and lots and lots of out-of-doors. The first bit of equipment acquired through the magic of Father Hudson was an indoor ball, a bit the worse for wear, but a ball nevertheless. Having a ball, the counsellors and campers decided to have a ball diamond, so they all set to work to clear a patch of the tall grass. This extra activity was as welcome as the flowers in spring. Up to that point the program consisted of swimming and hikes—breakfast hikes, dinner hikes, morning hikes, afternoon hikes, supper hikes, twilight hikes, and just plain hikes. After fifteen years, the counsellors still complain of callouses on the soles of their feet.

Somewhere along the line a boat made its appearance. It was chipped and it leaked, but it floated if you kept it bailed out. Then another boat appeared out of the mists. The camp now had a fleet. Those boats are still in operation although there is not a sliver of the original wood in them.

There was a great need for some sort of float for the swimmers, so four oil drums were purchased at the cost of one dollar, and a platform built over them. The float was dragged out for swimming and dragged in afterwards. One night came a large wind and scattered the float all over the lake. Four trees were cut down and dragged to the lake. One counsellor stood on half the fleet and held the long tree and another stood on a stepladder set in the other half of the fleet and drove the poles into the bottom of the lake with a sledge. From early morning till sundown they

labored and finally had all four poles set. The next morning only one could be seen. The other three had floated off.

One of the things badly needed was a conveyance of some sort. A local doctor solved the problem with the donation of a car. It was a Model T with a specially built body. It looked like a bathtub on wheels and had a disposition like a bilious goat with fixation. "Stealthy Stella," as she was affectionately known, sported a flower pot made of a condensed milk can over the radiator cap and constantly spouted steam. After the demise of Stealthy Stella one of the priests donated a Model T truck. The Hezzi truck was on in years, but it had never labored before as it did after it came to camp. It would groan, creak, rumble and steam, but it never refused to go. In fact, once it went where it shouldn't have. It slipped its moorings and ran into the lake. Hauled out, it was pushed and pushed down the road until with a mighty roar it started, spouting oil, water, and clouds of smoke in protest.

Another milestone marking the progress of the camp was the acquisition of an ancient outboard motor. Naturally, everyone wanted to run the yacht. But this motor had one peculiarity: it would never start until four in the afternoon. Every time the rope was pulled, the motor would snort, the boat move a few feet, and the winding process was repeated. It was calculated by a local expert that the distance that boat moved without starting would be equal to one trip to Europe and return. At four, she started. During supper the boat was left up on a small dock with the motor running. It was easier to syphon gas from the truck tank than to start that thing. One day the shaft broke, and the motor was dumped into the middle of the lake. The camp resumed a normal trend.

The fifteenth anniversary of the camp this year bears witness to the progress that has been made. One small group of women, never numbering more than twelve members, has contributed twenty-five thousand dollars and has made it possible for six thousand children to enjoy the camp in the past fifteen years. An additional house, cabins and a beautiful chapel cluster around the main administration building. There

is a real fleet anchored at a real dock. About eight acres of campus have become a beautiful lawn. A full program, directed by a large staff of counsellors is the outgrowth of those early experiments. This year the camp took an additional trouble—it opened its door for the first time to girls—but that is another story.

Fifteen years of service to six thousand children, that is the story; and the recipe?—disappointment, determination, a dentist bill and lots of enthusiasm.

MYSTERY OR MIRACLE.

A professor motored into the country to commune with Nature. Passing by a ranch, he came upon a son of the soil. He stepped from his car to chat with him. After "doing nothing about the weather" for five minutes, he bluntly asked the farmer:

"Do you believe in things you can't understand?"

The rancher gazed at the field, hesitated, then: "Of course, I do. Don't you?"

"Not by any means," replied the pedagogue. "No intelligent person ever believes what his reason cannot explain."

A little hurt, the farmer showed no resentment, but pointed to three objects in the distance:

"Do you see that cow and sheep and hen out there?"

"Yes, what about them?"

"Well," drawled the rancher, "it's a funny thing, but although they all feed out of the same field, hair comes up on the cow, wool on the sheep and feathers on the hen. Can you explain that to me?"

The professor's silence was not at all golden.

THE WOMEN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

EVERYONE knows something about the men who achieved distinction in the early history of the human race, but the women never seem to get their fair share of attention. Eve, of course, succeeded in getting herself remembered because she figured rather more prominently than Adam in the affair of the Serpent. Since all our subsequent tribulations appear directly traceable to her, it is but natural that we should at least remember her, even if not with any great degree of affection. We do not know a great deal about our first maternal parent but she must have been a lady of fairly strong constitution to take over the task of housekeeping outside the Garden of Eden after the Fall.

After Eve, the next two women mentioned in the Bible are Ada and Sella, the wives of Lamech. Ada is still a fairly common name, and one is constrained to wonder why Sella, which is really more euphonious than Ada, should be so neglected. Neither of the ladies did anything spectacular herself, but Ada was the mother of Jabel, a herdsman and tent-dweller, and of Jubal who fathered those who played upon the harp and the organ. Sella was the mother of Tubalcain, "a hammerer and artificer in every work of brass and iron." The foregoing information causes the reader to ponder upon the kind of household maintained by Ada and Sella, with Jabel, no doubt coming in tired after a hard day's herding to complain volubly about the hammering going on around the house (or was it a tent?), to say nothing of Jubal's continual strumming on the harp and the organ. Several questions plague the imagination. Were Jubal and Jabel twins? What sort of harp and organ did Jubal devise? What kind of brasswork did Tubalcain do? Did Sella say in the morning, "Now, Jubal, *don't* forget that soup kettle that you've been promising me for a week. If I don't get it, there'll be no pottage for dinner?" We shall never know.

We learn that Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old, but we are told nothing of his wife, much as we should like to know what the good lady looked like at that advanced age. The wife of Noah is another individual of whom we should like to know more. Life on the Ark must have been fairly complicated, what with all the animals of varying sizes and temperaments, to say nothing of the three sons and their wives and their probable offspring. The world must have been rather cheerless, too, for some time after the flood, and the good matriarch no doubt had her hands full getting things organized again. Some of her grandchildren, by the way, had rather pretty names, most of which have unfortunately fallen into disuse. There were Elisa, Tharsis, Saba, Hevila, Sabatha, Regma, Decla, Ophir, and Saleph if one is looking for something unusual, but the one named Mess will probably have few namesakes.

Sarah, the wife of Abraham was beautiful. That we know because Abraham tells her so directly—probably the only place in the whole Bible where one person speaks in so complimentary a tone to another—but then his remark was of an exceedingly objective nature and probably doesn't count anyway. We know, morever, that Sarah laughed to herself behind the door of her tent when she heard the heavenly visitors (whom she thought to be ordinary men) say that she would bear a son. That is in itself worthy of note because so rarely did the inspired writers record any of the lighter moments in the lives of the Biblical characters, whereas such tragic stories as that of Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, were usually related in detail.

For some reason, Rebecca always appears to the imagination as looking very dark and handsome, adorned with the bracelets and ear-rings brought to her by Isaac. She must have had something more than beauty, however, for it is recorded that Isaac "loved her so much that it moderated the sorrow which was occasioned by his mother's death." She showed considerable resourcefulness later in her dealings with her difficult sons, Jacob and Esau, especially when she helped Jacob, almost against his will, to secure the first birthright

blessing from the aged and half-blind Isaac while Essau was out preparing the meats of his hunting for his father. There is an amusing and very modern ring, by the way, to the reactions of both Isaac and Rebecca to the wives whom their sons chose. When Esau, at the age of forty, took unto himself two wives, Judith and Basemath, "they both offended the mind of Isaac and Rebecca." (One wonders how they liked one of his later wives with the astonishing name of Oolibama). Later Rebecca said, when Jacob was thinking of marriage, "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth; if Jacob take a wife of the stock of this land I choose not to live." He didn't—and his mother kept on living. He served seven years to secure the beautiful Rachel for his wife, and then another seven years after Laban, his father-in-law, deceived him in the matter of the blear-eyed older sister Lia. One can feel only sympathy for Lia. There were no career girls in those days. It was marriage or nothing—and blear eyes probably made things as difficult then as they would now. Poor Lia!

The mother and sister of Moses appear but briefly. Indeed, we do not know their names, but they endear themselves to us by the anxious little deception which they practised on the daughter of Pharaoh down there in the sedges by the river's brink, and we rejoice with them that Moses is to be brought up by his own mother. The first time that the name Elizabeth appears in the Bible is when Aaron married the daughter of Aminadab, and the first Mary is the sister of Moses and Aaron, who took a timbrel in her hand and led the women in a dance of triumph after the Children of Israel passed dryshod through the midst of the sea and "Pharoah's army got drowned". The same Mary got herself into plenty of trouble later on when she and Aaron became jealous of poor Moses, "a man exceedingly meek above all men that dwelt upon earth," and God struck her with leprosy for seven days to teach her a lesson.

As a rule, the women were totally ignored in the numbering of the tribes or in recording the deeds of the Israelites, but sometimes they managed to break into print by sheer

absence of menfolk in their families; for example, in the Book of Numbers there is a notation to the effect that Salphaad had no sons, but only daughters, whose names were Maala, Noa, Hegla, Melcha, and Thersa. Now and then a woman did something noteworthy, as in the case of Rahab, a woman of uncertain reputation but considerable ingenuity. When Joshua sent spies into the land of Jericho to view the country as a possible dwelling place for the Israelites, the king of Jericho was not unnaturally annoyed upon discovering them and was all prepared to wreak judgment. It was at this point that Rahab entered the picture. She took the men up to the roof of her house, where she covered them with stalks of flax and later let them down with a cord out of a window. They promised to spare her and her family when the day of battle came if she would hang a scarlet cord in the window. It is unnecessary to say that she hung up a good stout red cord and was saved herself and all her household.

Then there was Axa, the daughter of Caleb. There was an ancient city called Cariath-Sepher, or the city of letters (because some famous school or library had once been situated there) and Caleb announced that he would give his daughter Axa to anyone who would take the city in battle. An ambitious young fellow named Othoniel did the deed, and as he was preparing to leave with his wife mounted none too elegantly on a donkey, he admonished her to ask a field of her father. Instead of broaching the subject outright, she merely sat upon her donkey and sighed until her father said, "What aileth thee?"

"Thou hast given me a dry land," said she. "Now give me also a water land."

So Caleb gave her "the upper and the nether watery ground," and presumably she and her enterprising husband went on their way rejoicing that they had fields both wet and dry.

There was nothing soft about some of those early women. Consider Deborah, the prophetess who went up with ten thousand fighting men and led Barac, the general, into battle against Sisara. And when Sisara leaped out of his chariot

and took refuge in the tent of Haber the Cinite, his hostess, contrary to the usual rules of hospitality, after giving him some milk to drink, took a nail of the tent and a hammer and "going in softly and with silence, she put the nail upon the temple of his head and striking it with the hammer, drove it through his brain fast into the ground." It was Deborah, however, who thereupon sounded the cymbals and chanted the victory song. Even more valorous was Judith, who went into the very tent of the great Holofernes and, taking him by the hair, cut off his head with his own great sword, put it in her wallet and returned to the camp of the Israelites. And there was Esther, who braved the wrath of King Assuerus and saved the Jewish people from intolerable persecution.

Among the interesting women of Israel were the two contrasting types, Delilah, who beguiled the mighty Samson into telling her that the secret of his tremendous strength lay in his hair, and Ruth the Moabitess who to this day remains a symbol of loyalty because she chose to share the fortunes of her mother-in-law rather than return to her own people. There was Anna, too, who gave Samuel, the child of her old age, to the service of the Lord. Certainly worthy of attention was Abigail, "a prudent and very comely woman" whose husband was "churlish and very bad and ill-natured," a combination not infrequently noted in our own day. When her husband Nabal refused food and shelter to King David, who was in sore straits, she took two hundred loaves of bread, two vessels of wine, five sheep ready dressed, five measures of parched corn, a hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of dry figs to him loaded on donkeys and said to the king in voluble apology, "Let not my lord, the King, I pray, regard this naughty man Nabal, for according to his name he is a fool and folly is with him."

During the reigns of the kings of Israel several women are mentioned. There was the widow woman of Sarephta, who made a hearthcake for Elias and received a great reward for it. And there was Jezabel, cut on quite another pattern, who set the sons of Belial against Naboth to stone him to death because he would not sell her husband a certain

vineyard, and was herself thrown down headlong from a wall, to be trodden by the roofs of the horses and later eaten by dogs, a punishment that there were many to think was not excessive. Queen Athalia, the mother of Ochozias, was a lady of similar proclivities. After a career conspicuously lacking in good deeds, she slew all the royal princes except one, who was rescued by his nurse, but she too came to an unenviable end, being slain by the sword and thrown outside the palace into the entrance used by the horses.

There is something very human about Anna, the mother of Tobias, toiling to the top of a hill every day to watch for her son's return and running to tell her blind husband when she finally sees him. A single comment characterizes the wife of Job who affirmed her husband to be decidedly simple-minded, and there is a brief reference to the marriage of Cleopatra at Ptolemais. Probably the most thrilling story of all is that of the mother of the Machabees who saw her seven sons slain before her and exhorted everyone of them in her own language to die bravely, "joining a man's heart to a woman's thought," and was herself slain at last, trusting in God's mercy for herself and her sons rather than choosing to save their lives by committing sin.

But as the Bible narrator says when he concludes the story of the Machabees. "Now there is enough said of the sacrifices and of the excessive cruelties." Let us, therefore, take for our last glance at the Old Testament women, the Queen of Sheba, as she returns to her own land laden with presents and with no spirit in her because she had found one richer and wiser than she, and for our last consideration Solomon himself with his thousand wives. Solomon did everything on a large scale. He lost his kingdom because of a thousand women, whereas Adam lost Paradise because of one, which thought brings us back where we started—and probably far enough for one day.



HOW VITO CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS

By REV. LUKE F. SHARKEY.

VITO was one of my altar-boys. He reached this distinction through the devious ways of scholastic waywardness. No one would, at first sight, have taken Vito for an altar-boy, for he totally lacked the graces and amenities that we usually associate with the dignity. He was a rough diamond, at least in one of its most valued qualities—hardness but strange to say, it was this very quality that first attracted me to him.

My first contact with Vito was in our parochial school; and it was a contact that was decidedly painful to Vito. Sister Damian, his teacher, had repeatedly complained to me about the disturbing conduct of Vito, which was continually upsetting her class. It was Vito's persistent practice to come to school five or ten minutes late in order that he might enjoy the criminal delight of arousing the class to disorder by whistling or shouting through the key-hole while the sister was piously leading the pupils in prayer. Determined to chastise the culprit, I awaited the opportunity which eventually came. One afternoon just as Vito was bent over with his eye glued to the key-hole and his voice was shrilly calling out the name of one of his school chums I came upon him with indignant, if undignified, retribution. His body was in the best possible position for the administration of justice, and I administered it with a wilful force that sent Vito sprawling into the room. When Vito picked himself up, to the accompaniment of wild laughter from the class he was a picture of painful surprise and embarrassment. But from that moment Vito was my friend.

Vito's friendship continued to pursue me with obtrusive persistence. Day by day I could discern the working of grace in his responsive soul. Finally it reached its finest flowering in his desire to become an altar-boy.

"Vito," I said, in answer to his request, "I don't think

you have been cut out to be an altar-boy, but I will give you a trial."

Vito expressed his joy, and incidentally his motive by throwing his cap into the air, and shouting, "Gee, Fader, now I kin git out of school mornings when dere is a funeral or a wedding." And I suspect that he also had in mind the remuneration which the groom usually gives to the servers of the nuptial Mass.

Vito's career "on the altar" was a brazen struggle to win and maintain an ascendency over the other boys. From the first, he lorded it over them by threats of the direst punishment if they refused to recognize him as first in war and first in peace. In order to maintain this extorted supremacy he called upon the assistance of his shaggy, blear-eyed dog, a mongrel of dubious ancestry, that bore the appropriate name of "Rags." Rags was a rather somnolent animal, except when he stood in defense of his master. On those assertive occasions his ferocity quickly suppressed all opposition. If Vito wished to "shine" on any festive occasion and anticipated any active rivalry from the ambitions of his foes, he came on the scene of preparation accompanied by Rags. It was surprising at such times to witness the deference that greeted the demands or the wishes of the master.

In the course of time Rags became so fond of the boys in general that he began to frequent the sacristy in search of their companionship. Several times I found him there alone, cuddled up on one of the cassocks which he had pulled from the hook on the wall. This growing intimacy led to some embarrassing situations. The sacred precincts of the sanctuary presented no awesome fears to Rags and he soon began to invade them with nonchalant security. Until I asserted my displeasure over this canine arrogance, the altar-boys made no effort to prevent a recurrence of this violation of the sanctity of God's house. Indeed, perhaps our Lord Himself in that tabernacle was not displeased with Rags' intrusion. Be this as it may, the conduct of Rags became quite embarrassing when he began to develop the practice of rubbing caress-

ingly against me, while I was engaged in the public recitation of the rosary, and then ascending to the predella where he would lie with ears cocked and eyes fixed upon me as if he were trying to understand what I was saying. When I insisted on keeping Rags in his lowly and unhallowed place, the boys complied with sad reluctance. How different would the case have been if Rags had been a cat!

As time went on Vito showed increasing proficiency in the performance of the various duties assigned him. In his relations with the other boys it was no longer a case of Fit via vi, as the incomparable Mantuan puts it for he proceeded on his over-powering way by the force of his own developing ability. Eventually he became the recognized leader of the band. Indeed, so useful did he become to me and so willing was he to do my bidding, that I fear I imposed on him to the detriment of his scholastic advancement. But scholastic success was the one thing that did not worry Vito and, as a consequence, both Vito and his school work frequently suffered.

I remember very vividly one of those times when he was obliged to pay the penalty for neglect of study. I was passing the school late one afternoon when Vito suddenly emerged, followed by two of the sisters, of whom one was his teacher. His flushed and angry countenance indicated deep resentment. Without perceiving my presence, he turned as he was leaving the sisters and shouted in bitter scorn at his teacher: "You old red head." The latter enjoyed this burning salvo to such an extent that she shook with prolonged laughter. Vito had evidently spent some of his time in class musing on the coiffure of his teacher, and in his curiosity had discovered from the few strands that projected near her ears that her hair was red. Red it was sure enough, and Vito's correct observation tickled the sister's sense of humor.

Christmas was about to return again to a world that was largely oblivious of its meaning. Oh, yes, the spirit of generous giving was in the air, but the Love that made the first Christmas was forgotten. I decided to try and revive it by a

truly religious celebration, and for this purpose I engaged the services of a very capable artist to construct a programme that would surpass in beauty all the other religious displays in the city. Suggestions and assistance from the sisters of our school aided greatly in reconstructing in miniature a replica of what we thought might be the scene of the first Christmas. Many days were spent in laborious preparation before the glorious result flashed suddenly on us with thrilling satisfaction. Christmas eve came and we strove with final care and energy to arrange the crib and its contents with a scrupulous regard for traditional detail and artistic beauty.

Finally, everything was in readiness for the advent of the infant. It was a beautiful figure with glass eyes and life-like hair and countenance. Vito, because of his interest in the work and his solicitude for every detail, was awarded the honorable task of carrying the bambino to the crib. With beaming delight he took up the little figure, pressed it affectionately to his cheek, and proceeded in triumph on his way to the church. But alas! he failed to count on the jealousy of Rags. Aroused at the provoking sight of a rival in the affections of his master, Rags leaped high against the bambino and knocked it from the caressing arms that attempted to shield it from the blow. Down it crashed into a dozen pieces, to the accompaniment of sighs and groans from the horrified retinue. When I arrived on the scene Vito had vanished.

Another bambino had to be procured at once; but where? The only store in town where religious goods of this kind could be obtained had closed for the day, and there was no time left in which to procure the figure elsewhere.

While we stood gloomily discussing the matter, a sob was heard at the opening door; and, turning, we saw Vito's little sister advancing with tears streaming down her cheeks and her lips quivering with grief. She informed us between sobs that Vito had taken her dolly from her, telling her that he had to bring it to the church. The secret of Vito's sudden disappearance then dawned upon us and we all rushed precipitately to the church. There, sure enough, was the doll; Vito had procured another bambino.

THE NEW CHAPEL AND TRANSEPT OF THE SACRED HEART CHURCH PITTSBURGH, PA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FATHER COAKLEY.

"A LOT of people," said the reporter, "are very curious, Father, to know why you are building the new transept and chapel so high. It looks almost as tall as any sky-scraper in Pittsburgh."

"It is high, 118 feet above the auditorium floor, as high as a 14-story building," said Father Coakley, "and we are building high for various reasons. The only way is to build up; to impress upon our people by the soaring arches, lifting up their beautiful carved arms into the blue vault of heaven, that their lives too should soar aloft; up from the sordid and worldly things of this material universe; up from class hatred and bitterness, up from quarrels and verbal battles, up from sin and its attendant misery, up beyond the margins of the world, up beyond the hid battlements of eternity, up, up, forever up, up to God."



An Artist's drawing of the high altar of the Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"But, Father, is it not a useless waste of material to build so high, when a church much lower would be sufficient, and you could save the money required for so lofty an edifice, and give these savings to the poor?"

"It was Judas Iscariot who first gave utterance to that

thought," was the reply; "you remember Mary Magdelen, bathing the sacred feet of our Blessed Saviour with precious and fragrant ointment, and Judas scolding about the waste. Such a remark implies that we at Sacred Heart are neglecting the poor. Not so; no parish in the city looks after their poor with more tenderness and solicitude than is done here, and Almighty God blesses us for it, and sees that our purses are replenished with sufficient money to erect a worthy temple to His greater honor and glory."

"But don't you think, Father that a brick building would have been just as good, since it would not cost as much as the solid stone edifice you are erecting?"

"It argues a very low opinion of Almighty God to give Him anything but the best that we can afford," the pastor replied. "If brick was all our funds permitted, then we would give Him a brick structure, the best of its kind, and as beautiful as our resources permitted."

"But the difference in cost of only 15 per cent. between a brick and a stone edifice was amply justified in the savings effected by repairs. A solid stone church needs scarcely anything in the way of maintenance, repairs, renewals. Moreover, standing up like a gentleman, four square, looking for all the world like the eternal hills, carved out of the living rock, symbolizing that enduring rock upon which Christ erected His everlasting Church, it is a much more fitting medium for impressing upon our people the dignity and the permanency of religion, in a world that is in constant change. Our solid stone building is intended to translate into modern times Christ's sermon on the Mount, where He dramatically describes the winds blowing, and the rains falling, and the floods overwhelming, and the edifice did not fall, because it was founded on a rock."

"Your church building must have been very costly, Father?"

"On the contrary," Father Coakley replied, "ours is perhaps the least expensive building in the City of Pittsburg. In spite of the fact that it is a solid stone structure, with a blue print for every stone in the edifice, most of it hand carved

on our premises, a tailor made job, our costs are exactly 55 cents per cubic foot. Countless commercial buildings, flimsily built, and with not a shred of beauty in them, cost nearly that much. Very many churches, commercially built, with shabby materials, and without a fine line in them, cost at times 80 cents per cubic foot. If there is one thing that Sacred Heart should be famous for it is in the economy of money that it represents. There is not a cheap thing in it; but comparing its size and character, it still is the least expensive edifice in the United States. We paid for every dollar's worth of material and labour we bought; but we received more than a dollar's worth in return, so interested were the craftsmen to turn out a really fine and lovely thing."

"But, Father, you seem to have adopted very expensive and abandoned methods in erecting your church. I don't see any hoisting elevator to bring the stone up to the great height of your building. Why not adopt modern methods, and save money?"

"There is so much of the machine age in these troubled days that we wanted to get back to the atmosphere of Biblical times, by having each stone hauled up on the backs of men, or pulled up with ropes, so as to weave into its very fabric some of the spirit of sacrifice that actuated the master builders of old, long before steam or electricity, or gasoline came into the world, to help make it the shambles it is to-day. Moreover, this gave more men employment, it made a sort of personal thing out of the building, with love and toil and sweat and energy going into every inch of its fabric."

"Didn't your congregation object to this additional building, when your church is already so large?"

"On the contrary," came the reply, "they are so enthused over it that not a day passes but some one of the congregation drops in at the rectory to purchase something going into the new chapel. Many of the choice things in it have already been provided by the generous people of the parish; the things in and about the altar and sanctuary, the very stones of the outer and inner walls, the decorations, and sculpture, have such an appeal that day after day some one rings my door

bell and voluntarily offers to pay for something needed for the new chapel. They did the same thing with the church itself, until now we have the astonishing record of nearly 4,500 memorials in the church purchased by the good people of this congregation".

"This is very interesting, Father, but are all these memorials very expensive?"

"No," said Father Coakley, "they range within the possibility of every one's purse. Stones cost all the way from five dollars up. Other beautiful things are available, up to the several hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars required for the jeweled glass windows. The church and chapel have been so designed that no one in the parish, no matter how poor, is deprived of an opportunity to say that he has a proprietary right in it by purchasing something beautiful and inexpensive that goes into its very fabric."

"When will your new chapel and transept be completed?"

"This is no time contract job," answered the pastor, "fine craftsmanship such as ours is requires plenty of time, and we are not hurrying about it. But out motto is: good work, and not time points. The unhurried manner in which we are going about it is intended to make our people think of eternity, the serene tranquil, unperturbed calm of all spiritual things."

"Will you have a lot of fine marbles in your new chapel, Father?"

"Not an inch," he countered "For the past 30 or 40 years marble, one of nature's choice productions, has been seized upon by secular buildings, banks, railway depots, club houses, theatres, public libraries, museums. You find the loveliest marbles in the most inappropriate places. So we determined that since Sacred Heart was designed to take the minds of our people away from worldly things, we would, as far as humanly possible, have nothing in it that could recall these worldly associations. So we choose stone. It is local, it is less expensive, it is just as colorful, it is as everlasting as marble, and it immediately sets our edifice off as something different, with a character and an atmosphere redolent of the grand old church buildings of former ages that stood not only the

test of time, but the bombardment of atheists, despots, dictators and barbarians"

"It must have meant a lot of work for you, Father, to plan a church like Sacred Heart?"

"I had no more to do with it than a man in the moon," the pastor said forcefully. "The architects are responsible for everything in it, from foundation stone to the summit of the Cross".

"But surely you told them what to do," interjected the reporter.

"No more than I would tell my surgeon how he was to operate on me," came the quick answer, "and no more than I would tell my attorney how he was to protect my rights in any legal question, or my dentist how he is to make a bridge. When the time came to build our church, the architects, the ablest we could find, were instructed to go ahead, with an entirely free hand within the limits set by our finances, and beyond that they had no directions from me or any one else. Whatever of achievement there is in Sacred Heart is due to Mr. Carlton Strong, now dead, and to his associates, Messrs. Kaiser, Neal and Reid, who have done a perfectly superb job without any assistance or interference from me; and after twenty years association with them, our relations are happier to-day than ever."





TO THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

By RT. REV. MONSIGNOR J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

CHILD of the World's salvation,
Low on thy straw-built throne;
Near Thee in haunting shadows
Mary adores alone.

Mary adores in silence
Hearing Thy first still cry;
The cold stars waver to rapture,
The Heavenly Ones draw nigh.

The Christ has come to His people,
Heeding the Prophets' prayer;
The Lord has come to the nations—
Praise ye the Father's care!

The Saint and the Sinner welcome
This mercy come from above;
The earth is arrayed in lilies
The skies aflower with Love!

Come let us all adore Him,
Speed the Good Word along,
Join in that Heavenly chorus,
Tender and sweet and strong.

"PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL"



TIDINGS of joy once more foretold!
Follow the Star like men of old;
Come ye to Bethlehem. Behold!
"Peace, to men of good will."

Over the world in mad array,
The Beast of war stalks forth to slay.
Steadfast we stand this Christmas Day—
"Peace, to men of good will."

Freedom of life is ours to hold!
Better than bars of finest gold;
Better by far than wealth untold—
"Peace, to men of good will."

Horrors of war shall pass away;
Spent will be the pagan sway;
Nations shall all rejoice, and say
"Peace to men of good will."

Never shall weaker nations hear
Oppression's might approaching near;
Never a Tyrant's thraldom fear—
"Peace, to men of good will."

They who die upholding Right,
Against the evil hordes of might,
Kindle a torch unquenching bright—
"Peace, to men of good will."

Towers of evil, in affright,
Shall vanish, like the shades of night
Dissolved by means of mirroring light—
"Peace to men of good will."

Be of good cheer though skies are gray,
Stronger the faith of all who pray;
Hark to the swell of the Holy Lay:
"Peace to men of good will."

By Henry Aynesworth Britton.





St. Joseph Lilies join with the many friends of the Most Rev. A. A. Sinnott, Archbishop of Winnipeg, in congratulating His Excellency on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee. Our prayers, too, are offered that many more years may be granted the beloved Archbishop to labour in his vast archdiocese.

We offer sincere felicitations to the Reverend Michael V. Kelly, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of his ordination.

As a former literary contributor to St. Joseph Lilies we offer hearty felicitations to Rev. Brother Alfred, F.S.C., who in October celebrated the 50th anniversary of his entry into the Christian Brothers' Congregation.

A general exhibit of the work prepared by the Toronto Separate Schools for the C.N.E. was held in St. Mary's School from Oct. 28th-31st.

The variety and excellence of the work displayed called forth much favorable comment from the visitors.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

A Surprise Party for all, on Sept. 23rd, was arranged by Mrs. Peter Heenan, Sr.

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The Knights of Columbus held their annual outing on October 6th. Ninety-six autos were filled by their guests, who enjoyed a drive to Oakville by the Lake Shore highway. The return trip was made on the Queen Elizabeth highway. On their arrival home a chicken dinner awaited them, after which gifts were given to all. At seven two first-class pictures were shown. His Excellency Archbishop J. C. McGuigan spent the evening with us.

The "Study Club" under the supervision of our Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Bagnasco, is very popular and is arousing enthusiasm.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, TORONTO.

The yearly "At Home" held on the feast of St. Cecilia, was well attended. Half of the proceeds was given to the Kinsmen Nations War Fund to supply milk to the children in Britain.

* * *

St. Nicholas visited the Convent School on December 17th.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

On August 27th the new class of fifty-three Probationers registered. Among them are several graduates of St Joseph's College School: Kathleen Moffett, Mary German, Jean Whittman, Marie Sirois, Betty O'Neil, Marian Doherty, Ruth Watson and Mary Anne Griffin. Mary Anne after a year at St. Joseph's College decided on the nursing profession.

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The Student Nurses made their three days' retreat in mid-September, under the direction of Dr. L. A. Markle.

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On October 14th and 21st respectively the Junior Nurses and Preliminary Students visited the Donaldo Farms and Silverwood Dairy.

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The annual weiner roast on St. Michael's Day was held in the Recreation Room.

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On October 7th the Convention of the Ontario Conference of the C.H.A. of the United States and Canada was held in our Assembly Room. Many Sisters from all the hospitals in Ontario attended.

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Reverend Mother Margaret spoke on "The Sisters' Contribution to War Activities." Sister M. Albertine, C.S.J., on "An Evaluation of the Graduate Nurse in Public Health Work"; Sister Mary Kathleen, C.S.J., Director of Nurses, St. Michael's, on "The Education of the Nurse in the Catholic Hospital." Reverend Sister M. Nativity, Sister M. Vincentia and Sister St. Albert, of St. Michael's Hospital, gave reports of various committees.

The afternoon session closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, given by His Excellency, Most Reverend J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto.

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On October 8th, 9th and 10th the Royal York Hotel was the place of meeting of the Ontario Hospital Association Convention, which was attended by many of the Staff of St. Michael's Hospital.

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The Mass for deceased members of the Alumnae was said in the Chapel November 7th.

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The sum of $27.00 was contributed by the student nurses to the British War Victims' Fund.

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The senior nurses are attending a series of weekly lectures in Anatomy and Physiology given by Dr. Moran.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE.

The registration roll has increased and the new pupils already have the "school spirit."

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Field Day held in late September meant strenuous practice previous to the finals. The day itself was perfect. Competition in games and races was very keen.

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The home made candy sale held on October thirtieth helped to fill the Mission Mite boxes. The miniature booth where the candy was displayed invited only too willing customers.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Hallowe'en at St. Joseph's has become synonymous with "stunt nite," since at this concert all classes vie in the production of mirth-producing skits. This Hallowe'en was no exception and an enjoyable party ended with refreshments and dancing.

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Miss Monica McCarthy is attending the course in Teaching and Administration at the University of Toronto this year.

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The School has suffered a loss in the death of Kathleen Small a popular student, about to commence her Intermediate

year. Her classmates still miss her. The fortitude and faith of her sorrowing parents edifies all.

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The annual Retreat for the student nurses, at the opening of the school year, was conducted by Rev. John G. Fullerton. Happily, all the Catholic nurses were able to make a Closed Retreat, and due to Father Fullerton's untiring efforts, the week was one of spiritual refreshment.

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The student nurses attended a recent Alumnae meeting, when Dr. C. Cleland of the Ontario Hospital New Toronto, was the guest speaker on "Insulin and Metrazol Therapy."

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On October 16th the Alumnae conducted a successful Bingo party for charitable purposes. Valuable prizes were won. The $25.00 draw was won by Miss Teresa Hushin, the second prize ($10.00) was won by Miss Olga Kidd.

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At the Student Nurses' Sodality meeting, Sept. 19th, with the retiring president, M. O'Gorman, in the chair, new officers elected were: Director, Rev. A. Clancy; President, Mary Downey; Vice-President, Kathleen Albertson; Secretary- Treasurer, Ruth Donnelly; Sacristan, Harriet Newman. Members were appointed to the four acting Committees—Our Lady's Eucharistic, Apostolic and Catholic Literature and Publicity, and the duties outlined. Plans were made for a Sodality Dance to be held November 26th, with Miss Irene Glynn as Convener.

ROSETOWN.

Basketball is the popular sport here. October twenty-fifth, the Rosetown High School organized a basketball tournament. Games lasted from noon until eight p.m. Team were sent in from Biggar, Elrose, Milden, Conquest and of course, Rosetown. Our team, recently organized, was scheduled to play Milden, and in a fine game, came out victorious—twenty-seven to three.

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Distinguished visitors to Rosetown: His Excellency Bishop Gerald Murray, Rev. Father Sweeney, O.M.I., Rev. F. Coghlan, C.SS.R., and Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B.

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Oct. 19th Sodality Communion and breakfast, followed by

recitation of the Office. One hundred and two members were present.

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Varied and attractive costumes gave the judges some critical decisions to make at the Sodality Hallowe'en Party. Games, dances, quizzes, lunch, filled in the evening until the gigantic Hallowe'en cake decorated with apples and nuts, disappeared.

MY FRIEND.

In memory of Dr. Vincent McDonough, who departed this life, December 28, 1940.

MY FRIEND! these words are full of memories,
Laden with sweet thoughts of long ago.
Each memory has the pent up flow of seas
And through my thoughts a surging to and fro—
They ebb and flow until my very soul
Is conjoined to my friend in God's control.

Who is this friend? He may have passed away—
But did not leave me, for I have his love
And still I feel his presence day by day
And sense his spirit harmless as a dove.
I know that heaven a paradise must be—
Inhabited by such great souls as he.

Who is this friend who once life's pathway trod,
And scattered seeds of kindness on his way.
This friend, who marching towards the gates of God,
Kept pure the Faith regardless of earth's sway?
Who is this friend who never friend forsook?
His name is gold engraved in Heaven's Book.

Sterling Le R. Spicer.

Alumnae

ALUMNAE OFFICERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION. 1940 - 1942

Honorary President
The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

President
Mrs. E. F. Ellard

Vice-Presidents
Mrs. Leo Hall Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist Mrs. B. J. Unser
Mrs. Colin Grant Mrs. D. M. Goudy

Recording Secretary
Miss Viola Lyon

Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Gerald Dunn

Press Secretary
Miss Viola Lyon

Treasurer
Miss Mabel Abrey

Counsellors
Mrs. W. E. Apted Mrs. Arthur Rogers Mrs. Robert Jones
Miss Jane Morin Miss Helen Hetherman

Historians
Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

A luncheon bridge was held in St. Joseph's Convent on Oct. 25 by ten alumnae associations, to celebrate the tenth birthday of the founding of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae. Patronesses were: Miss Margaret Conlin, representing St. Joseph's Juniors; Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman, Loretto; Mrs. E. F. Ellard, St. Joseph's College; Mrs. F. L. Staley, Notre Dame; Miss Kathleen Sperman, Ursuline; Miss Margaret Dillon, St. Joseph's H.S.; Miss Ruth Baigent, Loretto H.S. Graduates; Mrs. H. Edwards, St. Michael's College; Mrs. H. T. Roesler and Mrs. Archibald Brown, Sacred Heart Convent; Miss Joan McLaughlin, Loretto College.

Mrs. James Mallon, pianist, was assisted by Mrs. Charles McTague, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. J. L. Jerome, and Mrs. Archibald Brown.

November 11, 1941.

Another "Remembrance Day"—perhaps it's just as well they changed the name, because we are still waiting for the "Armistice Day" . . which makes us think of poppies and McCrae's "In Flanders Fields." When I was in school, the Governor-General, Lord Byng, and his lady, visited our school. It was this time of year, and we sang this masterpiece of McCrae's. Lady Byng said she had never heard it put to music before, nor have I since heard this lovely poem sung. I am almost overcome with news this month—there have been many contributions, but first I must apologize for holding up the presses again. You see the war is "hitting home." I lost my valued assistant when the Army called her on two hours' notice. So much news to be recorded:

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Burke (Rita Kelly) are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of their daughter Mary Ann.

The former Camilla O'Connor (Mrs. Robert Curran) of Sault Ste. Marie has a new son, a brother for Suzanne.

A reunion of St. Joseph's graduates was apparent at Bette Burke's shower for Margaret Kennedy. Margaret's marriage to Mr. Herb. Bellamore was an event of November 8th, at Holy Family Church.

A ring has been spotted on that "certain finger" of Edith McGovern, but we do not know when the wedding bells will ring.

Congratulations and best wishes to Dr. Charles Sullivan (Marie Barry's husband) who has taken a government position at Halifax, N.S.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Dunning (Helen M. Macdonnell) whose marriage was a lovely Autumn event in St. Brigid's Church.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ahearn (Florence McCarthy) who are living in Ottawa since their marriage at the end of August.

To Mr and Mrs. R. E. Jones (nee Martina Rowe) on the arrival of their daughter in September.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Burns (née Verona Ronan) on the arrival of their daughter, in Iroquois Falls.

To all our alumnae who are doing wonderful work in Catholic Action. Each day we see new evidence in newspaper and magazine items of their efforts. Miss Marie O'Mara, of the St. Catharines subdivision of the C.W.L., was convener for a Harvest Tea in their city.

In the Toronto city subdivision of the C.W.L. Mrs. Frank

Pujolas is one of their most ardent workers, and this Fall gave her support to Navy League Tag Day, among other events.

Mrs. J. A. Thompson (Gertrude O'Connor), one of our regular contributors, has been a busy woman this year. Mrs. Thompson is an enthusiastic worker in St. Monica's Council, Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society which is doing such a wonderful work among the Western Canada Dioceses. A Toy and Clothing Shower on November 2nd, a booth at the Mission Exhibit at the Jesuit Seminary are two of their many activities this fall. Poor families in the West as well as the churches of poor parishes, are helped by this Women's Auxiliary. Vestments and Altar linens are routine work with this organization.

And working up to such commendable work are the Juniors, who at present have been collecting back issues of magazines for the use of Army canteens. At the Communion Breakfast on October 5th an enthusiastic committee was composed of Ann Pape, Alice Lamb, Margaret Lobraico, Ann Dessert, Eileen O'Hara, Ruth Bradley, Pauline Cuthbert, Josephine Marney, Margaret Stanley, Frances Grimes, Helen Bakewell, Irene Haffey, Joan Casey, Sunny McLaughlin, Patricia Walsh, Mary Kay Mickler, Thecla Shea, Bernadette Morin, Eileen McKinnon and Geraldine Riley.

In Toronto's Catholic Junior League, many of our Alumnae are active and enthusiastic members. Father Hector Daly addressed about 200 members in September. Among our alumnae convening this lecture, followed by Tea were Eleanor Hynes and Eileen Zeagman, Mary McGoey, Margaret Conlin, Mrs. George Noll. The Catholic Junior League's "Head-Dress" Ball in November was largely attended—convener, Miss Joan McLaughlin; her assistant, Virginia Nelson. Many of our alumnae were among the guests that evening, including Mary Vigeon, Aileen Sheedy, Estelle Tipping.

His Grace the Archbishop and Monsignor Harris were "callers" at the amalgamation tea, Sunday, November 2nd. Conveners on this day were Mrs. E. F. Ellard, Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist, Mrs. B. J. Unser, Mrs. D. M. Goudy, Miss Margaret Kelman, Miss Mabel Abrey and Mrs. C. Grant. Margaret Conlin and Teresa Breen were tea hostesses.

Helen Sheedy was widely entertained before her marriage in November to Mr. Edward Rosar. Among the out-of-town guests at Helen's wedding were Evelyn Krausman of Montreal, and Clarine (Hughes) Speno, of Ithaca, N.Y.

Mrs. Smith (Mary Ryan) was in Toronto at the time of

the alumnae bridge this Fall and renewed many acquaintances. Ruth Agnew was here late in September to see Mr. and Mrs. Agnew (Helen Derocher) and family.

Olive (O'Connell) Paquette was in Peterborough during October, with her little boy and girl. Nora (Welsh) Ownes, who is in New Brunswick, has three little Ownes to keep her busy. Margery McNulty was the pretty bridesmaid at the marriage of her sister Marcelle to Mr. George McCrae of Lindsay, on October 28th. Saw Madeline (Rutherford) Overend at the reception. Mrs. Overend's elder daughter, Mary, is at the College this year, taking a course in physio-therapy. Joan Lynch was in Toronto to see Lillian Gish in "Life with Father." I hope to be up for all the Theatre Guild presentations this winter, beginning with Claudia next week. Margaret McDonell and I have season's tickets for the six plays.

I've just had a letter from Adele McGuane. The opera season in Los Angeles, by the San Francisco Opera Company has just closed, and Adele only missed two performances. She says, "you know, it is rather thrilling even when you live out here, to sit beside movie stars at these affairs." Adele is planning another trip north next year. She was reminding me that Sister Immaculata is in Vancouver now.

Marie Hammall was named the best all-round lady rider at the Eaton Riding Club's annual show, and the riding of tiny Margaret drew praise from judges and spectators alike. Sitting on her small mount with expert ease, the little Miss was placed third in a ladies' open "seat and hands" class, and captured the cup for the youngest girl in the show. Margaret was also judged the best girl rider under 15 years of age at the Canadian National Exhibition this year, while Marie was runner-up in several classes at our "Ex." Marie won three events at the Eaton Riding Club's show early in October, with her favourite mount, "Brownie." Marie is only 15, and Margaret 11.

This is the report for all activities. I do hope we will continue to get alumnae news reports from all sections and that the enthusiastic work to get new subscriptions will continue. Merry Christmas to all of you!

Hilda Sullivan.

Mirror Lake, Bishopton, Que.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

I have been promising myself a visit with you ever since Mrs. Fraser learned over in church and told me I should catch

up on my correspondence. My husband is away, and I write him three times a week, then there are frequent notes to my father—and an occasional letter to my good mother-in-law. That is the extent of my correspondence.

There are reasons for this—seven of them to be exact. My seven children, Brian, 11; Tim, 10; Mary Pat, 9; Emmett, 6; Michael, 5; Ann, 4, and Kevin is six months, keep me "on the hop". Help is a problem these war times.

My husband has been in Newfoundland since April, building fortifications along the coast line. Now he is in Botwood, on the Bay of Exploits, where the inhabitants have been getting a jolt out of their quiet life. My husband is not in the army but next thing to it. Recently he came home on sick leave—his feet gave out on him, jumping over the muskeg. He returned by bomber—a four hours trip; by train it takes four days.

We spent the summer at a little lake below Sherbrooke. My two aunts being there I was able to go to Montreal for a few days with my husband.

We have been living in Montreal West for the past three years and I like it. Montreal offers much more to English speaking people than Quebec. I have four children going to school. M. Pat has done well and so does Tim; the other two haven't much time for study by the time they get around to ball and hockey and Scouts, etc.

I have lost track of everyone in my wilderness of domesticity but I would much like to hear from you.

Catherine Delaney Kelly,
171 Percival Ave.,
Montreal West, Que.

15th General Hospital,
"Somewhere in England."

. . . I have just returned from a week's leave. I spent Sunday and Monday with my cousins in Gloucester, which is in the Cotswold country, fertile land, heavily wooded hills, small towns, and villages pretty and quaint nestled in the valleys. I arrived there in time for "tea," and we then took a walk around the city and viewed the latest "crater" (very few raids there), and walked around the Cathedral and grounds. It is one of the finest in England, much of it early Norman architecture.

Next day, off to Torquay the Riviera of England, palm

trees and all, though the sea front is rather marred with barbed wire. Torquay itself is filled with people from the cities. Devonshire soil and clay are brick red, and the thirty cliffs down to the sea are red contrasting ideally with green grass and trees. I saw a cavern which they say is a million years old. It extends under a hill for one-half mile. The remains of prehistoric animals and early men have been found in it. We took a 67 mile trip over Dartmoor. I knew it was a desolate part of the country, but did not know there were so many rock-strewn hills on which nothing but gorse and heather grow. Many wild, shaggy ponies live on the moors. Every few miles is a fertile valley with neat farms and rivers about as wide as creeks at home, fast-running and very clear.

Friday, back to London, almost an all-day trip under present conditions. The trains are usually late, yet the speed at which repair of bomb damage is made is astonishing. Had a quiet night in London, and the next day went out to a farm in Sussex. I had really thick cream for the first time in months and marvellous meals. In the evening we sat around the fire and talked. What a fireplace—takes three-foot logs. It was a clear, moonlight night and the aeroplanes were going over steadily and flashes of anti-aircraft guns could be seen in all directions. The men-folk stayed up to watch, but we went to bed. Sometime later I heard a bomb fall. It shook the house but was some distance off. Then, a plane crashed, and we could hear the engine cut off and the plane dropping rapidly. It sounded close, but the men said all they could see was just a cloud of black smoke.

Next morning up bright and early to drive back to work. I had to be on duty at 10 a.m.—so ended my leave. . . .

Margaret Hunt, R.C.A.M.C.

Sussex Military Hospital, N.B.
October 2, 1941.

. . . . We have been here since April and all just love it. All summer long it rained, but now the days are warm and sunny. We have become a cycling C.C.S.—each one owns a bicycle. There were lots of cuts and bruises at first, but now we are expert. The country is beautiful, and on our time off we pack a lunch and cycle to one of our favourite haunts.

On our two days' leave we start off and ride for miles, staying overnight in a cabin wherever we happen to be.

The nursing sisters of No. 2 C.C.S. are real soldiers now,

going out on daily marches for the past two weeks. We wear steel helmets and respirators, and some days our gas capes. The capes are in a roll on the back and at the gas alarm you don your respirator, pull a string, and the cape falls all around you. This morning we walked two miles in forty minutes. We were sitting by the roadside, resting and eating apples (stolen fruit), when lines of soldiers appeared over the hill. They were our own officers and men. This was the first time we had met them on our marches, and they thought it was a great joke to find us resting. Towards the end of their line we fell in and marched back with them. Half-way back an alarm sounded and everyone jumped into the ditch, trying hard to hide in the long grass. That was an aerial attack. After the imaginary planes disappeared, we resumed our march to camp. We've had some wary moments and some painful ones too, but the fresh air makes one feel wonderful. Connie Bond, R.C.A.M.C.

Vancouver, B.C.

. . . I must tell you of our drive up Grouse Mountain. We drove up 3,800 feet and at that height, neighbouring mountains towered high above us. I cannot find words to describe the fresh air and the scenery. The forest fires on the North Shore made it too misty to obtain a clear view of the city and the surrounding country far below. Still we could see enough to imagine what it would be on a clear day.

The chalet which is built of logs—Douglas Fir—is large and roomy. The lounge, dining room and dance hall have hardwood floors, well waxed. The walls, of course, are of logs with a polished finish and are decorated with huge moose, elk and reindeer heads. A blue grouse occupies a prominent position. On one side of the mantel, over the great stone fire-place, snarling at us as we stopped to admire him, stands the smallest cub I ever saw. Standing on his hind feet, holding a lamp in one of his paws he reaches about a foot and a half. On the other side of the mantel is a large owl with wings up-stretched—perhaps two feet. . . The cub and the owl looked so alive that I felt somewhat fearful lest, perhaps, when I moved closer to obtain a better view of the owl, he might step from his perch and leave me minus an eye or my nose.

The lounge is beautifully furnished with several chesterfield suites and the odd easy chair; lovely rugs stretch before fireplace, lounges, etc., and the electric lights are hidden in

lantern-shaped fixtures hanging from large beams, while a number of old-fashioned oil lamps can be seen, here and there, about the room. These latter are necessary during storms when the electricity goes off.

The staircase is made of logs—cut square—and are held together with large wooden pegs instead of nails or bolts. The bannister is of highly polished *roots*. The newel post caught my eye particularly. It is a big twisted root, the top of which resembles a human face. We were taken upstairs to see the bed-rooms which rate from $3.50 to $4.50 a night. There are two or three suites—sitting room, bedroom and bath, but I do not think we heard what the rate was for them.

The view from every window is marvellous. The doghouse, too, is made from logs and is occupied by a large St. Bernard. Everything is *huge*. The road up the mountain is broad enough to permit two cars to pass one another. The driver needs to have a steady head and hand, or else . . .! for the curves are numerous and extremely sharp. In many places, notices warn the driver to sound the horn in case there might be a car coming around the curve from the opposite direction. It is all very thrilling and I enjoyed it immensely.

Wild foxglove and many other plants we could not name grow profusely up the mountainside, trees higher than telegraph poles and the birds ! ! ! Deer and bears are plentiful, although we were not fortunate in seeing any.

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of our deceased friends; Rev. Father Neron, C.Ss.R., Rev. Father Pageau, Sr. St. Luke (Buffalo), Mr. Kentleton, Mr. Craig, Mrs. T. Cobden, Mr. Patterson, Mr. L. Fitzgerald, Mrs. J. B. Strathern, Mr. Maloney, Mrs. Potts, Mr. Keogh, Mr. McCabe, Mrs. F. Berlin, Mrs. Galvin, Mrs. Lanphier, Mrs. McDonald, Mr. J. C. O'Connor, Mr. M. O'Meara, Mrs. A. Weiler, Miss J. Weiler, Mrs. Bannon, Mr. V. Breen, Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. Kelly, Mr. L. Woods, Mrs. Millar, Mr. E. Foy, Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. McDonald, Mr. M. P. McCaffery, Mrs. A. Kennedy, Mrs. Lyons, Mr. T. McDonough, Miss J. Phelan, Miss M. McGuire, Miss M. Smith, Mr. P. Fitzpatrick, Sister Carmella (Nova Scotia), Mr. Redmond, Mrs. LaFrance, and Mrs. A. LaHaye.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



ST. MICHAEL'S DAY. September 29th marked the real beginning of our school year. The students of St. Michael's College, including St. Michael's men and the women students of Loretto and St. Joseph's heard Mass in a body at St. Basil's Church, in celebration of the Feast of St. Michael. All wore caps and gowns, making it a very impressive scene. Father McLaughlin, the Superior of St. Michael's College, addressed us and pointed out the benefits of a Catholic University Education, and the responsibility devolving on each student of making the best use of the advantages being offered to him. Cesare Borre, Director of Music at St. Michael's played the organ.

Marie Rose Reid.

SODALITY MEETING. The first meeting of the Sodality for the year 1941-42 was held on Oct. 19. Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by Reverend Father O'Toole, C.S.B., of the classics staff of St. Michael's. In his sermon, Father urged devotion to the Blessed Virgin; he stressed the desirability of imitation of and recourse to Mary and urged saying the Rosary every day. After Mass and the Office of the Blessed Virgin, breakfast was served in the common-room. The meeting was opened by Grace Griffin, the president, who put before the members plans for the Sodality during the year. These were discussed, then Sister St. John spoke, reminding us that the Sodality is the most important society in our college and urging us to be faithful in devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to invoke her as our loving mother. Sister is providing new Sodality brooches of the miraculous medal which are to be worn on our gowns as the insignia of the most exclusive of all societies that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The members were afterwards presented to Father O'Toole. The next meeting of the Sodality will be held on November 16, when Rev. Dr. E. Crossland, S.T.D., will address the Sodality. An account of this meeting will appear in our next issue.

Mary Kelly, '42.

FALL HIKE. As is the custom every year, the students of St. Joseph's set aside one sunny afternoon for a long hike in the woods. Our books were dropped, old clothes donned and all set out at two o'clock. The first few miles were very unimpressive as the scenery was viewed from the window of a street-car. Finally we reached the city limits; then we set out in earnest. It was necessary to walk several miles before reaching our destination at the House of Providence Farm. Then everybody pitched in, and started to work. Some gathered wood, some fetched water, others brought food from a nearby car. A large fire was started; soon marsh-mellows were roasting, weiners sizzling and the enticing smell of roasting apples reached our nostrils. At a distance could be seen small groups of students either resting on the grass or wandering about snapping pictures.

After a delicious supper topped off with a steaming hot cup of tea and a tasty doughnut, we decided to take a walk through the woods. The trees were exquisitly beautiful in their leaves of vibrant red, bright yellow and golden brown.

After pausing a time to imbibe the beauties of nature, we reluctantly began our homeward trail through the woods. At seven o'clock many tired and happy girls climbed the winding staircase of St. Joseph's.

Rose Mary Sullivan.

LORETTO GIRLS TO TEA. On Sunday, Oct. 19, we had the pleasure of having the Loretto Resident girls to tea. Sister St. John with the head girl, Mildred Ogle and the House Committee, Mary Mogan, Ann Matheson and Carmela Luciani received our guests. After tea, Miss Therese Lane, B. Mus., entertained us with classical selections on the piano. It was nice to meet the new Loretto girls and to renew friendship with the former ones.

MISSION TEA. The annual mission tea, more accurately mission supper (for the boys who patronize it object strenuously to "teas" or even "tea") held Sunday, Nov. 9, was a great success. Close to two hundred hungry lads and lassies were fed on hamburgers and buns, apple pie and cheese, apples, coffee and coco-cola. For weeks previous, posters of all sizes and shapes and colours advertised the big affair and their slogan, "The cause is good, so is the food," proved to be no mere allurement. Mademoiselle Therese

Lane, B. Mus., entertained after supper at the piano; three of her own compositions in swing music were enthusiastically received. There were games too and fortune-telling (astronomical, no less) and every one had a good time besides helping the "Good Cause". Congratulations to Mary Mogan, President of the Mission Society and to her able assistants, Ann Matheson, Grace Griffin and Carmela Luciani.

INITIATIONS. On the sorrows of freshmen! Poor weak helpless and defenceless creatures thrown to the mercies of ravening sophomores—cool and cunning sophomores with glints of hard cruelty flashing in their eyes—cruelty that outrivals that of the mightiest Sultan.

No thought was given to our dignity—after all we were COLLEGE students. As far as the sophomores were concerned, we had none—absolutely none. And what is a freshman without dignity? Nothing, nothing at all! Every possible thing was done to assure the world that we had no dignity. We were made to flap our arms, not in private, but in the middle of the *CAMPUS* and on the *STREET*. What could be more humiliating. Our very souls writhed in agony.

As for kow-towing! It was the absolute and finite limit—enough to make the most timid and saintliest of saints rebel. But kow tow we did—and liked it. Fortunately I escaped that delicious piece of torture but my heart bled for my fellow freshmen as I saw them undergoing such rigors.

Did you hear the regulations forbidding makeup for the freshies? For one whole long week we floated around looking like something that should have gone back to the grave, at dawn.

Should a freshie use the *front door*, she heard of it. Such a thing was shocking, revolutionary, horrible, unheard of and believe me the bold radical was severely dealt with. She never entered the front door *twice!*

Of course we despicable, contemptible, freshmen had to pass our most worthy sophomores, who were practically members of the royal family, with lowered eyes, maidenly blushes and could only speak to these celestial creatures when spoken to, and then in low, hushed tones. Oh my, yes! And to attempt to address a *sophomore*, why my dear reader, that was *suicide.*

Then there was the grand finale! Something never to be forgotten by the sophomores—nor by the freshmen either for that matter. Of course there were the usual rites and

rituals plus a great deal more. Our hair was pulled back very tightly and tied into the most horrid unbecoming knot at the back AND through this was planted a large dead sprawling twig of oak, with its brown dusty leaves still intact. And so with the "rustles of spring" whispering about my head I was obliged to travel back and forth from building to building. My admirers were many and appraising glances followed me everywhere. I'm sure the other freshies received the same grinning approval. That day tinged with eternity, was the longest I ever lived through. Somehow, the day ended and so did the initiations. We were humans again.

Doris Miller, '44.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF 1941-42—Here we are again to tell you about the Freshies—a lively lot, to be sure. Let's start with the two new additions to Room 1. They are Ann Matthews and Irene Morisette. Ann is from Niagara Falls and Irene came to us from Haileybury. Both are in Pass Arts. Their next door neighbour is Clare Mahoney—"Mike" to us—a graduate of Sacred Heart Convent in Rochester. "Mike" is getting her Senior Matric. And now we come to those two inseparables, Betty Holmes and Jenny Mudrick. Betty and Jenny were at Normal last year and are working for their permanent first class certificates. Betty is from Fort William and Jenny is from Engleheart. Room 6 is full of freshies—Cecilia Noonan, Loretto Miller, Kathleen Kervin and Clare Kelly. Cecilia and Loretto are in Pass Arts; White River and Rosetown, Sask., are their native haunts. Kay Kervin, our one and only student in Medical Technology, hails from Oshawa. Clare Kelly, from Sudbury, is taking a business course at the Convent. Let's not forget our dental nurse-to-be—Wilma Cherriere. We know her better as "Billy." Billy's home town is Collingwood. Now, look at Room 9. Alice Balzac, our senorita from Puerta Rico, is taking Senior Matric. So is Rosemary Sullivan. Rosemary flew to us from Caldwell, N.J. Their two room-mates are Patricia O'Donoghue and Marguerite Legris. Pat is from St. Catharines and is working hard at her Household Economics. Marguerite, another Haileyburian, spends her working hours at the Conservatory. She is studying both piano and violin. "Yea Meds!" says Margaret Hauser, our young Freshie from Guelph. As you see, she's in Medicine. Angela Spadoni, from White River is taking business at the Convent, but Angela spends a lot of her time on music. Peterborough sent us Mary Overend.

Mary is in Household Economics. Marian Saeli, erstwhile cellist in her school orchestra in Rochester, is studying to get her Senior Matric, as is Maureen Keenaghan, our little girl from the big city—and we do mean big. Maureen is from New York. And last, but not least, we have Mary Walsh, who came to us from Brescia Hall. Mary's home is in Belleville and she is taking English Language and Literature.

And so, Freshies, now that you have been reviewed, "Good Luck and Carry On!"

Maureen Kelly,

THIRTEEN NEW DAY STUDENTS. Our September crop of freshies consists of thirteen enthusiastic maidens. They are, one and all, starting off with a zest for their new studies, and, by the way, like a bit of fun thrown in for good measure.

MARIAN BINKS—our first freshie, over from the Convent, has recovered sufficiently from the playful rigours of initiation to let us know that she is liking her English Lang. and Lit. course tremendously, not to mention her new College activities in general.

ELIZABETH CONDON—also comes to us from S.J.C.S., as our scholarship prize. Betty admits that she too is really enjoying her English Lang. and Lit. course and she is much impressed with the various university functions, with emphasis on social ones.

MARY CROCKER'S face lights up when you ask her about College. She has her own private ideas, but we know for a fact that her English Lang. and Lit. is an important item in her life, and also that her restful noon hours at various campus haunts, prepare her for the day's work ahead of her.

AUDREY GILMORE—our other scholarship boast, has beautiful memories of College initiation for later years, but meanwhile she is concentrating on her Modern Languages that will assist her eventually as a translator or teacher. Audrey arrived from S.J.C.S. and brought with her the Alumnae Scholarship and that good nature and admirable personality that has charmed us all.

ROSE GREENAN—Another S.J.C.S. graduate is usually found with "the gang," and we think she may have ideas of being a teacher when she has completed her Pass Arts course.

Though rather non-committal concerning College life in general, Rose has no trouble in exploring the field of College activities.

JOAN GREENING—our Port Arthur friend, delights in her Household Science course, and intends to follow in the footsteps of both father and sister Dorothea, a graduate of St. Michael's, in being a teacher. Joan likes to show you photos of picturesque scenes from her home town; however, she manages to take in the fair sights of Toronto as well.

SHEILA KIRBY—soon became known to us all through her pleasing personality and through write-ups in College papers, such as The Newman Newsman and the Varsity, no less! Sheila is intent on her Pass Arts course and has a side issue or two for relaxation. She comes from S.J.C.S.

DORIS MILLER—has definite ideas about being a dietitian, by way of her Household Economics course. Like the usual modest freshie, she can scarcely be made to voice her opinion on College life just yet, but it is a known fact that she is enjoying it and that we are glad to have her around. Doris is from St. Margaret's, Kirkfield.

VERNA OAG—from the Earl Haig High School in the northern section of our city is a welcome addition to the freshie class, taking the Pass Arts course. Verna has already shown much talent in the initiation program, and we know she will be successful throughout the next three years.

TERRY ROACH—S.J.C.S. graduate—came along this year to complete the happy group of thirteen with her winning ways. Terry tells us she is in Pass Art but stresses one subject in particular—household science, which she claims to be a very beneficial subject for future activities. Looking ahead eh?

MARGARET SEITZ—S.J.C.S. graduate in league with Terry with regards to her subjects in her Pass Arts, brings sunshine and interest into the classroom, the common room, the "Oak Room" and "what have you." Marg. is only one of thirteen to express her opinion of College life with the popular phrase, "it's wonderful."

HELEN TEOLIS—exclaims of her College life in Pass Arts "the freedom is amazing." Helent of course was forgetting to recall the restrictions of initiation, but was, rather, thinking of the new liberal education she is receiving, with lectures

only "on the instalment plan" and time left over for more living. Helen is also a graduate of S.J.C.S.

AUDREY TRIMBLE—has launched forth in Modern Languages. Like the twelve preceding freshies, Audrey is quite content to pursue various College doings in her own pleasant way, and can think of many a plan that is going to make her four years stay with us as interesting as possible. She comes from Humberside Collegiate and is the sister of Mary, who graduated in Eng. Lang. and Lit. last year.

Bonnie Foley, '43.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS. On Thursday, Nov. 13, the first meeting of Le Cercle Française was held in the Common Room of St. Joseph's College. Besides the French students of the College, several Sisters (among them former Graduates), some Loretto fellow-students and the Senior Boarders from the Convent were present. Mary Mogan, '43, President, called the meeting to order and addressed a warm message of welcome to the group. Irene Morisette, '44, read the minutes of the last meeting. The entire procedure was conducted in French. The President then presented Rev. Father Bondy, C.S.B., head of the French Department of St. Michael's College, who gave a very interesting résumé of Madame Raissa Maritain's latest book, "Les Grandes Amitiés," telling us also some intimate and delightful things about Madame and her celebrated husband Jacques Maritain, both of whom we had the pleasure of meeting last year. Father Bondy's lectures in French are always so distinctly and beautifully delivered that even the least proficient in French conversation can grasp the meaning.

Madamoiselle Therese Lane, Mus.B., favoured us with two artistically rendered piano selections—requests of our reverend guest speaker.

INITIATION AS SEEN BY A RESIDENT FRESHIE

Five or six years from now when we freshmen look back on our College days, we shall probably still remember those huge, orange bows saturated with castor-oil and perfume, those over-night bags in which we were compelled to carry our books, the ridiculous hair "do's" we had to cope with, and most of all the memorable night on which the sophomores dragged our weary bodies out of bed. Because of the absurd

things we were forced to do, the whole week of initiation seemed like an endless night-mare. To us poor "freshies" it was probably the longest and most miserable week of our lives. We were in a strange city, miles away from those to whom we could pour forth our troubles and find relief. There seemed no escape except to burst out into tears when we were sure no sophomores were around.

In spite of all this, however there were some definite advantages to initiation. In the first place, since we were compelled to address our fellow sophomores by name and to write verses about each one of them for the Freshman Concert, we found out a great deal about them and they about us. Secondly, we had a good excuse for not getting our homework done all week. Also it gave us something really interesting to write home to our friends.

Although we still hear in our sleep, "Recite a poem, freshie. Make my bed, freshie. Eat on your knees, freshie," we must admit we are looking forward to our initiation of the freshmen to come. We hope that we may carry it out as efficiently as the sophomores did this year and that the new freshmen will be able to endure it as well as we did—if not better.

Marion Saeli.

"KEYS OF THE KINGDOM" Reviewed.

Father Shook, C.S.B., guest-speaker of St. Teresa's Literary Society took as his subject the artistic weakness of the modern best-seller in general and of A. J. Cronin's "Keys of the Kingdom" in particular.

On the whole, this book has been unfavourably received by Catholic reviewers while it has met with general approval by the secular reading-public. The religious theme, the Chinese setting and the heavy touch of the melodramatic are good game for the excitement-hunter. Like most modern fiction writers, Cronin is concerned primarily with his audience, hence his work is not an artistic creation but a patchwork of conventional episodes designed to catch the eye of the reading public. The over emphasis on the melodramatic and the unfairness to Anselm Mealey, the Bishop, are both serious flaws. The melodramatic events range all the way from the tragic suicide of Nora before the on-coming locomotive to Father Chisholm's single handed capture of a cannon from an armed battalion of bandits. Bishop Mealey, the pious fraud, the religious hypocrite becomes, not a real man, or a true

villian but a mere peg for vices and almost a personal enemy of the author.

But the book is not without its merits. There is freshness and vitality of style and even genius in the character drawing of Father Chisholm and Mother Maria Veronica. Cronin's technique is that of the skilled writer of fiction, for one cannot help but admire his clever use of a diary to cover long periods of time.

A study in toleration, the book is a sincere effort on the part of the author to bring the reader face to face with Christian issues and as a whole there are no serious theological errors.

In conclusion Father Shook declared that, from a literary point of view the work was remarkably poorly done and not deserving of all the attention it has received.

Kathleen Lawrence.

HIS ROAD

'Tis a long road and a hard one
Bounded by thorny ways,
'Tis a straight road and a narrow
'Set with snares always,
'Tis a road for her who would follow
Bearing His yolk—her due,
'Tis a road that is taken, alas!
By only a few.
It is not the road for her who *would* be
Great in the eyes of men,
It is not a road for the unresigned
For her who ne'er says Amen!
It is not a road for the shirker
For her who shrinks from pain,
Nor is it a road for her who would not
Live with the highest aim.
This road was trodden by blood-stained feet
Many long years ago,
By the Christ-Child, born on a day when
The earth was covered with snow.
This road of our Blessed Saviour
Is the one we all must follow,
Let us begin to walk it to-day;
Too late may it be to-morrow.

Claire Mahoney.

GIFTS

Gifts . . . what a wealth of memories this word recalls; pleasant, humorous wistful, reminiscences that give our lives an added sparkle, unexpected excitement, and a treasure-chest of human affection. We all love to receive gifts, whether it is some little calendar that Johnny, your five year old nephew, has so painstakingly made during his first few days at kindergarten, or whether it is that lovely bottle of "Chanel No. 5" which for years has been your hidden desire. Since gifts play such an important part in our lives, let us consider three rules that will aid in choosing them.

Let your gift be different. Something odd, charming and practical usually appeals to everyone. Naturally, avoid ex-



tremes—unless you are certain the receiver enjoys fads. Let us say, for instance, that your brother's birthday is next week. He is at College and you do not hear from him often. Consequently the gift problem has you worried, for his letters give not even a faint suggestion of what he might be hoping for. Well, how about buying him one or two pennants from well-known Colleges. These are different and practical, for they will add "spice" to his room, and make him proud of his thoughtful sister.

Now for rule number two. Gifts are a luxury. Keep this in mind when you are on a purchasing-tour. Buy something for your friend or relation that he would not permit himself the luxury of buying—little things for which you know he would be grateful.

It would be so much more convenient, if when buying gifts the price was an item not to be considered. How much should I pay for a gift is often a perplexing problem. Some people claim the better the friend, the higher the price, but I am inclined to disagree. After all, it's the thought behind the gift that counts, not what you pay. Be a seasoned buyer

and strike a happy medium, for it may be that the person to whom you are giving the present may feel that he or she must return an equally expensive one when your birthday (or any such occasion) takes the front line on the calendar.

Buying gifts is a real art. Remember that gifts express *your* personality, so learn to buy appropriate gifts that will suit both your friend and your pocketbook.

M. Keenaghan.

A LETTER ABOUT FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL

And now Ann to the play! It was wonderful. Frankly I went there with the thought that it would be a waste of time, but I left with a far different opinion.

All the characters were excellent but Falstaff and Prince Henry stole the show. They were delightful. Falstaff reminded me of an immense homely lump of butter. He was six feet of gurgling bulk—"a huge hill of flesh" as the Prince called him. Ann, I don't suppose that he had seen his own knees within the last ten years. His hair was as white as hoar frost but still crisp and curly; his eyes were as merry as Satan's and he had the most bewitching grin that any man of sixty years could hope to have.

Falstaff sparkled with wit from the bottom of his long forgotten toes to the last white hair on his sinful head. When he laughed, he roared, and his whole mountain of a body rumbled and shook helplessly, driving his audience into fits of rollicking mirth. To be sure he was an old rascal, but how lovable he was. Ann, he was precious!

Another thing so likeable about Falstaff was his jokes. They were all on himself. The more ridiculous and impossible the jests the heartier his guffaws. Everybody nagged him, teased him and made fun of him. He thrived on it.

One of his favorite pastimes was prophesying the future in which he would be a reformed man, a splendid example to all who would behold him—indeed a keen rival to St. Peter himself. Honestly Ann, Falstaff was the sort of person who would turn down a cup of sack only when he saw Nicodemus himself reverently and gently holding the Holy Bible. That was the extent of Falstaff's angelical virtues. Black with sin, wasn't he?

The Prince was all that you'd ever imagine a Prince to be—tall, slender, graceful and dignified. He possessed almost a dual personality. In the early part of the play, he was as

light-hearted as an April morning. He sought pleasure as a starving waif seeks food. Later in the play he gave up his frivolity and turned his undivided attention to his duties. Pleasure-loving as he was, Ann, he was strong and made of fine stuff.

Falstaff was the last person in the world that should have been the Prince's companion. Both were aware of this fact, yet both shied from it. Falstaff again and again put in a good word for himself. For instance in one very clever scene, Falstaff and the Prince, in a spirit of jest, acted the role of the king and the Prince respectively. Falstaff as king praised himself wonderfully. It was really marvelous to hear it. He described himself as: "A goodly portly man, in faith, and a corpulent; of cheerful look and pleasing eye and a most noble carriage."—and so on. He left nothing unsaid. Trust Falstaff, the old sinner!

Things changed considerably when the Prince enacted the role of the king. Indeed they did! Prince Hal knew very well what his father thought of Falstaff. He condemned his bulky friend sternly and *thoroughly,* yet the latter squeezed out of every accusation. Upon my word, Ann, Falstaff should have been a lawyer, for he took sheer delight in deliberately putting himself into awkward predicaments, and floating out absolutely, unscathed. And he never failed! Oh no—not Falstaff!

Although he knew that he was not a fit companion for the Prince, I think Falstaff would have given him up, if he realized that he was exerting any serious and harmful influence over Prince Hal, for as the play proceeded the Prince saw less and less of Falstaff; yet this great jester never reproached his friend for this.

Certainly Prince Hal was influenced to some extent by his companion. He sought pleasure, not in the court with all its stiff-necked pomp, but in the tavern. Thank goodness he didn't go there to drink, Ann, or I would have been sorely disappointed in him. He went there because Falstaff went, and where this bag of jokes went, fun, mirth, and joy went hand in hand. Indeed they were part of Falstaff himself. Falstaff was devoted to the Prince and spent every possible moment making him happy. With "fat chops" the Prince was at his wittiest for Falstaff's humour was contagious.

Early in the play Falstaff persuaded Hal to rob some travellers. The Prince reluctantly consented and did so only in anticipation of the fun it was to evoke; because he and Poins planned to rob Falstaff in turn. And so he robbed for

the sake of hearing a wild ridiculous tale from Falstaff—and he heard it! Falstaff tattered and besmeared with blood, entered the inn and told his sad story. Almost immediately he ordered some sack. No doubt to drown his sorrows! At first there were only four thieves, but as each cup of sack descended his garrulous throat, the numbers increased with smacking gusto until they reached a hundred. Fierce and overwhelming, those misbegotten knaves in Kendall green were too much for the mighty Falstaff. And of all the complications he became involved in! But he floated out of them all as if he were volatile. It was truly remarkable, Ann.

Prince Hal continued on his merry madcap way—singing, drinking, joking, making light of all the world. Yet he was not all fluff; morevoer, he realized he was not all he ought to be. Deep in his heart he intended to give up his wild career when the time came. He thought that by being gay and frivolous then, men would admire him all the more when he would change. I was surprised at the cunning he revealed in one speech about his intentions to give up this madness.

> "Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
> Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
> To smother up his beauty from the world
> That when he pleases again to be himself
> Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
> By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
> Of vapours that did seem to strangle him."

King Henry reprimanded his son severely for his foolish ways and even went so far as to accuse him of being weak enough to join Hotspur against his own father. Though the Prince must have been deeply hurt, yet he made no angry denials but determined to begin life afresh and prove himself worthy of his father.

Before this time Falstaff had been Prince Henry's constant companion. Fortunately the prince was strong enough not to be seriously influenced by Falstaff's wrongdoings, but he did weaken somewhat. Falstaff first influenced the youth for the worst when he persuaded him to rob the travellers. Though Hal was unwilling, nevertheless he did consent. Again it was shown that the prince was going down the moral grade when he deliberately denied Falstaff's presence in the tavern, when questioned by the sheriff. However, the king's severe speech to his son awoke the lad's sense of responsibility. From that time on he began to change.

By the time war broke out, the prince realized what was expected of him and he gradually gave up Falstaff. Prince Hal first rebuked Falstaff when the latter made light of the serious situation in which the king was pleading with Worcester to lay down arms and keep peace within the country. Worcester replied that as far as he was concerned he would gladly do so, for he sought not such a day as this. When the king asked him how it was that such a day occurred, Falstaff interrupted and jestingly said, "Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it." His humour was decidedly out of place and the prince hushed him—"Peace, peace."

Steadily the prince climbed higher and higher while Falstaff sank into the very abyss of wrong-doing. He even allowed his soldiers to buy their way out of the army and hired almost useless men in their stead. He continued drinking and merrymaking while England faced a severe crisis. Yet, Ann he never once turned against him. His humour, though gay as ever, seemed a little whimsical and there was a mistiness of pathos, covering the sparkle of his jests, for we were losing him.

Falstaff's second rebuke came from the prince during the battle while the fighting was hot and fierce. At the time he was drinking and the prince cried at him, "What, is it a time to jest and dally now?"

Thus the prince scoffed at his old friend. He turned from Falstaff and renewed his fighting. The long, rigorous day proved Prince Hal a hero. He fought gallantly and gained every honour he vowed to gain.

When the Prince of Wales had won all his glory and had killed Hotspur, he had only praise for his foe. In his humility he admired this great warrior. Death tore down the barrier of reserve between the two and speaking to his slain enemy, Prince Hal said:

> "This earth that bears thee dead,
> Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
> Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven."

The play ends with the prince a hero well worthy of the finest praise that can be given to him. He has carried out his vow to the last letter, Ann, and has won respect and esteem.

As for Falstaff—he has disappeared into the haze of obscurity, whatever becomes of him I do not know. I only know that he makes a strangely pathetic figure as he sinks

lower and lower. It is as if he were going down a long path, down and down and down until the thick swollen vapours arising from the ground surrounded and hid him from our sight. His bubbling laughter rises faintly in the distance and as their echoes die in the curling wreaths of mist, we seek him, yearning to bring him back from this evil,—but he is lost.

Strangely enough Ann, there is no depressive feeling, because of this. The prince's tremendous success banishes all that. He has fought and won. He has proved himself the finest of the fine. As the curtain falls we know that he will go on and on, each day becoming greater, finer and nobler—each day fulfilling the promise to his father—each day climbing higher and higher into the very heights of fame. Indeed, Ann, he is a knight in shining armour.

Doris Miller, '45.

"THE RED HAT," a Story of John Henry Cardinal Newman, by Covelle Newcomb. Longmans, Green and Company, 1941.

In portraying the complex, magnetic personality of one of the greatest of the English Victorians, the author has employed a dramatic method which will ensure the immediate popularity of the book. Besides introducing an abundance of sprightly dialogue (Newman's own, in large part his recorded words), he has presented in most vivid scenes all the chief crisis in Newman's life from early boyhood to advanced age when he was created Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

The pen of a talented Catholic depicts with truthfulness and sympathy the noted and saintly Oxford convert whom a strange fate so often submerged in a tide of defeat or tossed to the crest of the wave of triumph.

All admirers of Newman will welcome this latest tribute to him, and High School students will find it an attractive presentation of a gracious and noble man.

I don't know whether the Sophomores were in the habit of counting their Freshmen at their little meetings every morning during Initiation Week. But just in case anyone discovers that one of them is missing, I thought I had better tell you what happened one day.

I went into the Library and there was a Freshman seated at the table with an English book open before her. Her head was clutched in her hands, and she was so lost in thought that she did not hear me come in. In a few minutes, she began to mutter desperately. This is what she said:

To do, or not to do,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The sneers and insults of outrageous sophomores,
Or to rise against that horde of savages
And, by opposing, end—ourselves. To refuse to sing?—
O lor! And by refusing know we bring
Upon ourselves the thousand unnatural shocks
That Frosh are heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly not to be wished! To bend,—to kowtow—
To kowtow,—perchance to slip! ay, there's the rub;
For in that mocking scene, Freshmen might slip.
When, weary, we are shuffling through the hall,
They make us pause, and pay the respect
That makes a calamity of a Freshman's life,
For who would bear the contempt and scorn of
Sophomores?

Suddenly she leaped up, screamed three times, "I won't, I won't, I won't!" and rushed wildly out the door. I never saw—I mean, I don't know whether I did ever see her again—there was such a welter of Freshies and Sophs about at that time, I couldn't disentangle them. But—if there is any Freshman missing—

Mary Kelly, 4T2.



Field Day Field Day, October 9th as always was a gala event of the school year.

At twelve o'clock school was dismissed. Then a great rush ensued for the booths. There were hot-dogs, potato-chips, candies, ice-cream, sandwiches, apples and pop. It was difficult to say which was the most popular—for there was a crowd around each one most of the time.

In the afternoon, the sport events took place. There were basket ball shots, relays from Grade 1 to Fifth form, dashes. Another new feature this year was the posture contest, continued throughout the afternoon with the final awards being made in the gymnasium between the games. Then at three, a school basket ball game completed a most enjoyable Field Day.

Lenore Mackie, II-B.

The Victory Loan Draw On Wednesday, October 29th, the school auditorium was filled to capacity with eager students awaiting the results of the Victory Loan Draw. Sister Superior presided. Three tiny tots of Grade 1 drew the luck names. The twenty-five dollar prize was awarded to Audrey Metzler. The fifteen dollar prize came next. It was won by one of our schoolmates, Nancy Horan of Form V. The last prize, a ten dollar loan was captured by Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Sr. Maura announced that Field Day was a great success, and that the prizes would be distributed in the various classrooms.

The excitement and suspense was over for another year.

Catharine Aitchison, II-A.

Initiation A ghostly scream followed by a rising tide of uproarious laughter filled the night air. "Twas the 'grande finale' of the Boarders" initiation.

The "old girls" were assembled in the auditorium to watch

with scornful eye the tortures which those "freshies" were made to undergo.

How would you like to feed someone sticky, stringy syrup with, of course, both of you blindfold? To be literally "dripping" with syrup is not a very pleasant sensation, or at least so we gathered from the shrieks of the new girls and the peals of laughter from the knowing old girls.

How would you like to have to tenderly caress the bones of a freshly killed calf?

No—well they didn't like that either.

And these were but two of the many trying tests that the new girls of '41 underwent to prove that "they can take it".

Congratulations, new girls!—you're all good sports—the very best.

Of course the evening would not have been complete without refreshments—dainty sandwiches and creamy cocoa served in the auditorium.

And so once again initiation is over for another year, and the new girls are already looking forward to that day in the future—the day of their revenge.

Patricia McDermott, III-C.

Inter-form Basketball Keen excitement flashed through our room as the last period bell rang. Books were packed and a straight line was formed in record time, for at three-fifteen the inter-form basketball game between III-A and III-B was to be played.

The teams loked smart in their tunics white blouses and black running shoes as they ran into the gym to have a few practice shots before the final test. On the gym balcony their school-mates cheered them on to victory time and time again as the ball dropped through the basket. Both teams were playing well and at the last quarter all was a breathless silence. The ball was thrown to III-A's centre forward but the pass was intercepted by one of the III-B's guards who passed it to a ready forward. She shot and a rousing cheer was heard for III-B had won.

Elaine Hopkins, III-B.

The Hike and Weiner Roast. On Saturday, September twenty-seventh, the resident pupils had a hike and weiner roast in the woods near the House of Providence farm. It was an Indian Summer day and once in the open

spaces we lost our dignity and forgot all our cares. After a suitable spot had been found for our fire and the weiner kettle placed on it, we went a-tramping in the woods.

Then came the news that the weiners were ready and back we hurried.

How good the hot rolls tasted! After the picnic was over we played games and took pictures—the woods ringing with our laughter. Then came the camp songs around the campfire. All too soon it was time for home—but we carried with us many happy memories of our hike.

Mary Ingoldsby, II-B.

Christmas Shopping Deciding to purchase the necessary Christmas presents early and avoid the crowds, I sat down, with firm determination, and made out a



list, tabulating among many other things, a pipe for uncle Tom, a book for Father and a pair of gloves for Mother.

Upon returning from my shopping expedition, laden with parcels, I carefully deposited the bundles in various secret hiding places throughout the house. My mind was now contented.

It was two days before Christmas and, in a casual conversation with Mother, I discovered to my horror that Father had recently read the above mentioned book, also, that uncle Tom had been ordered by the doctor to give up smoking and that (confidentially) Dad had hidden in his bureau drawer, a pair of gloves exactly the same as the ones I had intended for Mother. All my planning had been in vain, I must renew my shopping efforts in the midst of the Yule-tide throngs!

Margaret Moore, 11-D.

Moulton Versus St. Joseph's. It was a crisp October day when we, the third and fourth team of St. Joseph's, started for Moulton College, with whom we were to play basketball. There was a lovely tingling smell of burning leaves and we did so enjoy the walk up to Bloor Street, which was a break in the day's routine.

After a little preliminary practice, the game started. It proved to be very fast and exciting, as the Moulton team were splendid players and we seemed to be well matched.

We found the baskets higher than those to which we were accustomed, but soon overcame that difficulty. After getting well into our stride, St. Joseph's won, with the third team's score 8-2 and the fourth team's score 6-2.

Our hostesses of the day afterwards served us with a delicious tea in the drawing room of the school.

Sally Murray, II-B.

THE NEW MOTHER'S LOVE

Tootsie sat all alone in her brightly decorated nursery, and looked disappointedly at her many toys strewn about the room. First a pram carriage, then an Eaton Beauty doll, then a teddy bear, and a wardrobe of dollies clothes had been flung aside in a corner. Now, while thinking of some new way to amuse herself, she heard light, creeping footsteps approaching the nursery, and before she knew it, the door opened quickly to admit her new step-mother. She looked at her as everyone did with admiration, but was too much in awe of her to utter a word and the mother on her part was nearly speechless, looking at this beautiful fair-haired little girl whose love she had been trying to win since she had taken the place of Tootsie's dead mother over two months ago. When her eyes met Tootsie's, they filled with tears; her heart felt for the first time soft and light, and a gentle reproof rose to her lips, but stopped there, for something told her that her new little step-daughter had also been lonesome. She walked over to her and taking her up into her arms, kissed her as a mother would kiss her own child and before she could speak an expression too sweet for description lit the little child's face. At mother's whisper "Good night, darling, now you run off to bed", the child with touching docility obeyed.

After a few hours the new mother crept silently into Tootsie's room and stood gazing down at her as she lay fast asleep. "Tootsie", she whispered under her breath, "I've won your love and you also have won mine".

That night Tootsie went to sleep, a very happy little girl, knowing that she had a loving mother all to herself.

Mary Regan, III-C.

THE PLACE OF ATHLETICS IN SCHOOL LIFE

Athletics form an important part in our school life. We have a great variety of games from which to choose. Some girls are especially gifted for basketball while others are more adept at archery. I, for one, prefer tennis as a good, vigorous game.

Basketball, I am sure, forms the background of all class contests. Every night after school, if you walk into the gymnasium of St. Joseph's College School, I am sure, you will find either one or two classes battling for top score. These contests enable the Senior team to be formed which will in time challenge other schools, and as basketball is an all year game, the players have much practice.

Tennis is only played in early Autumn and early summer. As it is an outdoor game, the weather is a deciding factor for this game. Tennis probably requires the same amount of energy as basketball but it has never received the same amount of attention.

Baseball is indulged in by many students in the late spring and summer. It also is an outdoor game which is engaged in by many students.

Archery, strangely enough, is not as popular as any of these other games. It probably has not received the same amount of advertising or praise. Those students who do take archery enjoy it tremendously and usually become quite skilled at the art.

All these games help to give you an idea of the importance or place of athletics in school life as they help to keep the balance between work and healthful recreation which is certain to ensure that idea of all—a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Margaret Lobraico, III-B.

RESTIGOUCHE.

The note on Matane, in the June "Lilies" has given me the idea of pointing out my home village, Restigouche, on the south side of the Gaspé Peninsula, opposite Matane itself, at the entrance of the beautiful Chaleur Bay, discovered and visited by Jacques Cartier, one year before Matane and Quebec.

Among many objects which still interest visitors is the old, 100 ft. long French ship, lying now on the east side of the church, the "Marquis de Malauze," which was sunk in our river 181 years ago, in the last battle of the Seven Years War, and was rescued from the river two years ago by our Father Pacifique, O.M.Cap.

It might be well renamed—St. Ann's Ship—not only because it rests on St. Ann's acre, but because it is like the disabled ship that miraculously carried the Saint's relics from Jerusalem to France.

If another French girl who has not the privilege like Miss Lafontaine, of being really a student of St. Joseph's College School, but who admires the Institution and its splendid Review, is granted a few lines therein to-day, she with many others will be thankful.

Bernadette Olscamp,
of St. Ann de Restigouche, P.Q.

THE THRESHERS COME.

"Only six o'clock," sighed Eliza Walters as she finished the breakfast dishes, "and I'm tired already. Sometimes I wonder if I'm cut out for farm life—still, Tom's always been good to me, even if he doesn't realize that I often find this everlasting work dreary."

This morning the threshers had come; and thinking of the meals she would have to prepare had made Eliza discontented, and entirely oblivious to the sunshine slanting through the windows, filtering through newly-washed curtains, and burnishing the copper tea kettle.

Hurriedly putting the dishes away, Eliza began to assemble her baking utensils in order to make the pies, cakes, and biscuits for which she had gained a reputation among the threshers.

"A person does well if she can get those men really filled," Eliza grumbled. "But they'll never be able to say the Walters folks are stingy," she added as she put the meat and vegetables on the big stove.

The morning dragged on, but at last twelve o'clock came, and Eliza went outside to ring the dinner bell.

As the hungry men came trooping to the table, they brought with them the odour of grain, sweet clover, and dust. Their faces were damp and ruddy from the heat, and the cold water with which they had splashed themselves before coming into the house. Eliza, flushed and cross, set the steaming plates of food before the threshers, who ate rapidly and without much conversation.

After dinner, as the men were preparing to return to the fields, Eliza heard them speak of the poor crops which a neighbouring farm had yielded. "It will be a surprise to me if the Andersons have enough for the winter," said one of the threshers.

Suddenly Eliza's angry mood vanished. "At least I know that I have enough to eat," she thought, "even if I haven't got all the comforts of city life."

When evening came, and the threshers had gone home, Eliza went to the door of the farmhouse, and looked out at the wide, spreading land. The sun shone on the clover, and on the fields of barley and late corn, transforming them into a magical carpet.

Eliza smiled to herself, and a deep contentment filled her.

Patricia Sylvain, III-D.

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

If you are down and feeling blue,
Think of others worrying too,
Just because your trials are many
Don't think the rest of us haven't any.

Life is made up of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears,
And, those who travel fortune's road,
Sometimes carry the biggest load.

Helen St. Marie, II-C.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

One night during the week before Christmas Dad came home from his office tired out. As he sank into his big chair by the fire, I ran upstairs to bring his slippers and his pipe down to him. Lately, I had noticed how weary Dad was on arriving home and I decided to ask the reason.

"Dad," I said, "just these last few nights you seem awfully tired when you come home. Is the office extra busy this week?"

"It is for me, Bob," Dad said, "because I am interviewing men for a job open at the plant and I haven't yet found one satisfactory. One of my men, head carpenter in my department, took seriously ill and won't be able to come back, and I need a trained and experienced man to fill in. The work is slowing up and I have to find some one soon."

After school the next day when I was delivering my papers, I met a boy who was in my room at school. He was a very poor boy so I asked him if he'd like to help me. He was very pleased, so I told him to take one side of the street while I took the other. After we had finished I gave him half of my day's pay. On our way home we started to talk about our hobbies. We were surprised to find that we were both interested in the same things—carving and making things out of wood. Jim asked me if I'd like to go home with him while he showed me some of his "masterpieces".

We arrived at his house which was a very poor looking place, but a clean one. He introduced me to his father and mother, who were both very young looking, but who seemed drawn and anxious.

"I've brought Bob home with me, Dad, to see some of my carvings", Jim said.

I was amazed to find that some of his "masterpieces" really looked like masterpieces to me.

"Dad taught me all I know about carpentry", he said. "He used to be a carpenter in a factory in the west before it closed down but since then he hasn't had a job. He's made nearly all the furniture for our house."

Just then I remembered Dad's saying that he wanted a trained and experienced man, and dashed out of the house without even saying "good-bye". I ran home and got Dad and told him about Jim's father. We drove over right away and Dad asked him a few questions and examined the tables and chairs and many other articles that he had made, then asked him if he could start work at eight o'clock in the morning with regular pay as his head carpenter. Since then Jim's family and mine have become the very best of friends and this year's Christmas was the nicest Christmas we both have ever had.

Mary Gallivan, III-C.

DAISIES.

Slumber along, little daisies,
And keep your little selves warm,
For soon the winter will be here
With its raging winds and storm.

Geraldine Douglas, Grade VI.,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

AN ADVENTUROUS HOLIDAY.

Margaret and Ken came into the lodge where the large wood fire-place was blazing. Most of the other girls and boys had not gone on the skiing trip, for it was bitterly cold. This was the last night of their holidays, so they planned to have a toboggan party for the early evening and a dance later. Some girls and boys were to arrive from the city late in the afternoon.

Margaret and Ken changed and prepared to leave to meet the others. When all had arrived and they were about to eat Margaret was no where to be found. Ken, not knowing what could have happened to her, rushed out. He began thinking of what she had said about hearing so much from an old school friend of hers and how she would like to see him. Ken, knowing that Ben, this school friend of Margaret's, lived only a short distance away, went to see if Margaret were there, but she had not yet arrived. He then returned to the station while the others searched the grounds and the lodge.

In about two hours' time all returned but Margaret. All evening, while the others were out enjoying themselves, satisfied that Margaret had probably gone to visit someone, Ken remained in the lodge gazing into the fire, recalling all the grand times they had spent together. Soon he retired and while lying in bed he suddenly remembered her going back into the baggage car to get Billy's ski poles.

He jumped up to phone the station, and on the way down the phone rang. It was a telegram from Margaret saying that she was waiting for him in a small station thirty miles from the lodge.

Anne Milligan, III-C.

FIVE TO NINE.

I don't know how it happened. I was late! I left home at five to eight and immediately set out across the fields to the car-stop. No time was wasted there. When I was about to cross the road, the street car pulled up on the opposite side of the highway. Heedless of cars, I dashed across and clambered up the steps. Now all was left to the conductor. Could he hurry that old car?

Well, everything proceeded smoothly until I got off at Bay St. Eaton's window can be very tempting to a teen-age girl, you know. The new winter outfits they had! Very smart, they were. When I finally remembered school, I looked at my watch. Horrors! Five to nine! On to a street car I hurried. Albert Street. Four minutes to nine! Louisa, two minutes to nine, Dundas, nine o'clock. Too late!

"Half an hour after school!"

I am sure it was the street car that made me late.
Don't you . . . or do you?

Janet Jarvis, II-A.

TIME WAITS FOR NO SCHOOLGIRL.

"Transfer, please," and I jumped off the Bloor car. Yes, there was my street car across the way and the light was red! A voice kept repeating itself in my mind: "A half an hour after school; oh, I wish that light would change!"

Ah! I just squeezed inside the door of the car. The latter was crowded and I could not move one way or the other. Only one more block and I would be there. The conductor called "St. Alban's." I reached into my pocket to get my transfer. It wasn't there. I looked into my other pocket, but no it was not there either. Then I searched frantically through my purse.

"Where is my transfer?" The conductor had started the car. A dozen questions were running through my mind. Would I be detained after school? Would I be on time? I came to the conclusion that I would have to pay a second ticket and put one in the box. At the next stop I jumped off the car and ran to the door of our school. Reaching my locker I stood scanning my purse for my key. I began to pull the door and to my amazement it opened against the locker next with a bang. After throwing my coat in a heap I ran up the stairs two at a time. At first glance I was sure that II-A's door was closed but no Sister was at the threshold. Walking slowly to my seat, I was glad to sit down and rest at my desk. Then I unpacked my books and found sticking up through the pages of my English Book a blue transfer marked "BLOOR."

Mary Cahill, II-A.

DECEMBER

With the warm covers snuggled about my ears,
I drowsed the pleasant minutes by,
While the winter sun threw golden spears,
Across my bed as he climbed on high.
The window-panes were agleam with frost,
When I rose to peer through the leafless trees,
Each breath was a little white drifting ghost,
That floated away on the morning breeze.
And look! The river's a path of white—
Do you think we'll be able to skate tonight?

Esme Rosenback, II-B.

THE VERY FIRST CHRISTMAS

On a cold, cold December day,
In a crib, on the straw, my Jesus lay.
(He, who cures the deaf and blind,
The Saviour of all mankind.)
Mary and Joseph were kneeeling in prayer,
The oxen and sheep too were there
And as they listen, the angels sing,
Giving praise to the Infant King.

Teresa Haubrich, Form II-D.

THE CHAMPLAIN ROAD.

The author of the Champlain Road gives an enlightening description of the faith and heroism of the Jesuit Martyrs at Midland.

The story describes the wars between the Huron and Iroquois tribes of Indians and the heroic deeds performed by the French to help the Hurons. It describes the squalid conditions of the Indian camp and their dependence upon the French for food and shelter during the winter.

The characters make us re-live the era of rivalry between True Faith and the Indian belief of evil spirits, sorcerers and the like.

The undaunted courage of the priests lives on throughout the book—the layman, even though a hard-hearted soldier, kept the faith and was awarded when the uprising was over with the "Order of the Holy Cross."

Later in Quebec the heroine and hero of the story were married.

K. MacDonnell, II-B.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Sweet and clear through the Christmas night
The angels voices blended.
Shepherd's hearts were filled with peace,
For all their cares had ended.
A Baby raised His little Hands,
And all the world was blest.
And waiting people sick with sin,
Now in their God found rest.
O God! have mercy on us,
And again raise up Thy Hand.
Relieve our pain and suffering
And bring peace to every land.

Gertrude Ward, II-D.

The snow had transformed the barren world into a fairyland of mystic beauty. While we slept Jack Frost had come and gone and, with his magic wand, had sprinkled the earth with a frosty white. Each blade of grass, each branch and twig sparkles and glistens in the winter sun.

The first snowfall is the loveliest of the season as it seems to bring new life and energy to all. For little children especially, it is a day of great joy. Their haste to get out into the snowy wonder is great. The future skating and tobogganing is looked forward to with eager anticipation.

The snow has changed the ugly city streets into avenues of beauty. But it is particularly lovely in the country where, as Longfellow says:

"Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow."

Constance Herbert, II-B.

POSTURE!

If you have good posture
You'll be sturdy and straight,
Your shoulders back, your head erect,
Your carriage ranking first rate.

Whenever you go walking
People notice on the street,
Your posture when you pass them
From your head right down to your feet.

So it pays to have good posture,
As you can plainly see,
That's my advice, please heed it,
Says my P.T. teacher to me!

Margaret Moore, II-D.

SCHOOL WORK.

My head is a jumble,
About which I grumble,
It pains, and it hurts, and it aches;
My Latin is muddled,
My Algebra's fuddled,
Now why, for goodness sakes?

My History and French,
I could dig them a trench
And bury them for evermore,
But I feel I must bear it,
I really can't spare it,
But oh! it is such a bore!

Joanne Donovan, II-C.

THE CIRCUS.

Now the joys of a circus are chiefly these,
A boy and a girl on a flying trapeze . . .
And here comes the dogs to do their tricks,
And just look at the clowns; they are in a fix!
Why, they're climbing all over each other's back,
Now the smaller one's planning a surprise attack.
Just see! There are tigers and lions in a cage,
They're growling, snarling and fierce with rage.
I think their performance was really the best,
For they went through their paces with gusto and zest.
Now the elephants come, each one with a skirt,
Make you laugh, I declare, 'til your very sides hurt.
They dance all round and sit up and bow,
That brave girl is riding on top of them now.
Ladies and lions, climbers and clown,
Oh, it's thrilling to have a circus in town!

Noreen Mothersill, I-C.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

A tiny hut was outlined in the distance, and a small figure could be seen emerging from a makeshift door. The apparel of the individual was that of a shepherd. The features of the face proclaimed the owner to be of Jewish extraction.

The youth's name was Michael. He had journeyed from the hillside of Judea to repair the ravages of a previous storm on his little shack outside Bethlehem; now he was about to leave the surrounding country.

The snow was falling quickly and Michael with bent head clutched the collar of his cloak more firmly to his throat.

Brushing the snow from his face, his keen sight caught the blurred outline of human figures plodding slowly up a path towards him. As they drew nearer he saw a man and a woman, the latter mounted on a donkey.

The man had a striking appearance. Approaching Michael he saluted him in the Hebrew fashion. "This is Mary, my wife. We are of the House of David and have been summoned hither to enroll at the Command of Caesar. The inns are full and nowhere can we find shelter. Could you direct us to where we could find protection. The night is cold and we have travelled a great distance". Michael loked into the eyes of the speaker whose expression was weary. His companion was frail. Her countenance was ethereal and the brilliance of her eyes rivalled the stars.

The Jewish shepherd stared wonderingly at the traveller. Misinterpreting the silence, the man sighed and prepared to continue the journey. Michael paused; then opened wide the door of the shack he had just repaired; it would afford a meagre shelter and he gave it wholeheartedly.

Here in a shepherd's stable on the hillside of Bethlehem, with only His mother's mantle to keep off the cruel cold, Christ was born.

A. Halasz,
St. Joseph's High School.

BEING A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.

One sunny September morning I began my new year as a pupil in St. Joseph's High School.

As I walked to school, I noticed the eagerness of the younger children to begin school. I felt as if I was just starting school again myself. The sight of the school filled me with happy thoughts and I thanked God that I lived in a free country. I entered and was greeted by the Sisters. Some other girls came in and we looked through the building.

Of all subjects I like sewing and cooking best. In the sewing room we have about ten tables with four chairs at each. There are four sewing machines and a large cupboard in which we stow away our work baskets. Our cooking room is bright and cheery. We each have our own little gas-plate and utensils. And we cook and enjoy it. Won't you come and taste for yourself?

Rita Rutledge,
St. Joseph's High School.

CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS.

High, clear. silvery tones floated on the evening air. Voices mingled with the soft strains of the organ accompaniment of the Christmas hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night".

Brother Nicholas was proud of his boys this Christmas Eve. Long had he laboured to prepare them for the midnight Mass. Despite chairs set up, the late arrivals stood in the aisles.

Brother Nicholas' heart was singing high above the choir, when the "Adeste Fideles" ended. The congregation listened as Father Gabriel, the pastor, retold the story of the birth of Christ.

When Father Gabriel concluded, a stillness reigned; then a clear, soprano voice sang "At Last Thou Art Come, Little Saviour". Brother Nicholas was happy. The lined, careworn features of the priest were transformed.

As the choir sang "Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace to men of good will", pastor and congregation seemed to have caught a fleeting glimpse of heaven.

Mary Emes,
St. Joseph's High School.

WHAT WE DO.

Our science trip was oodles of fun,
We went to High Park
And hiked in the sun.
Up hill and down hill hunting for plants,
For bees and butterflies,
And even for ants.

Then the mission exhibit was another event,
Such a delightful afternoon
At the Seminary we spent.
This was of interest and education,
For there were displays
From every nation.

Loretto Lamphier,
St. Joseph's High School.

St. Joseph's High School at 583 Adelaide Street West, is not an imposing building, but it is clean and freshly painted. At the back of our school there is a yard in which we may spend our leisure time.

Directly across the street from our school is St. Mary's Church in which we love to spend a few leisure moments before our Tabernacle King.

Inside the school there are four classrooms, and a room for Household Economics in the basement. The classrooms are spacious and airy.

In the main hall a statue of the Sacred Heart of Montemarte welcomes us with outstretched arms.

Rita Rutledge,
St. Joseph's High School.

"Parlez-vous français,"
The teacher will say
But the only answer we know
Is "Oui, oui," or "Non, non."

Comment ça va parlez-vous
May be good French, even English too.
But more important to us to master
Is "J'ai beaucoup faim,"
Bring the food faster.

Adelle Dennis,
St. Joseph's High School.

IF I HAD LIVED IN BETHLEHEM

If I had lived in Bethlehem,
Two thousand years ago,
I would have seen our little Lord
In glory all untold.
I would hear with mine own ears
Of Herod's awful wrath
And how Our Lady left her home
To keep her Child from death.
And maybe when I had grown up
And Christ was grown up too
I might have kissed His very hands
For love of me pierced through.

Eileen McDonald, I-C.

* * *

If I had been in Bethlehem,
Two thousand years ago,
I might have seen an angel band
Flying very low
I might have heard them singing too,
Around an oxen stall
Wherein lay Christ, the King of Heaven,
Winsome and very small.

Ann Watson, I-D.

FIELD DAY

Our Field Day was a great success,
With races full of racey-ness
And many stands with many a thing,
That a schoolgirl finds so appetizing.
And here's a word of thanks for those,
Who stayed and helped from start to close
It was "Sister-and-Pupil-Together" that day
That made each moment so happy and gay.
And so for Field Day with lots of laughter,
Here's much success in the now and hereafter,
And one and all we want to say:
"We thank our friends for a jolly day."

Vivian Mulhall, I-D.

A LONELY HOUSE

In the remote parts of pagan Russia, the peasants have had all religious articles and churches destroyed. How would we act, I wonder, if that happened here? Would we denounce our faith and our God, or would we be strong and carry on? All our strength comes to us through the merits of Jesus. In the Blessed Sacrament we have Christ Himself, strong and mighty, and day after day we neglect Him.

Why is it that so many forsake our dear Lord, the Saviour of the World, and the Giver of all strength? Why can we not fulfill His question to the Apostles: "Cannot you watch one hour with Me?" While we have religious freedom in our country why can't we watch one hour with our God?

On every occasion that we visit a church or chapel, we receive much-needed graces for our spiritual benefit. Let us ask ourselves each night as we leave school: "Have I made my daily visit?"

Here, we have Our Lord in the same building with us. Is He ever lonely? I wonder. Do not let His house be the house with nobody in it.

Doris Raines, I-D.

A FIRST DAY

On a beautiful September morning I went eagerly to my new school. The long bus drive through the country was a treat for me who had lived in the city.

At the terminal other girls going to St. Joseph's waited and I joined them. At Stop 19, we took the winding drive-way to the school. The tall trees on both sides were changing their summer attire to a rich brown. The lake in the distance was a clear mirror. "What a lovely place!" I thought.

The Sisters were kind, and school work became interesting. I like everything—the lunch hour in the spacious lunch room where we chat and eat, the friendliness of the children. I am happy at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

Peggy McCallum, Grade V,
St.- Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

THANKSGIVING

Praise be to God for the day so rare
With the sunshine bright for our play
And the flowers that bloom in our garden fair
Thanks to Thee, God, for the lovely day.
Praise to the Lord for the birds in the trees,
That sing as they fly to their nest,
And warble their songs till the night shadows fall,
Then thank God for darkness and rest
So thanks be to God for the gifts He has given
The joys and the sorrows and care,
We'll know why the thorns and the roses were mingled
When we look on His dear Face so fair.

Mary Lou Hodgins, I-B.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

(With apologies to Mark Twain).

Many years ago there was a family, a very poor family, who lived in a little white-washed cottage on the edge of a fairly large town. The father was a shoemaker who had to work late every night to earn the little bit of money his employer paid him. The mother and the children kept the house tidy and were always waiting for their father at the tiny green gate when he came home after work. Although they were poor, they were very happy.

Now, in the same town lived a great Prince. His home was a beautiful palace. He slept in a bed of gold in a room with golden doors. Every day this handsome prince would dress in his lowliest clothes and visit the poor family. By and by the shoemaker was summoned to the court of the Prince and was knighted. One by one the little family was brought to the palace by the Prince, there to be in His service forever.

This Prince,—perhaps you have guessed it already—is our Blessed Lord, Who will come to us every day, if we but wish it so. The Prince's palace is the Church, His bedroom the tiny tabernacle, His bed the golden chalice. When we die, if we have been faithful to Him here on earth, our Prince will take us to Heaven as he did the lowly shoemaker and his family, to love and serve Him forever.

Delphine Selke, I-D.

SNOWFLAKES.

See the little snowflakes
Fall to the ground;
Watch the wind twirl them
Round and round.

See the little snowflakes,
Light as a feather,
As they flutter though the air
In this windy weather.

Frank Faubert, Grade V.,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake,

ART DAY

Thursday is Art Day! Paints, art paper, rubbers, pencils, water, all are ready; no water spilled and we wait for Sister to anounce our lesson. To-day it will be a scene. What more appropriate in our surroundings when Autumn spills her colour palette on the trees and October skies are blue! What joy when we have splashed our colour to rival Nature's and Sister hangs up our work for criticism.

Clare Brown, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

ST. PETER'S SOCIETY

War! Battles! How familiar are those words, yet they are seldom applied in reference to the continual struggle carried on by our brave priests, brothers, and nuns in far off foreign lands.

Our army consists of the striving ceaselessly to aid those in the front lines—our cause, the spreading of the faith throughout pagan countries. The individual spoils of our holy war, are the souls of the converts and the lessening of sin in the world. If we could but realize the spiritual benefits reaped from these rewards we would never hesitate to fulfill the obligations required for enrolment in the Holy Childhood, the Society of St. Peter.

The obligations mentioned were outlined by Sister Superior on October 9th, at an assembly in St. Patrick's auditorium. The material offering is five cents monthly, and the spiritual offering consists of saying daily, one Our Father, one Hail Mary and St. Francis Xavier, Pray for us. Owing to the war, many countries are unable to contribute to the missions and therefore the burden of the responsibility rests on the countries such as Canada and the United States.

Are we going to let them fight on alone?

Agnes O'Neill,
Commercial, Vancouver.

CANADIAN FISH AND COLD STORAGE.

One of the main places of occupation in Prince Rupert is the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Plant. It is the largest of its kind in the world, and many men are employed here. Each week, thousands of pounds of fish are cleaned, frozen, and shipped out by trains to the United States, and East, to Great Britain and other parts of the world. The United Kingdom is now the largest market for our fish export, because fish is one of the vital factors in the food supply of the British people in these troubled times of war. Also from these fish, the Cold Storage Co. sells the livers to the Experimental Stations, from which vitamins are extracted.

Jean Krause, Commercial,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

PRINCE RUPERT.

Prince Rupert is one of the farthest northern fortified parts in British Columbia. Its population has increased greatly with soldiers and their families. Barracks are going up very fast for both Army and Air Force.

The city is also protected outside the Harbour by three fortified posts where the soldiers are trained how to use the big guns. The Air Force is also having their own base at Seal Cove, which will soon be completed. The Navy is also stationed here in Examination boats, which lie just off the outside forts.

Audrey Watkinson, Commercial,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

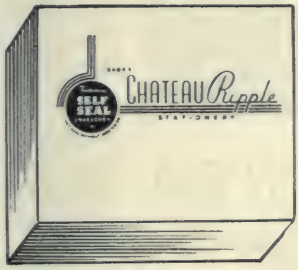
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